

GRAND HOLIDAY STORY NUMBER

The Quiver

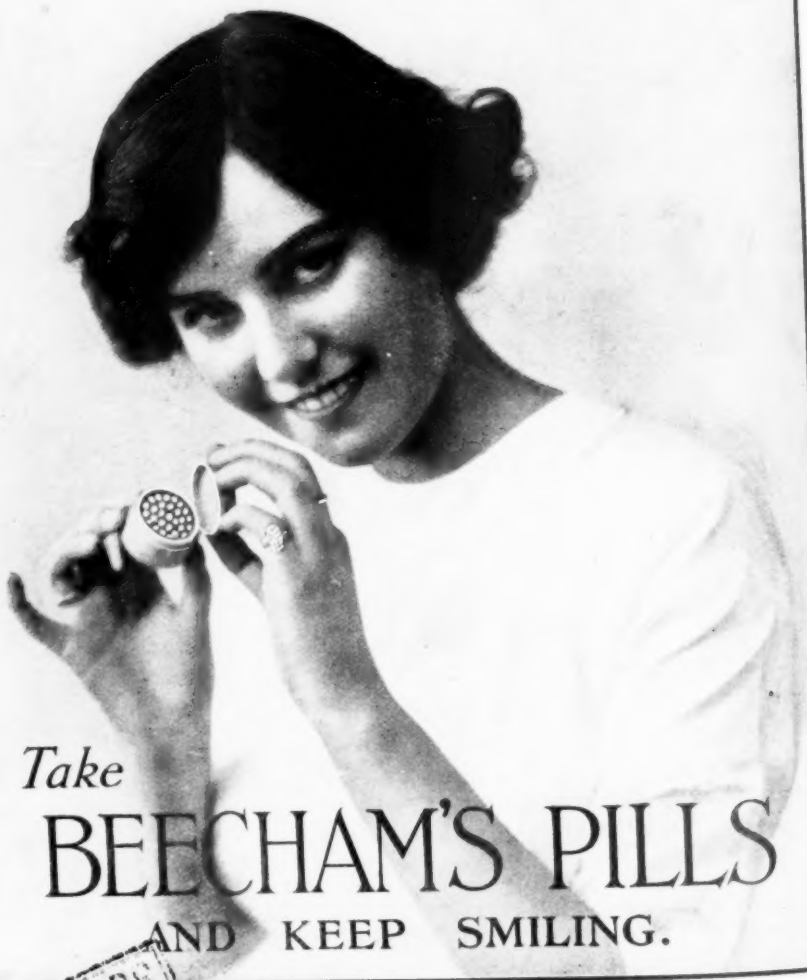
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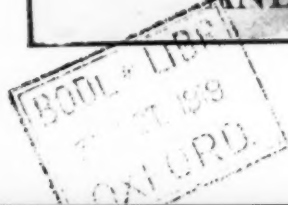
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MANCHESTER

THE QUIVER



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Anzora Cream for slightly greasy scalps, and Anzora Viola for those with dry scalps.

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Mrs. White.

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The 3/- size being the more economical.

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YOUR BRAIN
EARN ?
for you.



£1000
A YEAR
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A YEAR
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A YEAR
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A YEAR

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There is practically no limit to the income-earning powers of the mind, when it is keyed up to the highest pitch of efficiency of which it is capable.

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Try This Experiment at Your Dressing Table.

1,000,000 "Harlene Hair-Drill"—Liquid Sunshine Gifts.

HERE is an experiment that will tell you if your hair is really healthy.

Stand before a window and hold up a mirror so that your head is between the mirror and the light. Then look at the reflection of your hair in the mirror. Is it full of light or is it dull?

If dull, without radiance, then you need to look to your hair. You should apply at once for one



A HEALTH AND BEAUTY "TEST" FOR YOUR HAIR.

Read this article for instructions for an interesting test to see if your hair is full of "The Sunshine of Health."

of the 1,000,000 "Harlene" Liquid Sunshine-of-Health-for-the-Hair Gifts now being distributed free of cost to all who would like to cultivate healthy and beautifully radiant heads of hair.

For every truly healthy head of hair displays a halo-like radiance, no matter what the colour—fair, brunette or black.

The hair that looks dull and lustreless lacks its chief charm. It is all too likely that it is "lifeless," and without elasticity. It hangs limp and lacks the enchanting curl or wave that imparts "the curve of beauty" to the hair.

4 PRIME AIDS TO HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY—FREE.

Yet the hair is of all parts of the body the most responsive to proper health-cultural conditions.

Write for one of the 1,000,000 Presentation "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits and see how marvellously quickly your hair will pick up health and beauty.

There are four prime aids to the health and beauty of your hair in the Presentation "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit that will be sent to you simply for the asking. They are:

(1)—A TRIAL BOTTLE OF HARLENE—the hair-health dressing with the largest sale in the world, because of its extraordinary hair-growing and beautifying properties. Within from three to seven days it makes the hair full of "life." Test this in your own dressing-table mirror.

(2)—A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO POWDER. This is an antiseptic purifier of the hair and scalp. It takes away the musty odour of hair that is out of order by clearing away all decaying sebum, etc. After use the hair is sweet and fragrant with a most delicate perfume.

(3)—A TRIAL BOTTLE OF "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, which protects the hair against damp and extremes of heat and cold, and is especially beneficial in cases where the scalp is inclined to be "dry."

(4)—The Illustrated INSTRUCTION BOOK OF "Harlene Hair-Drill," which gives you the secrets of hair-health and beauty as revealed by the world's leading authority on the hair—secrets which your knowledge and use of will cultivate and preserve a splendid head of hair for the whole of your life.

ALL 4 GIVEN FREE TO YOU.

You pay not a penny for all these four prime aids to the health and beauty of your hair. You send only 4d. stamps for packing and postage to your address.

Your acceptance of this Quadruple Gift will introduce to you the four greatest friends for your hair—friends whose influence upon the healthy growth and enchanting colour and radiance of your hair you will appreciate with satisfaction and delight.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1s. 1½d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

THE COMPLETE OUTFIT.



FREE

"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON

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Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

The Quiver, August, 1919.

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Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

WRITING FOR THE PRESS



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THIS Course has been prepared by Mr. Max Pemberton—who has had the valuable collaboration of some of the leading authors of the day. It is a Course intended to help the many inexperienced men and women who are seeking at this time not only to write short stories but also to sell them.

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To this Course, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (Professor of English Literature at Cambridge), Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mr. W. Pett Ridge, Mr. Newman Flower (the Editor-in-Chief of Messrs. Cassell's), Mr. Charles Garvice, and Mr. W. B. Maxwell have contributed; while Mr. Pemberton himself includes several papers. The instruction is progressive and set out in the simplest manner. Much of it will save the student years of labour. It embodies the experience of men who have themselves succeeded. It is, in essence, the outcome of success.

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THE QUIVER

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of
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DIET**
For Adults

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The effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, etc.

See the raised bar on each pastille. It is your safeguard, and none is genuine without this mark. Obtainable from all Chemists, 1/3 per tin. EVANS, SONS, LESCHER & WEBB LTD., Liverpool.



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the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks
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digestion, Constipation, and scores
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Women.

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who
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Corsets. They yield freely to every movement of the
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comfortable Corsets ever worn.

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I WAS BALD

I was born in 1852, and just as my photograph
shows, I now have a full growth of hair. Yet, thirty
years ago, I found scurf upon my scalp, and my hair
began to fall away until after a while I was classed
as a "bald-head."

Call it vanity if you will, it was displeasing to me
to remain bald. Furthermore, I believe it is our
birthright to have plenty of hair upon our heads.

Seeking a Hair Growth

It is scarcely necessary for me to state that, in the hope
of growing new hair, I had experimented with one thing
and another—the usual array of lotions, pomades, shampoos,
etc.—without getting any benefit. At that age I looked
older than I do now. Later, when I became a trader in the
Indian Territory of U.S.A., some of the Cherokees jocosely
called me "the white brother without a scalp-lock."

American Indians Never Bald

I never saw a bald Cherokee Indian. Both braves and
squaws almost invariably use tobacco, eat irregularly, fre-
quently wear tight bands around their heads, and do other
things which are commonly ascribed as causes of baldness.
Yet they all possess beautiful hair. What, then, is their
secret?

Being on the spot—most of the time at Tahlequah—and
upon very friendly terms, it was easy for me to gain informa-
tion from the usually taciturn Cherokees. I learned exactly
how American Indians grow long, luxuriant hair, avoiding
baldness and eliminating scurf or dandruff.

My Hair Grow Again

Then I applied these secrets to myself, and my hair began
to grow. There was no messing or trouble about it. The
new hairs emanated from my scalp as profusely as grass
grows on a properly kept lawn. I have had a plenitude
of hair ever since.

Numerous friends of mine in Philadelphia and elsewhere
asked me what had performed such a miracle, and I gave
them the Indian Elixir. Their hair soon grew over bald
spots. Scurf disappeared wherever it existed—and it never
returned. That these persons were amazed and delighted
is stating the fact mildly.

The hair that grows is strong and silk-like. It has beauti-
ful lustre and impart the appearance of health and vigour.

Do You Wish Hair Growth?

Having established London headquarters, I now give
notice that you may obtain Ko-tal-ko at any good chemist's
or drug store. After buying it, apply regularly and watch
the result. You are likely to be astonished and delighted,
particularly if you have tried various liquids, lotions, etc.,
without benefit. Or, if you would like a testing box by post,
send sixpence (P.O. or stamps of any country) to J. HART
BRITAIN, LTD., 2 Percy Street (209 G.), LONDON,
W. 1, and you will receive the box post free.

THE QUIVER

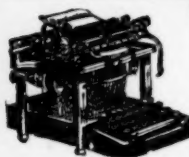


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grown-ups alike; and we can
have our wish gratified *in a
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Glass-Lemon is made from
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is sufficient to provide a
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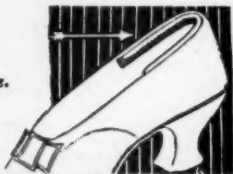
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VANISHING CREAM Regd.

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This ideal non-greasy skin food contains Boracic, chamomel and Witch Hazel. Ask chemists for it. Jar, 7½d. and 2s. or 5s. and 2s. extra postage to Ströde Cosh & Pentfold, Broadmead Laboratories, Bristol.

The User of a



KANDAHAR
PENCIL

is an enviable person.
He has the best that money can buy.
British Make.

OF ALL STATIONERS. GEO. ROWNEY & CO., LONDON.

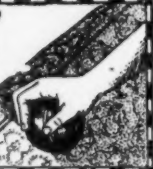
CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

Cleans Carpets Like New.

One Tablet will clean a large Carpet.

Sample 2d. Stamp.

F. CHIVERS & Co. Ltd.
9 Albany Works, Bath.



MATERNITY

(Finlay's Patents, adjustable any size.)

SKIRTS from 21/-; GOWNS from 84/-;

CORSETS, 21/-.

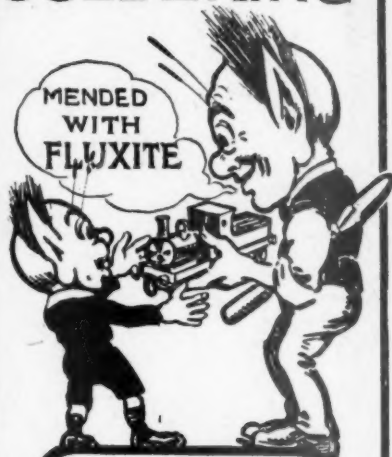
Catalogues and Patterns FREE.

FREE WONDERFUL BABY BOOK

FINLAY'S, 90 Houldsworth Street
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USE FLUXITE IT SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING



Keep the home together with FLUXITE. The youngsters' toys, Mother's kitchenware, Father's gardening tools—they're all terribly expensive nowadays. Don't scrap them when they get damaged or broken; make them just as good as new—it's quite easy—with FLUXITE.

Mechanics will have
FLUXITE. It
SIMPLIFIES
SOLDERING

Get a tin TO-DAY
Of all Ironmongers, in tins
8d., 1/4, and 2/8



FLUXITE LTD., 226 Bevington St., Bermondsey, England.

BUOYANT and FREE in

MASCOT SHOES

for
Fine
Days



and
for
Wet
and
Windy
Days
too



Stamped on the Sole

ALL leather shoes, and glacé kid at that, in Mascot, the popular range for ladies. There are a number of dainty styles to choose from, although scarcity of material still limits the variety somewhat. But the remarkable durability of Mascot remains as always unequalled — in wear they are splendid, and they repair over and over again. A Mascot Shoe is equal to two shoes of ordinary make.

Name of nearest agent post free from
THE NORVIC SHOE CO.
(Howlett & White), NORWICH





Send Sports Coat to Pullars

Sports Coats, Golf Jerseys, Jumpers and all kinds of Outdoor Garments soiled by use or faded by exposure can be beautifully cleaned or dyed. Badly faded garments can be dyed to shades darker than the original. Send to any Pullar Branch or Agency. Return postage paid on orders sent direct to

PULLARS, PERTH
Cleaners and Dyers

BLUSHING

If you are amongst the countless victims of this distressing complaint, here is a clear message of **hope and comfort** for you. Nothing could be simpler than **My System of Home Treatment**, which will not only rid you of the **blushing** habit, but **will cure you of any other nervous ill** which may afflict you, such as **Nastiness, Low spirits, Lack of Confidence, Trembling, A permanent guaranteed cure.** Don't hesitate, but **write to-day** for full particulars, which will be sent **free** if you mention **THE CURVE**. Address—**E. S. DEAN, Ltd., 11 All Saints Road, St. Anne's-on-Sea.**

NOSTROLINE

TRADE MARK REGD

"Yes, dear, we are having a splendid time, but I don't know how we managed to get here alive. The trains were packed beyond belief. I'm sure Joan would have caught something dreadful from a horrid creature who kept sneezing in her face, only I had made her safe before starting with 'Nostroline' Nasal Specific. When we got to our lodgings the last tenants were just leaving. Their children had been down with something—it was *measles*, I'm almost certain! We couldn't go elsewhere, so I simply smothered our kiddies' nostrils with 'Nostroline' and hoped for the best. No harm came to any of us after all, thanks to 'Nostroline' Nasal Specific. Do get some for yourself! Most Chemists have it at 1/3 and 3/-."

In case of delay send P.O. 1/5, or 3/3, to
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A Lady writes:—"Most comfortable, not heavy, never seem to wear out."

Phillips' 'Military'

SOLES AND HEELS
make one pair of boots last the time of three.

OF ALL BOOTMAKERS.
Men's Stout (General Wear) ... 5/6 per set.
" Light (City Wear) ... 4/6 "
Ladies' (General Wear) ... 3/- "



Fortify
your
Boots!

REAL IRISH DRESS LINEN

Natural Shade, nearly Shantung colour. Ideal for hard-wear holiday dresses; 38 in. wide, 8-yard lengths, 20s. The best value in dress material offered to-day. Write for free complete Bargain catalogue.

HUTTON'S, 185 Larnie, Ireland.

KEENE'S 1d. packet of CREAMY CUSTARD

is delicious with

KEENE'S CRYSTAL JELLIES.

Also ask for **KEENE'S FARM EGGS Dried.**

KEENE'S, Food Specialists, LEICESTER.

HAVE YOU A DOG?

Then by means of the **"QUIK" DOG POWDERS** you can always keep him in the pink of condition, healthy, hearty, full of life, free from all skin Diseases and other complaints, and also from the most objectionable troubles due to the presence of **WORMS**. Use these Powders with the utmost confidence; they are prepared from the recipe of one of the best-known and most successful Dog Breeders in the World. **1/- and 2/-; post free 12 and 24**, from **F. H. PROBER & CO. Ltd., Veterinary Chemist, Spring Hill, BIRMINGHAM**, or through any Chemist, Corn Dealer, or Stores.



For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6/- 1/- 2/6 & 4/6

HOLIDAY EXPERIENCES

YOUR HOLIDAY KIT



will not be complete without a good reliable fountain pen. One that will start instantly, write smoothly, never blot, and above all one that will suit your hand exactly.

What you need is a

'JEWEL'

Safety Fountain Pen - No. 100

12/6

Should you prefer a Stylographic Pen, then you must have a

'RECORDER'

10/6

It is fitted with gold and palladium point and gold spring needle, and is the best stylo made.

The above pens can be obtained from all Stationers and Stores, or direct from Sole Makers:

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GROW TALLER

IT PAYS TO BE TALL.

Short people are snubbed and overlooked. By my simple private method you can add several inches to your height without violent exercises, without apparatus. No risk or strain. Full particulars free if you write at once mentioning *The Quiver* and enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

JOHN EDISON, Ltd., 57 Great George St., LEEDS.



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Best Quality — Lowest Prices.
Write to-day for samples and quotations, gratis and post free.

**LYNWOODS, Ltd., 57 Wardrobe Chambers,
Carter Lane, London, E.C.4.**

THREE STAMPS

Large and Price List of 1,000 Illustrations of the world—for Ladies, Girls, Children's and Infants' wear.

REAL FRENCH CONVENT HAND-MADE

at Direct-from Convent Prices, showing Prices lower than machine-made garments. Lovely latest Paris models. 6 sizes ensure perfect fit. Finest materials obtainable, outlasting two or three ordinary shop garments.

Beautiful Nightdresses from 12/1. Kaftans from 10/1. Boudoir Cape, 3/1. Camisoles from 4/1.

Write or call for Catalogue.

Caroline Ltd.
Convent-made lingerie
14, Place Vendôme, Paris

LONDON - 54 New Bond Street, W.1.
EDINBURGH - 22 Princes Street.



will secure to Ladies of Refined Taste in Dress a Catalogue of the Latest Linen

THE GREATEST DOCTOR ON EARTH

Nature is the greatest doctor on earth. When she can't cure, it is because she needs aid. Now, some people have an idea that this aid is drugs, and when they are ill, or suffer from pain of any kind, they proceed to dope their stomachs with the stuff that is sold for medicine. That doesn't help any; in fact, it does a great deal of harm. The stuff that you put into your stomach is poison, and

poison weakens the nerves and organs of your body. What nature needs is electricity.



When your stomach, kidneys, liver, or digestive organs get out of order, it is because they lack the necessary electricity to enable them to perform their regular functions. The breaking down of one of these organs nearly always causes other trouble. Nature can't cure them, because your body hasn't enough electricity to do the work, so you must assist nature by restoring this electricity where it is needed.

The "AJAX" Dry-Cell Battery does this. It saturates the nerves with its glowing power, and these conduct the force to every organ and tissue of your body, restoring health and giving strength to every part that is weak. The "AJAX" Battery is a pleasant relief from the old system of drugging.

It does by natural means what you expect drugs to do by unnatural means. It removes the cause of disease, and after the cause has been removed, nature will do the rest.

WE GIVE IT FREE.

Get our 80-page illustrated book describing the Battery, and showing how it is applied. This book tells in plain language many things you ought to know, and gives a lot of good, wholesome advice both for men and women. We send the book, prepaid, FREE. Call at the Institute if you can.

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THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE

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Food Value

Food to-day is so expensive that you should buy the food which affords greatest nourishment and health-building energy. A staple food such as bread merits careful consideration in this respect.

HöVIS

(TRADE MARK)

bread contains more nourishment (valuable natural protein) than any other bread—and it is the most digestible.

YOUR BAKER BAKES IT.

QUARANTINE.

IGNORANT people sometimes term Gonorrhœa a trivial disease. Yet this "trivial disease" has been accountable for something like one quarter of the cases recorded as born blind. It is one of the chief causes of sterility. It is sometimes directly fatal.

And it is frequently a most difficult disease to cure. It is not uncommon for one attack to endure for years and years, and during all this time the patient may be infective, and ought to be condemned to quarantine. So difficult is the cure of Gonorrhœa in women, that experienced doctors may find it altogether impossible to state that the danger of infection is passed, and a lifelong quarantine may ensue.

Gonorrhœa, when not properly treated, is also a most treacherous disease. All evident symptoms may disappear, and yet the disease is not cured. Many months afterwards it may break out again, with the dire result that men or women, who think themselves free from infection, get married and infect their partners.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking the envelope "Medical." The National Council provides neither prescriptions nor drugs.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President: Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents: The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary: Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

KITCHEN PESTS

Black Beetles scientifically exterminated by the UNION COCK-ROACH PASTE.

Cleared the Sheffield Union Workhouse after all other preparations had failed. The pests had so overrun the place that the Government Inspector suggested the buildings should be pulled down. The Inspector and Guardians surprised at marvellous result. 1/6, 2/6, 4/6, with interesting particulars. Postage 3d. extra.

J. P. HEWETT, 66 Division Street, SHEFFIELD.



GOOD! IT'S MASON'S

Send 2/- in stamps or P.O. and we will forward

- 1 Bottle MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS,
- 1 Bottle MASON'S GINGER EXTRACT, and
- 1 Bottle MASON'S LEMONINE.

Each bottle makes from 6 to 8 gallons real Summer Beverage.

Non-Intoxicating.

Address—
NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

FRIPP'S OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO



The olive oil in Fripp's Shampoo enriches and nourishes the hair, keeping it perfectly clean and healthy.

Sold by Chemists in double size packets.

3d. each · 1 doz. sent post free for 3/- P.O.

FRIPP'S, BROAD PLAIN, BRISTOL

A PERFECT CHEMIST SHOP

EACH branch of Boots The Chemists is "a perfect chemist shop"—planned on modern progressive lines and thoroughly equipped to efficiently meet every need of the medical profession and the general public. The prescription department at each branch is under the direct supervision of a fully qualified and experienced chemist, and is fitted with everything necessary for accurate and reliable dispensing. Each branch carries a fully representative stock of the best-known proprietary medicines, and an excellent range of high-quality toilet preparations, sick-room necessities and surgical supplies is also maintained. Further, the principal branches of Boots The Chemists contain other departments that experience has proved to be essential to the comfort and convenience of customers.



CHIEF LONDON BRANCHES:
182 REGENT STREET, W.1.
112-118 EDGWARE ROAD, W.2.
555 Branches in Town and Country.
Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd.

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS

WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF THE CURICONE HOME CURE.

Inventor Generously Gives Away Books and Trial Packages Free to all Sufferers.

If you have pains that shift from joint to joint, or recurring "catching" pains, the Uric Acid demon has certainly obtained a hold on your system and Chronic Rheumatism is creeping on. Check this trouble at once—don't delay—waiting won't help you. You can cure yourself at home with that wonderful discovery called "Curicones." Write for a free trial packet and a copy of that valuable book, "The Story of a Rheumatic Cure." It tells you the secret of this remarkable discovery, which has obtained such a world-wide reputation. Its success is extraordinary in cases of

RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, GOUT, LUMBAGO, AND SCIATICA,

curing where every other remedy has failed. It is the only preparation, so far as we know, which cures Rheumatoid Arthritis.



A Human Barometer.

A RECENT CURE.
"I have had Rheumatoid Arthritis for over ten years. I was in bed a long time and could not walk. One of my boys sent me a cutting telling of a cure from 'Curicones,' and said, 'Do try it. Mother, for John Bull would not publish it if it was not genuine.' I did try it, and before long I was able to throw away my stick, and improved daily. I am pleased to say I now do the work of my cottage, and three hours war work besides. I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful 'Curicones.'—Yours truly, G. MADGE."

Who can doubt the efficacy of "Curicones" with such evidence as this? Follow this lady's example, and watch your daily progress to recovery. "Curicones" not only stop pain, but go direct to the root of the mischief, eliminating the cause, not merely relieving unpleasant symptoms.

500 Doctors and Red Cross Hospitals have sanctioned "Curicones"—in our opinion one of the greatest distinctions in the annals of medicine—so you are risking nothing by sending to-day for the FREE book and package. Give name, address, and Mailing. A post card will do—

STEPHEN MATTHEWS & CO., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists (Dept. Q.6), 19-21 Farringdon St., LONDON, E.C.4.

Smart—from top to toe

Such smartness necessitates the neatness, the daintiness of ankle that can only be achieved with perfect-fitting stockings.



Jason
ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE
Quality

Stockings and Socks
For Ladies, Children, and Men.

Fit without wrinkle the whole time of wear, and retain the downy softness of the Jason Finish that characterizes all Jason Stockings and Socks when new.

See the Jason Tab on every pair and pay only the price marked on the Tab of Stockings and Socks for ladies and men.

Jason "Triumph"	2/9 per pair.	Jason "Eclipse"	4/6 per pair.
Jason "Excel"	3/- per pair.	Jason "Queen"	4/9 per pair.
Jason "Ideal"	3/3 per pair.	Jason "Stylish"	5/-
Jason "Primus"	3/6 per pair.	Jason "Acme"	5/3
Jason "Charm"	3/9 per pair.	Jason "Supreme"	6/3
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The only way to ensure that you are buying British-made goods is to look for the British manufacturers' trade mark.

In case of difficulty write to—

W. TYLER, SONS & CO, King Street, Leicester.



The Jason Tab

THE QUIVER



A MARVELLOUS Invention for THE DEAF.

Write to-day for Booklet
Explaining how the Deaf can now hear.

It does not matter what the cause of your Deafness (unless you were born deaf), you can hear with this wonderful appliance as well as others. Age is no barrier, nor the length of time you have been deaf. Mr. R. G. Smith, of Tottenham, was deaf for 24 years, and can now hear as well as anybody. We can give positive proof of hundreds of similar cases.

"The Murray Ear Drum" makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature Telephone for the Ear—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Thousands sold.

People affected with this distressing complaint are invited to write for valuable Booklet, fully descriptive of this wonderful and yet simple invention, which enables the deaf to hear, and also contains convincing proof of its efficacy from users in all stations of life. If you are deaf or know anybody who is deaf, write for this Booklet. It costs nothing; we send it free to everyone on receipt of stamp to pay postage.

THE MURRAY CO., 195, Century House, 205, Regent Street, London, W. 1.

8^D.

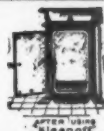
per tin



"Kleenoff"
Cooker Cleaning Jelly

Ask your Ironmonger or Gas Company for it.

Manufactured by the Kleenoff Co., 33 St. Mary-at-Hill, London, E.C.3.



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per tin

Hindes HAIR TINT
Known as "SEEGEROL"

FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR



Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle.

2/6 per Bottle.

Chemists, Stores, and Hair-dressers, or direct from

HINDES, LTD., 1 Tabernacle St., London.

DRINK HABIT CONQUERED.



No more misery. Get rid of the drink habit in three days.

After being a heavy drinker for years, I was saved and providentially came into possession of the true method for overcoming inebriety. The drinker who wants to stop for ever, getting rid of the awful desire for alcohol, can easily do so, losing no time and enjoying life better than ever before. **Marvelous Success.** Safe, reliable, medically endorsed.

Drinkers Secretly Saved.

If a person is addicted so strongly that he has lost desire to be rescued he can be treated **secretly**; will become disinterested with colour and taste of liquor. **Legions of Testimonials** verifying genuineness of my Method. **Joyous news** for drinkers and for **wives, mothers, etc.** contained in my **Book.** Book and all circulars sent in plain wrappers **FREE** to anyone enclosing 5d. in stamps. Write to-day to—
EDW. J. WOODS, Ltd., 20 Norfolk St. (S.S. A.M.), London, W.C.1.

Drummer Dye-deas, No. 6.



Don't Buy New — Yet

Altho' the War is over, the things of commerce are not yet settled, and clothes must be made to last their longest.

The happy way to make things do is the Drummer way. Try it and see: faded colours lose themselves in bright (or delicate) new shades; stains offend the eye no more, when Drummer, the *all-British* dye, has been used.

Drummer Dyes cost but a copper or two (pay only the price printed on the packet): you can buy any colour and mix any shade you will.

Drummer Dyeing is so easy.

Try Drummers on —

Cushion Covers, Chintzes, Blouses, Frocks, Gloves, Stockings, Curtains, etc.



Drummer Dyes are sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Write for Booklet, "The Art of Home Dyeing."

W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., Bolton, Lancs.

And at 22 Front St., Toronto, and 15 Valentine St., New Bedford, MASS., U.S.A.



Drink Delicious MAZAWATTEE TEA

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

DUTTON'S SHORTHAND

Is the simplest high-speed system. Only 6 rules and 29 characters to learn. The complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours, after which practice only is necessary to reach 120 to 200 words per minute. The recent High Court case (Dutton v. Pittman) proved that members of Government Services had become fully qualified stenographers in 4 to 6 weeks. A 10-year-old Dutton writer was tested in open court and reached a speed of 120 words per minute. Send 2 stamp for 20-page illustrated booklet, and details of the Correspondence and Personal Courses of tuition.

Also Specialized Rapid Postal and Draft Courses in BOOK-KEEPING, TYPEWRITING, OFFICE ROUTINE, COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE, and ESPERANTO (The International Auxiliary Language).

DUTTON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE (Desk 42), SKEGNESS.
London Branch: 92 & 93 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

WEAK NERVES

Health and happiness are impossible where nerve weakness exists. My FREE BOOK (invaluable and interesting) shows how lassitude, depression, all nerve, stomach, or heart weakness, irritability, brain fog, self-consciousness, etc., may be positively cured, under guarantee. My treatment succeeds when all else has failed. **BE EFFICIENT!** Stop failing, and become the success you were meant to be. Enclose 3 stamps, mention ailment. Sympathetic and expert reply by return. DO IT NOW.

THOMAS INCH, Dept. Q, 74 Clarendon Road, PUTNEY, LONDON, S.W.15.

Real Harris, Lewis, and Shetland Homespuns

Direct from the Makers.
Light weights for Ladies—Medium for Gents.

S. A. NEWALL & SON (Dept. L.V.), Stornoway, Scotland.
State shade desired and if for Gent.'s or Ladies' Wear.

THIS SIGN IS
the guarantee of
over 2000 BRITISH CHEMISTS



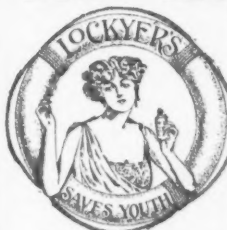
Safety and Satisfaction are thereby assured
EVERY "UCAL" PREPARATION IS GUARANTEED

Jewsbury & Brown's Oriental Tooth Paste

You can't paint the Lily—
you can keep it pure. The
natural beauty of healthy
teeth is worth a tube
of Oriental Toothpaste.

In Tubes 1/3
Pots 1/6 & 2/6

DON'T LOOK OLD!



But restore your grey
and faded hairs to
their natural colour
with

LOCKYER'S Sulphur HAIR RESTORER

Its quality of deepening
greyness to the former
colour in a few days, thus
securing a preserved ap-
pearance, has enabled
thousands to retain their
position.

2/- Sold Everywhere. 2/-

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialist, J. PEPPE & Co Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and can be obtained direct from them by post or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disfiguring blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying Sulpholine, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 42 years it has been the remedy for

Eruptions	Psoriasis	Eczema	Blotches
Pimples	Roughness	Scurf	Spots
Redness	Rashes	Aone	Roses

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialist, J. PEPPE & Co Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and is sold in bottles at 1/3 and 3/- It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

Quickly removes the effects of Sunburn.



OZONIA TRADE MARK BROCHE

YOU will find Ozonia Broche ideal for all washing frocks, and you will have a wide choice in design and colourings—White, Ecru, Black, Self Shades and printed designs, all in Fast Washing Colours.

PRICES:

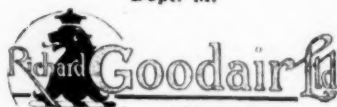
White and Ecru - - - 2/5 ½
Colours and Prints - - - 2/6 ½

Width 27 inches.

The selvedge is stamped every few yards,
"Ozonia Broche."

If your draper cannot show you "Ozonia Broche," write to the manufacturers—who are also the manufacturers of "Velmad"—and they will put you into touch with a source of supply.

Dept. M.



8 Mosley Street,
MANCHESTER.

Also Manufacturers of Velmad.

Holidaying

Every member of the family needs good shoes. Styles for each of you in flexible, tough-wearing, easy brogues you will find in the Norwell catalogue. Write for a copy to-day. After heavy use you will bring the brogues home stylish as when new and ready for hard wear throughout the Winter.

Norwell's 'Perth' Brogues

"Direct from Scotland"

Particular care is taken to supply brogues in exact accordance with the measurements given. Where desired we gladly send an odd shoe on approbation, sending the fellow immediately on receiving word of approval and remittance.

The 'St. Andrews' Improved Grampian Brogue

This superb make of buckle brogue shoe for ladies will stand any amount of hard wear and tear.

Uppers are cut from best selection of black, brown, or Tony red calfskin; flexible soles.

Black - - 36/6
Brown - - 40/-



The 'North Berwick'

This shoe illustrates one of our highest grades of brogues for ladies' wear, either for golf or walking. Uppers are all selected from best skins, and can be had in black, brown, or Tony red. Dri-ped super soles.

Brown - 48/6
Black - 42/6



Orders are sent post free in Britain: postage abroad extra.

Norwells guarantee full satisfaction with every transaction, or cheerfully refund every penny of the purchase money.



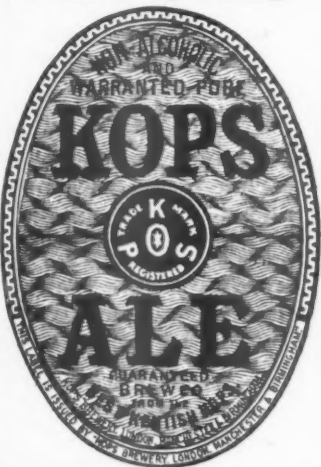
D. NORWELL & SON,
Perth, Scotland.

Estd. over 100 years.

THE DRINK QUESTION

is solved by taking

STIMULATING



REFRESHING

PURE ENGLISH BREWED ALE AND STOUT

made from the finest Kentish Hops and Malt, containing all the tonic properties of Alcoholic Beer without the undesirable after effects. A special analytical commission report: Kops Ale has nothing that is injurious, but is on the contrary a palatable beverage, possessing distinct tonic and invigorating properties.

RONUK

SANITARY
POLISH.

NOTHING IS THE SAME, NOR HAS THE SAME REFRESHING SMELL AND ANTISEPTIC VALUE

For FLOORS, FURNITURE, LINOLEUM, &c.

Of all Grocers, Stores, Ironmongers.

A little RONUK goes a long way, and will polish and re-polish by simply using a brush or a cloth or, better still, a Ronuk Home Polisher.

Write for leaflet to—

RONUK, LTD.,
Portslade, Brighton,
Sussex.



THE QUIVER

NEURASTHENIA

(NERVE WEAKNESS)

CURED BY ELECTRICITY

To-day the conditions of life are causing a serious increase in Neurasthenia and other Nervous and Functional disorders. The symptoms of Neurasthenia are many and varied. They are mainly mental or nervous, and often the victim is quite unaware of the fact that he or she is travelling rapidly towards Nervous Exhaustion and Nervous Prostration.

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS?

Are you Nervous, Timid, or Indecisive?
Do you lack Self-Confidence?
Do you dread open or closed spaces?
Are you wanting in Will Power?
Are you "stagnant," restless, or sleepless?
Do you blush or turn pale readily?
Do you shrink from strange company?
Are you subject to sudden impulses?
Do you crave for stimulants or drugs?

If so, you can safely assume that you are suffering from Neura-thenia.

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THE QUIVER



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The Editor's Announcement Page

THE STREET OF BREAKING HEARTS

THE modern girl is restless, fired with the glamour of life, and there is a romance about the stage that seems to have an irresistible attraction for many.

One who is well acquainted with the theatrical world has written a strong warning to the stage-struck girl, and this will appear, under the title "The Street of Breaking Hearts," in my next issue. It affords a striking revelation of the pitfalls in the way of those who think they have a vocation for acting.

The September Number will be strong in stories.

The Editor

[For Contents of this Number see over.

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"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."

PINE COTTAGE,
APPLEFORD.

Dearest Margaret,

Four of us have taken this darling little cottage, and in spite of the very uncertain weather, we are having a topping time. Beryl Danesmead is down here; we only persuaded her to come after pointing out that the great ONE and ONLY BABY would probably be much happier if left to a far more competent nurse and grandmother for a week: Mabel Lefrange, who's taking a week's holiday from the land, and a nice girl called Louise Gilbey, whom you don't know, who's been driving an ambulance for the last eighteen months. I am the fourth. We get all our own food and do our own cooking, etc., and are enjoying it all thoroughly.

The day before yesterday an icy wind sprang up: we are on a hill, and by the evening we were all chilly and cross. At Mabel's suggestion we went into the pine-wood and gathered some cones and dry twigs, and after supper we sat round a very jolly little fire.

Do you know a game called "Truth"?

It's a nursery game in which you ask each other questions, and you promise solemnly to answer truthfully. It was my turn, and looking across at Louise, who had let down her long brown hair, I asked, "What do you do to make your hair so lovely, Louise?"

"What a question!" she laughed; "'spose I've got to be truthful. I'll take it out of you in a minute, Estelle. Well—" she paused impressively and we pricked up our ears.

"In the first place, I always shampoo my hair with stallax. I've tried heaps of other stuff, but that's the only one that fulfils every requirement. You buy it in packets—2/6 each, enough for 25 or 30 shampoos. It's funny-looking, granulated stuff, but it smells lovely—rather like orange blossom. Most shampoos lather so slowly, but stallax works up into a lovely foam directly you rub it on your hair. Afterwards my hair dries very quickly and looks so wavy and glossy. Another tip is to rub olive oil into your scalp before shampooing, because water dries up the hair so; and always keep your brushes very stiff and clean. But the saving of my hair was tammalite. When I was twenty, my hair suddenly began to go grey—it's in our family—you know. I was terribly worried and I wouldn't use a dye—then someone told me about tammalite. I went straight off to the chemist, got some, and made it up into a lotion with bay rum, and applied it with a clean toothbrush. Very soon my hair regained its natural brown, and now whenever I see a grey hair, I fly to tammalite."

"Wish I'd got curly hair like you, Louise," said a voice from the corner; "'spose tammalite won't make your hair wavy?"

We laughed, but Louise said, "Tammalite won't do that, Beryl, but I know what will. Get some silmerine from your chemist and comb it through your hair at night, just putting a slide in where you want the wave, and you'll be surprised at the result, which will last for several days." It's a good idea to do short ends of hair, damped with silmerine, up in pins every

now and then. The little curls last for several days; and isn't it nicer when you're out in a wind, to feel that it's ruffling your hair up in little ringlets, instead of blowing unbecoming wisps into your eyes? Well, I guess it's time I got the truth out of someone else. Now, Estelle, come on and tell us how you got that peach-like skin of yours?"

"Common sense, soap and mercolised wax," I said. "The first explains itself. I keep decent hours and don't feed entirely on sweets and pastry: the second is the best soap I know, namely pileuita, which is absolutely neutral, and never makes your skin rough after you've washed, even in the hardest water. The third is rather interesting. It used to worry me when I saw every baby in the street with a complexion like roses and milk, which it didn't need in the least, whereas mine was just coarse and muddy. Louise has set us such an example of truthfulness that I feel moved to confess that I used to get blackheads. Well, one day, I talked to our doctor, an absolute dear, and he said, 'You girls all sigh after lovely skins, but you go to work the wrong way. You buy cheap scented creams—anything which smells nice or is put up in a pretty jar. Consequently your skin is clogged up with waste matter. Let your skin have a chance to breathe—that's the great secret—and feed the tissues underneath instead of blocking all the passages through which the waste matter is expelled. If you'd get some ordinary mercolised wax and smear it over your face and neck before you went to bed, you'd soon see a wonderful improvement. It's a perfectly harmless substance, which absorbs the soiled outer cuticle, and leaves the fresh new skin underneath exposed. Also it feeds the tissues and prevents wrinkles, so that if you follow my advice, you'll keep a smooth fresh skin till you're quite an old lady.' Then he told me that to cure blackheads, which are only caused by enlarged pores (caused probably in their turn by using powder), I must get some stymol tablets. One dissolved in a tumbler of water makes a sparkling face-bath which loosens the blackheads. It's a good idea, he told me, to bathe your face from time to time with stymolised water, just to keep the pores in a normal condition, and to prevent blackheads and shine."

"What did he say about powder?" inquired Beryl.

"He insisted on my giving it up."

A little "oh!" of dismay went round the circle; "but he told me that I need not be afraid that my appearance would suffer. He gave me some stuff called cleminite. I dissolve it in water and bathe my face and neck with the clear rosy lotion. That takes off all the unbecoming 'high lights' and gives a velvety finish to the skin, which prevents sunburn and wind-burn and freckles. That's all. And I vote for bed and beauty sleep."

I have reported this conversation in detail, because I thought you might like the benefit of our unwanted candour.

Hoping you can run down for a day or two, —

Yours ever,

ESTELLE.



The QUIVER

Holidays

Work is all very well in its way, but no man can do his best without an occasional time of relaxation. And not man alone. The land yields a better crop if it is allowed to lie fallow once in a while; the machines we use, the very clothes we wear benefit greatly by a season of rest.

So take your holidays greatly. Clear your brain of every kind of doubt and anxiety. Relax your mind, relax your muscles. Thank God that there is Peace in the land, and take courage to enjoy yourself. Let the salt sea air fill your lungs, and get your heart in tune with God and His wide world about you.

The daily round returns all too quickly: make the most of your holidays, and give thanks.



"The brown paper parcel was returned to the safe, and with it Drury's reputation"—p. 770

Drawn by
A. C. Michael

The Road to Golconda

With Several Short Cuts

By
Michael Kent

"HALF a minute, Grangey, I'm just going in here; shan't keep you waiting." Drury, of the box office at the Goldport Empire, disappeared through the door of a little general shop.

Delagrance leaned upon his stick and surveyed the windows, cigarettes, clay pipes—spread fanwise on a wire stand, papers with lurid illustrations carelessly ranged to meet the hecatomb of flies that extended along the base of the window. From a placard in the centre his own face stared back at him. "The Illusive Delagrance, Britain's First Illusionist." Below the window caged placards announced the contents of papers, "Lyons News," "The Daily Picture," "The Straight Tip," where for sixpence a week the secrets of Golconda are revealed in a green ill-printed sheet about the size of a piece of note-paper. Delagrance noted sceptically that the road to Golconda went via Newmarket.

In a moment or two the young man returned. A packet of cheap cigarettes was in his hand. "Sorry to keep you," he said.

"That's all right, laddie," said the entertainer as he fell in beside him; "there's no hurry."

But he fell silent as the two walked back to Drury's diggings. He was wondering why a young man who goes gaily into a little shop to purchase cigarettes should come out white and wan, and shaking, and why he should talk restless inanities in a feeble attempt at lightheartedness. Had Drury lost his way on the road to Golconda? Anyhow, if the boy wouldn't speak to him he couldn't talk to the boy on that subject. That policy invites lying, and though Delagrance lived by deceit and revelled in it, he used it purely as part of his professional equipment.

At Drury's modest "digs" they separated.

"I'll look you up to-night during the show," said the illusionist. "It's me last night here, laddie. Maybe ye'll have found another job before I'm round in October."

"There's no knowing," returned Drury

wistfully. "You never know your luck, and mine's been the limit lately."

"Hoots!" said Delagrance, "ye have a good job. What more are ye wanting? Ye should be saving money on it."

"Well, I don't, Jock," said the boy. He looked searchingly, plaintively at his friend as though about to say more, but he did not.

"Cheerio," cried Delagrance, to break a rather tragic silence. "I'll look in to-night," and he set off up town to his hotel.

And the boy's face haunted him, hunted and despairing. Delagrance had rather a fancy for Joe Drury.

II

AS he had arranged, the great illusionist lounged into the box office just after the interval that evening to see Drury. As a rule Mayne, who was general manager, did not care to mix the "back" and the "front," but Delagrance was a law unto himself.

"Weel, laddie," said he, "and hoo's yersel' the night?" Delagrance only used normal English when he was ill. This night it was what he was pleased to call Scotch.

"Hallo, Jock," said Drury, "wait till I've totted up this lot. Sixteen, twenty-four, twenty-seven, thirty-three; one pound thirteen. Right. You don't go by the 11.45 to-night, I suppose?"

"Faith," said the conjurer, "I do not. Is it likely I would be landing myself in town in the wee sma' hours when I can wait till the Sunday afternoon train?"

"Where are you for?" asked Drury.

"Newcastle, on Monday, the Northern round," said Delagrance.

The boy was busy all the while with his cash, checking bags of silver; a cigarette hung tremulously upon his lip.

"How's the hound?" Delagrance broke in on him.

The hound had been one of the things which had attracted the illusionist to Joe

THE QUIVER

Drury. Joe had retrieved it screaming from the inward parts of a racing car some months before and had refused to believe that cyanide of potassium was the only specific for its ills, poor little brute! He had carried it home with tears, nursed it and patched it, and it had sworn undying faith. "There's good in that kid," thought Delagrange, and he gave the boy his friendship whenever his tours brought him to Goldport. "The hound" had survived its encounter, but the efforts of the car, added to the generous humour of a mixed and doubtful ancestry, rendered it as pathetic and quaint a deformity as ever hopped on three legs.

"The hound?" said Drury, and flung a five-pound bag of change viciously into a drawer. "The hound? Oh, I'm fed up with it."

"What?" asked Delagrange. "When? How? What's ailing ye, laddie?"

Drury lit another cigarette. "Nothing," he replied irritably. "Mrs. Simmons won't have him in the house, that's all."

Delagrange grunted. "And she takes a year to make up her mind," he thought. "Well, lend him to me," he said, "I'll look after him. I'll come round to-morrow and ye shall hand him over."

The clerk's face brightened. "It's awfully good of you, Jock," he said. "I've got him here. He's making love to Charlie at the stage door."

"Then I'll take him home with me to-night," said Delagrange thoughtfully. He had never before known Drury bring the dog to the theatre in the evening.

Drury's gratitude was out of all proportion.

"It's just like you, Jock, always ready when wanted. I—I didn't know what to do about Beelzebub." One might almost think the boy was repressing tears.

A muffled rattle of applause penetrated from the auditorium. "Yon's Maxine," said the illusionist. "I must e'en gang awa'."

Drury nodded as the elder man went out, then he walked across the office and stood staring at the theatre plan, staring and not seeing, fixed in thought. His face had gone white and his heart cold. He had reached a turning on the road to Golconda and the finger post was missing.

Delagrange came out of the box office

puzzled. "What's wrong with the boy, anyway?" he asked himself, relapsing under stress into his native Irish—his real name was Mahoney. "What's biting him?" It was not merely that Drury should desert Beelzebub, there were a dozen signals of distress. "Maybe 'tis the 'flu,'" said he, but it was at the back of his mind all through the show, a suspicion and a fear for the boy. So he hung about the theatre afterwards, poking about in odd corners. Behind a pile of property baskets he came across a brand-new suit case. Now professionals do not as a rule convey their "props" about the provinces in suit cases. Delagrange grew interested. He picked the case up, and it was decidedly heavy, so he looked up the head carpenter.

"Ned," he asked, "which of your 'turns' has a suit case in its 'props'?"

"That's a easy one," said Ned, "'cos there ain't none; got a light list this show; don't often 'ave a lighter."

"Mr. Drury has not been round this way?" asked the illusionist.

"Not this half hour," answered Ned. "I saw him pass when I was a-setting the stage for 'The Frivols.'"

Delagrange ruminated a moment.

"Look here," he said, "you watch out for him and keep him talking here if he comes through in the next ten minutes. I've got a little joke on with him, and I want him out of the way."

"Right you are, sir," said Ned. He knew Delagrange paid for service.

"Mr. Mayne will be round in the office now?" queried the illusionist.

"Five minutes ago," said Ned.

"Right-o," returned Delagrange. "You be hanging on to Drury, you'll find it'll pay you."

He went back to the suit case, and in a few moments more he was inside it. You can do a lot with six inches of wire if hand and brain are subtly trained for over a quarter of a century. The contents were mainly clothes, but in one corner was stowed a little greasy dog collar.

"Blighted young fool," said Delagrange softly.

But this did not account for the weight. That was made up by a brown paper parcel, which, as the illusionist felt it, chinked and rustled. "Blighted young fool," said Delagrange beneath his breath, but there was no



"'Ha,' cried he, 'so we
meet again!'"—p. 771

Drawn by
A. G. Michael

THE QUIVER

softness in the muttered words. "'Tis a belting he'll be asking for."

Without the slightest compunction he put the parcel into one of his big waist-pockets. He hunted up a box of nails and odd scraps and bolts of iron which belonged to the carpenter, emptied it into his evening paper, folded it into a parcel, and stowed it in the case. Then he snapped the case to, fastened its straps, and strolled back towards the "wings."

The show was over, and he made his way, thoughtfully, across the emptying auditorium to the box office. Mayne was there looking through the proofs of a programme of next week's show. Delagrange strolled in and took one of the manager's cigars.

"Evening, Mayne," he said abruptly. "May I be asking ye an impertinent question?"

Mayne laughed.

"I've no doubt you will, Jock, whether you may or mayn't."

"Oh," said the illusionist, "I'm curious to know what will ye be paying Drury?"

"Some nerve!" said Mayne, smiling.

"What's it to do with you?"

"Nothing," returned the artist, "only I was thinking of asking him to come in with me, but I didn't know whether it would do him any good."

"Well he's a decent enough boy," said Mayne thoughtfully. "Straight, careful with accounts, and all that; I wouldn't stand in his light. He'd jump at three pounds a week."

"Then ye'll be wanting a new clerk, I'm thinking," said Delagrange. "By the way, can you lend me a tenner? I go North tomorrow, and I'm short."

"Ten," said Mayne, and looked through his note case. "Will six-ten do you?"

"It will not," replied the artist.

"I'll have to get it out of the safe," said the manager, hunting for the keys.

"Sorry to be a nuisance," went on Delagrange, "but I missed cashing your cheque to-day, and I've got to be in Newcastle on Monday."

Mayne sighed, and turned to the combination of the lock. The illusionist's credit was good enough, but these irregularities annoyed him. He swung the safe open, and was groping inside.

"Wait!" cried Delagrange sharply. "Someone knocked at the door."

The manager looked up; a muffled voice came from behind the panel. "For heaven's sake, Mr. Mayne!"

He got up hurriedly, strode across to the door and threw it open.

"Nobody here," he cried, amazed, and took a few steps down the dark corridor. "Can't make it out," he said, coming back into the room. Delagrange was seated on his desk swinging his legs.

"Man," said the conjurer, with a smile of triumph, "yon's great! Yon's a rehair:al. If A can tak' ye in stan'ing at ma elbow, the folk in front will be thinking A'm the deil himself!"

"What's the game, Jock?" said Mayne irritably. "Ventriloquism?" He did not relish being the victim of Delagrange's experiments.

"Aye," returned the illusionist sardonically. "Just that. It's a new stunt or mine."

But there had been more than ventriloquism in the little illusion. For in the space of ten seconds Delagrange had got Mayne to open the safe and sent him wandering into the corridor, while that brown paper parcel which he had taken from the suit case was returned to the safe, and with it Drury's reputation.

"Look at that," said Mayne as he brought the parcel out. "How methodical that chap is; all counted and done up ready for the bank on Monday."

"Yes," returned Delagrange. "The boy's got it all ready to go."

But Mayne did not know why he smiled.

The manager counted out the notes, and Delagrange scribbled him an I O U. "If ye can't be businesslike," said he, "be as businesslike as ye can. Ye'll let me have the boy if I want him, won't ye, Mayne?" And he took himself off to find Beelzebub.

He tucked the familiar spirit inside his coat, and glanced at the timekeeper's clock. "Seven minutes, 'Bub," said he, "we'll have to run for it."

But the professional life keeps a man young, in his legs at any rate. Delagrange threw himself into the final compartment of the "up" train as the guard whistled, and he spent a bad half-hour with gloomy anticipations of what the boy would do, alone, up the train, with his broken reputation and the packet of nails.

At the first stop—Basholt—he walked up

THE ROAD TO GOLCONDA

to look for him. The train was almost empty. In the carriage nearest the engine he came on Drury.

"Good heavens!" said the young man, and shrank back white upon the cushions.

The illusionist racked his brain for some opening that would jolt the boy's mind back from its black imaginings.

"Ha," cried he, in the manner of the Lyceum, "so we meet again! At last, Geoffrey Mortimer—at last—I have thee in my grip."

Drury smiled feebly. He was utterly dispirited. Delagrance unfastened the top button of his huge overcoat, and Beelzebub peeped quaintly forth.

"Unnatural parent," boomed Delagrance, "to desert thy pretty babe for filthy lucre! Yet it shall not profit thee. It shall turn to base metal at thy touch."

Beelzebub wriggled loose, and threw himself on Drury's knees; Drury burst into tears.

Delagrance sat down silently and watched the boy. Gradually his head nodded and he shook down in a shapeless heap, rolling sideways till his hat fell off.

Drury contemplated him. The man had been his friend, as far as he could, as far as he would let him be. The face seemed old and tired, the muscles relaxed—poor old Delagrance! With a little spasm of pity, wherein his own misery was forgotten, and the last grim duty before him postponed, Drury picked up his old friend's hat, and tried to shift him to a more comfortable position. But Delagrance was big and heavy, he slipped farther, threw his arms half consciously about the boy's figure. Then suddenly he seemed to wake in earnest.

"Fair sir," he said, "I would speak with thee." Then changing his tone and idiom, "Reckon you think you're up against it now, old son."

"I am," said Drury wretchedly. "Good and plenty. What did Mayne do when he found out?"

The illusionist did not answer the question. Instead, he paused, looking keenly at the boy. "Gee-gees?" he asked.

Drury nodded.

"'Tis a mug's game," commented Delagrance. "You to be putting your money on horses, and ye can't tell a bridle from swingle-bar."

"No good telling me that now," said Drury drearily.

"And would ye be listening if I told ye before?" countered the elder man keenly. "Not you."

The boy sighed. "Well, it's done with now," he said. "What is Mayne going to do?"

"Can ye look for him to have mercy?" asked Delagrance. "And him trusting you."

"I don't," Drury returned. "I let him down."

Delagrance turned sharply on him. "What excuse have ye?" he said.

"None, Jock."

The bare answer seemed to please the illusionist. "How much are ye in for?" said he.

"Oh, I don't know—fifteen pounds, I suppose, altogether," replied the boy. He was sick and tired of questions, of himself, of life. What good was it all? Anyway, he was down and out.

"Ah," said the illusionist, inscrutably. "And how much will ye be clearing out of yon safe?"

"One eight three pounds, fifteen and nine. Where is it now?"

"Don't you worry, laddie; that's where it ought to be, where it was three hours ago, locked up inside the safe."

"And you and Mayne watching me and laughing up your sleeve," cried Drury hotly.

"Have I ever laughed at ye like that, laddie?" asked the illusionist quietly.

"Oh, Jock," said the boy. "I'm sorry. I don't know what I'm saying. It's such a hell of a mess."

"It might be worse," said Delagrance. "Mayne's got his money back."

"That doesn't help me any," returned Drury. "He knows about it all."

"Who's telling ye that, laddie?"

"Of course he does," returned the boy. "He must know. I handed him the key before ten o'clock. Nobody else could put the money back."

"'Twas I put the money back," said Delagrance quietly.

"You put it back!" cried Drury, staggered out of his dismay. "How did you get it? How did you know about it?"

Delagrance shook his head. "Ah, laddie," he said, "ye'll never make a criminal—not a

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really good one. Don't be asking how I knew. I'm Delagrange."

"But," said the boy, "how could you open the safe?"

"Mayne opened the safe, I put the money in." The illusionist's eyes twinkled. "He didn't happen to be looking," he added.

Drury contemplated the new position thoughtfully. "That doesn't help me any," he said again. "I've got to find fifteen pounds by Monday morning."

"Hoots!" said the illusionist, and the change of dialect indicated less tension. "Why for would I be putting the money back, think ye?"

Delagrange left it to sink in, in silence, for a minute or two, till Drury turned to him.

"Oh, Jock," he said, "I have been a fool."

"I was thinking so, laddie," returned Delagrange. "Were ye ever licked at school?"

Drury looked up with surprise.

"No," he said, "I was always rather well up at school."

The illusionist grunted. His glance wandered casually about the carriage as though he were estimating its breadth, and a rather grim smile depressed the corners of his mouth.

"'Tis a hefty young ash plant that ye have there, laddie," said he. "Ye might pass it across." Then suddenly, like a company sergeant-major on parade, "Stand up! Bend over," he roared.

Twice the stick descended, and the illusionist's arm was steel and steam. "That's for meddling with horses," said he.

Twice more the stick fell. "And that's for—for the way ye tried to get out of it."

Again, "And that's for deserting Beelzebub."

Again, "And that's on account for the fifteen pounds ye're owing me."

He stopped abruptly. "We'll be quits,"

he said quietly. "Ye can be sitting down."

But that is just what Drury couldn't.

The boy hauled off Beelzebub, who was busily chewing the illusionist's trousers leg. He was no longer white, but red, and he breathed jerkily, but he looked Delagrange straight in the face.

"No," said he, "we're not quits yet, Jock, not yet. There's my—my gratitude and—and there's this." He dived his hand into the inner breast-pocket of his coat, fumbling a moment. Then he looked up surprised, trying his side pockets with a scared and wondering air.

"'Tis the bottle ye'll be after?" queried Delagrange. He brought forth a small green hexagonal phial and took the cork out. "Carbolic," said he. "Laddie, ye'd have had a devil of a time with it." He emptied it out of the window. "I got it off ye when ye thought I was asleep. 'Twas thoughtful of ye to take the label off," he added.

The boy watched his actions with a dazed wonder.

"I suppose I should have taken it by now," he whispered, "if—if you hadn't come after me. And now we're quits, Jock, except I have to pay you back."

"Will ye do what I ask you?" said the illusionist.

"Anything," said Drury.

"Good for you, laddie. Ye'll give Mayne a week's notice on Monday, and join me at Hartlepool the Monday after. Pay? Three pound ten a week, and I'll keep back the ten till you've paid me off, so you needn't feel under any obligation to me. Work? Whatever I like to give you." Delagrange paused, frowning. "I want someone to manage my correspondence anyway."

"Jock," said the boy, "I can't thank you. When I think of what I might be now, I have no words for it."

"Och," returned the illusionist, "I've turned many a rabbit into a gold fish; that's me trade. I'm Delagrange."





BLACK-TIPS

The Story of a Hare

By H. Mortimer Batten

TRAMP—tramp—tramp! on the snowy space without, but the hare never so much as twitched a muscle. His winter "form" in the grassy hollow, so placed that it caught the sun while being sheltered from the wind, had hitherto proved sufficient hiding from human foes, who many a time had passed within a yard or two, never dreaming that "within that tuft of grass there crouches a hare." So to-day his faith in the old, old trick of lying low held good, for this was his first experience of snow time—snow that is the deadliest of all the hare's foes.

Tramp—tramp—tramp! Slowly now the steps drew nearer, then stopped. The man had followed the tracks to the tuft of grass, and beyond that—no tracks! He stood motionless, peering straight ahead, and the hare knew that he was being watched. This silence was unnerving; then came the cracking of a twig—crack, crack, crack!—held between the poacher's fingers and carried for just such occasions as this. There is nothing arouses the curiosity of a wild beast so much as this stealthy cracking sound, and many a hare would have erected its ears, thus giving the man the mark he

needed, but not *this* hare! His powerful hind legs shot out, tearing up the cosy carpet of his nest, shooting him outwards into the pale winter sunshine, full speed from the first lightning bound.

The man was taken a shade unawares, yet there would have been no chance for the hare had not the land been in his favour—had he not known how to take full advantage of the hollows. Away he went, his black-tipped ears erect, gliding, floating, skimming the pasture, keeping always to the hollows, never showing himself against the skyline—a marvellous running machine, ready to meet his foes on their own ground and beat them at their own games. What the man saw was a flash of black and yellow, which darted over a mound and down into a hollow ere he could bring his rusty old fowling-piece to bear. He ran to the brow, peering this way and that, but—no hare! When next he saw little Black Tips he was boldly breasting the rise, full in view but safely out of range.

Through the gate of the pasture into the creeping forest, where the blue-tits chirped in the hazels, Black Tips swept along, then, pausing and listening at intervals, he

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Drawn
by
Warwick
Reynolds

emerged at length in the pasture beyond, where a second cosy form awaited him. Here he crouched, blinked sleepily, and closed his eyes, for this was the hour of sleep—of sunshine.

Tramp—tramp—tramp! Nearer and nearer it came, through the wood and into the pasture, then straight towards the form. Jack did not wait for the cracking of the twig—this was a new experience for him. To be tracked thus by a dog would have been nothing new, but—a man!

Up and away little Black Tips went, swifter even than before, but the man was ready this time. There was a loud report, the hare found himself enveloped in a cloud of stinging snow, and a stray bullet entered low in his back like the strike of a snake. Back twitched his long ears, he doubled his pace, running low; patter-pat, patter-pat went his paws, sending up little spumes of powdery snow. Back above the wood over-looking the valley, keeping well under the wall, then out into the vast bent allotment at the foot of which he had started. Here he made a wide loop in his trail, like a figure "o," and crouched in the grass at the point where the loop of the nine almost, but not quite, touches the vertical stem. Thus he was enabled to watch his back trail and see his pursuer long before the latter came up to his form.

Black Tips did not sleep now. A good straight run he had no objection to, but this slow, stealthy following, following, set his nerves on edge. He crouched, every muscle tense, and soon his wound, slight though it was, began to stiffen. He felt reluctant to leave his cosy nest, and might have sat tight till too late had it not been for that loop in his trail.

Tramp—tramp—tramp! The hare saw the man coming on at his easy wolf-like swing. He passed within five paces, his eyes upon the trail, and the hare slipped out the other side, swiftly, silently, unseen. And the man, following up, saw how he had been fooled!

Through the gate, on the north boundary, high along the hill-side overlooking the village, peaceful in its snowy mantle, Black Tips sped, a new fear upon him now—the fear of that tramp—tramp—tramp from which there was no hiding. At the next gate a hairy sheepdog, urged by a shepherd boy, dashed to meet him, colliding with the

bars and wriggling through just as Black Tips came up. The hare stopped in surprise, the dog, charging, missed him by a foot as Black Tips, without effort, hopped aside; then away again, down hill now towards the village, heading for the open road.

The sheepdog was fast, the hare at a disadvantage on the steep down-grade, yet Black Tips skimmed unhindered through the gate and out along the roadway. He was looking behind him, as a hare always does when closely run, and did not see the big red automobile that swung suddenly round a corner to meet him. He heard the screeching of brakes and a shout from the driver, swerved aside in the ace of time, then under a small white garden gate to the right.

As he did so there was a confusion of noises out in the roadway; another shout, a thud, then a prolonged and painful "Ki-wawa—ki-wawa—ki-wa-w-a-a," tailing off into a sorrowful whine of despair. Someone said, "Right over him, weren't we?" And someone else answered, "With both wheels, I'm afraid, sir."

Jack crouched trembling under a giant rhubarb leaf in the front garden of the cottage, listening to the confusion of noises arising from the roadway so perilously near, but soon the car moved on and all was quiet again. Trembling, the hare waited for that dreaded tramp—tramp—tramp. Which way would he turn if it came now? On one side was the road, opposite the house; to his left lay a chicken run, also three kennels where two kind-eyed setters were already setting him; while a spaniel, anxious to show his eagerness to do something, was carrying about his biscuit bowl, retriever fashion. On a door near by hung a row of magpies, several stoats, a sparrowhawk, and a bundle of rusty steel traps; and had he possessed any choice in the matter, Black Tips would have shunned this place at all costs, fearing, as he did, the very atmosphere of warfare that hung about it.

But an hour passed, two hours, three hours, then—tramp—tramp—tramp! A man came in at the garden gate—a man, oh, horror! who carried a gun, but it was not the man who had followed! He paused a moment, seeming to look straight at the hare, then strode across to the dogs, patted

each of them, and finally liberated the spaniel for a roll in the snow. The little dog snorted, ran to the garden gate, and picked up the trail. Jack crouched low—in mortal terror now! If he were located he would have to bolt—straight towards the man! There was no other way for it, the dog cutting off his retreat from the road.

Slowly, with scrupulous care, the spaniel sniffed at each individual track, wagging his tail wildly—on—on, towards the crouching hare. Pit-a-pat went Black Tips' heart—pat-a-pat went his paws on the frozen ground—out of the rhubarb clump, running low, full into the open opposite the man!

Yet the man merely watched! His gun remained in the crook of his arm, and when finally the spaniel gave chase, giving tongue wildly and attaining a speed of at least twelve miles an hour, the man called the dog angrily to heels. So surprised was Black Tips that fifty yards up the field he stopped and looked back, to see the man and the dog side by side still looking after him.

The hare that profits by previous experience is the only hare that lives, and the events of that day were each in turn pigeon-holed in Black Tips' mind. He did not know just what had happened in the roadway, but he knew that on the roadway he had got rid of the pursuing dogs, and the roadway, therefore, was a good place to go when thus pursued. Similarly, he knew that in this cottage garden he had found security from a persistently intent human pursuer, and when thus pursued again his tracks would lead straight to that particular rhubarb leaf, for at this place man was at peace with him.

CHAPTER II

THE spell of frost and snow persisted; hard times fell upon the land in which little Black Tips lived. The rabbits came down from the mountain-tops to gnaw the bark in the poplar grove, even entered the village gardens to clear up what remained in the way of greenstuff.

Black Tips himself took to frequenting the village. Directly behind a group of straggling cottages was a little enclosed patch of land filled with coarse grass and over-shadowed by two old and stunted apple trees. This plot of land seemed to belong to

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no one, for no one ever entered it. As a matter of fact, it belonged to the church, and it was there Black Tips made his sanctuary. At this time his daily foes—those whom often before he had purposely led on a wild tally-ho through the meadows—pressed him hard. They were well fed, he was starving.

There was, for example, the little fox terrier at the Rectory, the first to discover the whereabouts of Black Tips. Sunday was a dull day at home for the terrier, and it was on Sundays that he spent his time hunting Black Tips. At first the hare easily got rid of him by the simple expedient of running up the burn to a point at which a single tree-trunk lay across a deep, still pool, forming a natural bridge. The trunk was smooth and glassy with ice, and while the hare was able cautiously to pick his way across, the terrier always tried to take it at a run—losing his foothold ere he gained the other side, and, pawing wildly, fell into the pool below. But as Black Tips weakened, each run became a closer call.

Then there was the huge black cat hailing from the village inn. It, too, located the hare's hiding, and took to creeping up silently, as though intent on surprising Black Tips while he slept. At their first meeting the hare turned, savagely thumping the ground and bounding towards the cat, appearing so large and formidable a beast that the feline turned with a snarl and crept away. But instinctively the cat knew Black Tips was weakening, and when next she came the trick did not work. Instead, the cat crouched low, ears laid back, eyes glaring, and Black Tips was warned not to go too near. Thereafter the feline made his life a nightmare. Always she was sneaking up, crouching within springing distance, haunting the paddock day and night with her unwelcome presence, till one day Black Tips fled in panic from the place, never to return.

Of man himself the hare had no fear in these times, for during such periods of famine the people of the hills call a truce with the wild folk which they could strike down at their very doors. Thus Black Tips no longer feared the man with the gun, and one morning found him nibbling a cabbage stalk within reach of the little spaniel by the keeper's door. Three dogs sat and blinked at him, but made no movement to

disturb him. Then came other hares, and others, waiting about the doorway of the house for such food as might be thrown out to them. The dogs became accustomed to them and knew the truce, and the kindly woman of the house found greenstuff enough to keep the starving creatures alive. Two little roe deer often accompanied them, taking food from the woman's very hand. And so the period of hunger was tidied over, and the welcome rains came at last.

This was the month of wild March winds, and Black Tips became as wild as the winds themselves. All the taming influences of those weeks of hunger had done nothing to kill the wild spirit within him, and now, with ears acock, he fled like a mad thing from the yap of the shepherd's dog, or the cheery singing of the ploughboy. Other hares he met in the pastures, for day and night now he was roaming from field to field, from upland to meadow, and when he rested no man can say, for this was the love-moon of the hares.

There was not, however, much poetry or romance in Black Tips' love-making. It consisted chiefly of a series of desperate encounters with other ambitious young gentlemen like himself. The hare who could jump highest and kick hardest won the fair lady, who coyly crouched in ambush near, keenly watching the encounter though pretending to take no interest in it. The two rivals would leap high in the air, striking at each other with their hind legs, each striving to kick the other over the wall and into the middle of the next field. Black Tips was young, and though he took many a sound beating he similarly delivered one or two. Then away again in pursuit of the coy little lady, till finally, having won her by strength of arm—or rather hind leg—the marriage union was complete.

But it lasted only for the spring. As the days lengthened and a vast abundance of food crowded the meadows, Black Tips and his lady-love took to living their lives apart, to meet again as casual acquaintances, but nothing more.

Many hairbreadth escapes and thrilling adventures beset the hare's path ere the sun turned south again. Scarcely a day passed without bringing an escapade of some kind. Black Tips met his foes out in the open, and, dependent only on his speed and his knowledge of the country, beat them in

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the open. The long-haired sheepdogs he could fool at any time of the chase he chose. He had only to run through a certain gate closed in with wire netting in order to get rid of the best of them for

This was because one moonlight night he had been disturbed at his feeding ground by a little mongrel dog which was systematically quartering the ground. Straight away, with ears erect, Black Tips sped, straight for the gate, and across that gate a fine mesh net was spread. Little Black Tips felt its deathlike grip close upon him; he struggled to free himself, only to become more closely entangled. A piteous scream went up in the night stillness as a man stepped out from the shadow of the wall and came towards him. One last, desperate struggle—not on through the net this time, but back the way he had come. He was partly free—only his hind legs were entangled, and



"The kindly woman of the house found greenstuff enough to keep them alive"

long enough to enable him to back-track and, leaping aside, break the line of scent. The open roadway, where the scent hung thinly, and the tree over the burn, often served him well, especially in the latter part of the summer when, for reasons of his own, he abandoned gateways as unsafe things.

the man stooped to catch him. Again little Black Tips squealed, struggling and kicking wildly. *He was free*, floating over the landscape again with ears erect.

Hitherto the open gateway had proved his way of passage from field to field, but

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never again did he face one. Sooner would he leap the wall, showing himself against the skyline, and this he formed the habit of doing. Though perilous in one way, it nevertheless enabled him to obtain full views of the surrounding country at regular intervals, and when the keeper saw the hare which always leapt the wall instead of heading for the gate, he knew there was a night poacher on his range.

One morning Black Tips was startled by a new and terrifying sound which somehow sent shudders of fear through every fibre of his body. It was a long-drawn, bass "Woo-o-o-o," followed by the blast of a huntsman's horn, and into the bent allotment following his trail, came a pack of immense brown and black and white dogs. They were short-legged, slow-moving creatures, yet there was something quiet and systematic in their ways which seemed to indicate that they were terribly sure. The men who were with them followed on foot—the beagles!

Black Tips was up and away with a good hundred yards to spare, floating, gliding over the landscape, looking behind. Something seemed to tell him that this was to be the day of his life when, ounce to ounce, pound to pound, he and his foes were to be weighed in the balance together. The morning echoes awoke with that thunderous "Woo-o-o-o" of the hunting pack. It gave speed to Black Tips' feet; lightly he sped over the boundary wall, heading northwards where the mountains tailed off into green foothills, each hill capped with a blue haze of pine trees. Three miles he put between himself and the hounds, then, conscious now of their slowness, confident in his own speed, he back-tracked and zigzagged, tied knots in his trail and broke it a dozen times, then sped up the hill-side overlooking the valley, where he had time to scratch his ear and speculate.

Slowly, steadily, the hounds came on. They reached the tangle of tracks, began to cast wide till one of them struck the trail again beyond the maze and headed towards him, giving tongue. Again that deathlike "Woo-o-o-o" rang out, and, following the lead, the hounds came on, deterred hardly a minute by the elaborate tangle of trails which little Black Tips had delayed so long to make. They did not see the hare, for he was up and away again at

speed—over the pine ridge and down into the valley, skirting a wall-side here, leaping a laughing brook. For miles he ran, and not till all was quiet did he pause and soundlessly mount the wall-top as a point of observation.

"Woo-o-o-o! Woo-o-o-o!" The hounds came over the hill, working steadily towards him, following his trail with unerring accuracy, with infallible certainty.

Black Tips slid down and on. His heart was thumping now—not with exhaustion, for as yet he had scarcely exerted himself, but with fear. It was the consciousness that his marvellous speed—his only weapon of self-defence—was of no value against these foss that tracked and tracked and never failed. A strange weakness began to possess his limbs, tempting him to run panic-stricken in foolish circles, or to back-track to some place he knew and crouch there. Now the river barred his way. He had lost time zigzagging through the wood, and he lost time again by running up and down the bank in the hope of finding an easy crossing.

Suddenly the hounds burst full in view, not fifty yards away, and the terrifying death-sound rose to a crescendo as they saw him. Into the river plunged the hare, to emerge on the other side a dripping skeleton of his former self. Some of the hounds had crossed lower down and were ready and waiting for him. Burdened by his heavy coat Black Tips was compelled to zigzag for his life. He sped across the meadow, putting forth his energy for the first time. And so after a mile or two he had again left the pack behind.

Again he paused, and watched, and waited, and listened—that fatal step—but he had not long to wait this time. Scarcely had he refilled his lungs when the hounds were on him again, slowly following, following. He had made a wide detour of his home range, the centre of which was marked by the village and the keeper's house, and now he headed back in that direction, hard pressed as never before. It was not fatigue that pressed him, but that haunting, following "Woo-o-o-o."

Never before had the country seemed so full of foes. Men and boys were waiting on every hill-top, watching the sport and ready to lend a hand by turning the hare. Sheepdogs lurked in unexpected corners, shot out from farm buildings to turn and

BLACK TIPS

pursue him, so that he was forced to take unchosen routes where wet ground and unknown obstacles handicapped his going.

Real terror now was upon the hare. Many times he faltered and stopped as though uncertain which way to go, so beset was he by enemies. Once he reached the open roadway and fled at speed for a mile or so, but only to be turned by a whole crowd of school children who joined in the chase.

Over the wall and across the meadow he headed, to be turned again by a string of sportingly attired men and girls—turned back the way he had come, on to the roadway, to find the whole pack close at his heels.

There was need for speed now, and, too weary to take the wall again, little Black Tips headed down the village street. Patter-patter went his paws; "Boo-woo-hoo-oo" bellowed the pack close behind. Past open doorways he sped, where men and women stood in groups, shouting and waving as the tortured creature sped by. Once a man struck at him with a garden rake; once he found himself dodging in and out among the legs of a group of frightened children. His ears were laid back now; he was hardly able to keep pace with the hounds.

At the end of the main street the road forked left and right, and here the hare suddenly raised his ears as he swerved to the right. His speed was gathering now—his old buoyancy and ease of gait seemed for the time to return. Over the wall to the banks of the burn he headed; up the hill-side, following the laughing stream, and here was the object of his revived hopes—the fallen tree which so often had proved a friend in need!

But, as he set his foot to cross, little Black Tips saw the head and shoulders of a man rise from the bushes on the other side. The man was waiting for him—a villager who knew his runways!

Baffled, beaten, his last hope shattered, his last retreat shut off, the hare turned, heading he knew not where. The hounds burst into view again, men were running down the hill-side, there was only one way he could take, so he took it.

Oh, little Black Tips, the end is

very near at hand! Soon we shall see the crowning glory of the chase, a solitary little creature tortured out of existence, a wonderful running machine run to destruction! See how he falters at every stride, ears laid back, eyes starting from their sockets! He has tried every trick he knows. He has failed. How could it be otherwise with the hand of the whole country against him?

Over yet another wall, to drag, limply, slowly across the road again, and—at last!—through a gate. Into the very churchyard he goes—down the sunny pathway between the yews, then on with dragging



"The pale sunshine showed for a moment on the moving figure of a hare"—p. 780

Drawn
by
Warrick Reynolds

THE QUIVER

steps to the very doors of the Seat of Holiness.

Which way will he head now—now in the hour of his direst need? There comes a fresh outburst from the hounds, struggling to enter the gates of the Holy Ground, and a little fox terrier bounds to meet them—for this is his domain, a property within his keeping.

The church door is ajar; within is quietude and calm, and through those sheltering doors—yes, to the very chancel steps—there steals a Shadow from the Wild, one of the few to whom Nature has given no chosen sanctuary.



At the threshold of the church, bristling from tail to brow, yet in mortal terror of his life, prepared to defend his master's property against this horde of foreign foes, there stands a small fox terrier! The leading hounds hang back, overawed by the absolute audacity of it, and the terrier, trembling with fear, leaps upon the foremost and flings him back.

Then from the yew trees, gasping for breath and stumbling as he runs, there comes a man—a ragged, disreputable man, whose very ease of stride seems to betray him as a poacher. In an ace of time he catches up the terrier in his arms, slams the door of the church behind him, then turns with savage anger upon the pack.

"You cowardly brutes!" he yells, using

his hobnailed boots with effect. "You bullying, cowardly devils! Thirty of you after one small beastie—but he's fooled you now! Get out! Get out!"



At the hour of sundown a ragged, disreputable man stole like a thief to the doors of the church and listened. Quietly he raised the latch and peered in. He had not entered this place since his childhood's days, yet as this simple sinner stole up the aisle, leaving the doors wide behind him, there was something in the bowed head and quiet footsteps which seemed in keeping with the sacred things about him. The pale sunshine, falling athwart the chancel tiles, showed for a moment on the moving figure of a hare as it darted for the open doors, then was gone.

The man turned to follow.

"Good-bye, little racehorse," he murmured. "It was me and the terrier what kept them out for you! We may do a bit on our own, but we like to see fair play and straight deals. I may get you next tracking snow, though you tricked me last, but"—and he turned again to the altar—"this ain't for the likes of you and me," he said, "not till we're real hard pressed, but I reckon you'll be safe from me in here, sonny. Good-bye!"

And he, too, like a Shadow from the Wild, slid back into the sunshine.



Peace Celebrations, August, 1814

The Fleet on the Serpentine River, representing the Battle of the Nile
(From a contemporary print)



"A Perspective View of the Magnificent Structure, erected in the Green Park for Royal Fireworks exhibited the 27th of April, 1749, on account of the General Peace"

Celebrating the Peace

The Evolution of Public Rejoicings

By F. A. Hadland

(With illustrations from contemporary prints)

THE signing of the Armistice on November 11th, 1918, although it created a stir in the life of the British Nation, was too sudden to enable anything like a commemoration to be observed. We are, however, rapidly approaching a celebration which should be unparalleled in history.

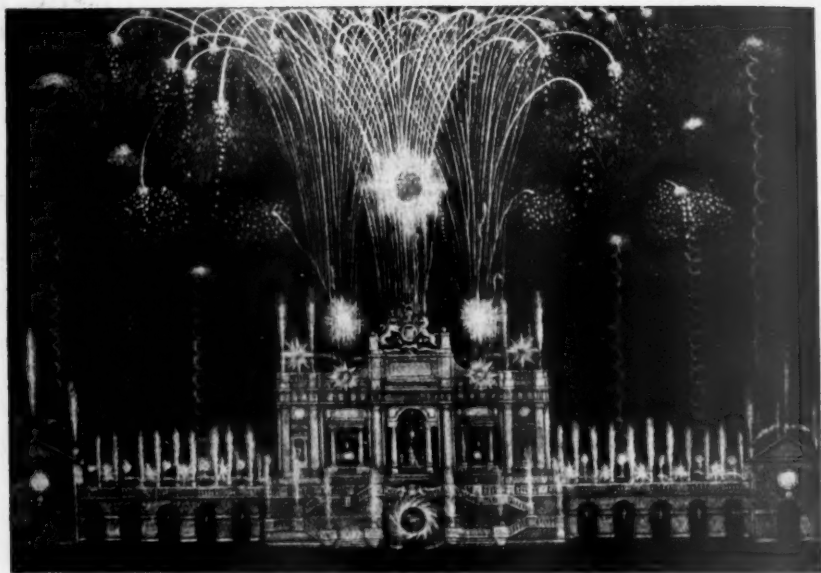
In view of the coming fêtes it is interesting to turn to the last two centuries and trace the evolution of public rejoicings.

It is noteworthy that St. Paul's Cathedral was opened for a Peace Thanksgiving. It has since been the chosen spot for many such events, while Westminster Abbey has been the place of coronation for Kings and Queens from the time of the Norman Conquest. On December 2nd, 1697, the ceremony took place, for the Peace of Ryswick having been ratified, the claim of William III. to the throne of England was thereby fully confirmed, and the pride of Louis XIV. was brought down. Queen Mary, the King's

consort, had died three years previously, leaving the King sole occupant of the throne. He was anxious to be present, but it was thought that at least 300,000 jubilant people from all quarters would so throng the metropolis that the King could only with extreme difficulty make his way to the Cathedral, and he abandoned the idea.

Queen Anne year after year went in solemn procession to the Cathedral of the metropolis to give thanks for glorious victories. Seven times she fulfilled this welcome duty, and was only prevented from attending for the eighth time by increasing bodily infirmity. Anne ascended the throne on March 8th, 1702; on November 12th was the jubilant procession to St. Paul's for the successes of John Earl of Marlborough in the Low Countries, and for the destruction of the Spanish Fleet in the port of Vigo by the Duke of Ormond and Sir George Rooke. The two Houses of Parliament

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"A View of the Public Fireworks exhibited on the occasion of the General Peace concluded October 7, 1748"

assisted and the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs attended in state. The second occasion was the celebration of the victory of Blenheim, on September 7th, 1704. On August 27th, 1705, the Queen again attended, this time for the Duke of Marlborough's success in forcing the French lines at Tirllemont. Again she was present in 1706, 1707, and 1708, when further successes had been achieved culminating in the victory of Oudenarde. On July 7th, 1713, a thanksgiving for the Peace of Utrecht was held. The Houses of Parliament attended in full state, but the Queen was unable to be present, and signified her desire to return thanks in private.

We pass on to the year 1749, when for the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, signed in the previous year, rejoicings were carried out on a rather imposing scale. The utmost dispatch appears to have been made to get the stands and other erections ready in time, and complaints were made that Sundays were desecrated and the noise of hammering in the streets was heard during service in every church in Westminster. There seems to have been some doubt as to the dura-

bility of the Peace, and no time was to be lost!

"After a grand overture of warlike instruments by Mr. Handel," the fireworks in St. James's Park began. They included "honorary rockets," "caduceus rockets," "girandole rockets," and "pots de brin."

In all 10,650 rockets were let off. Including the rockets, the fireworks reached the number of 32,684. There was a temple erected in the Green Park, the basement of which included pavilions or storehouses for planting the cannon and a flight of steps to the music-gallery. The temple was 144 feet high and 410 feet long. There were ornaments in relief adorned with frets and gildings, lustres, artificial flowers, inscriptions, statues, emblematical pictures, etc. Eighteen pictures in front appeared like marble basso-relievos, but after the fireworks were let off they were moved by machinery and discovered the same pictures in colours rendered transparent by a great number of lanterns. There was a bas-relief 28 feet by 10 feet representing King George II. giving peace to Britannia, the attendants being Plenty, Riches, Happi-

CELEBRATING THE PEACE

ness, Trade, and Commerce. The attendants on Britannia were Liberty, Husbandry, Arts, and Sciences, and a picture represented the return of Neptune drawn by sea-lions conducted by the genius of Peace attended by Tritons, sea-nymphs, etc. The return of Mars drawn by lions, conducted by Fame, with an olive branch proclaiming peace, also festoons of military instruments. The Thames and the Isis representing the return of trade and affairs.

We now pass on to the year 1814, which is perhaps when occurred the most interesting of our peace rejoicings, as it marks the downfall of Napoleon, who, however, was not finally disposed of until the Battle of Waterloo in the following year. For descriptions of this event we have, of course, the contemporary Press, but as a specimen of the journalistic style of a hundred years ago a pamphlet by "F. W. Blagdon, Esq.,"

may be mentioned. This gentleman quotes Milton, and compares St. James's Park to the Garden of Eden.

It appears that on this occasion the most eminent surveyors, architects, and artists were consulted. There were grotesque and ludicrous devices, and scenes from modern comedies, farces, and pantomimes, and also pugilistic encounters. Miniature vessels made at Woolwich were launched on the Serpentine. The Mall was illuminated, and Hyde Park and the Green Park "thrown entirely open"! At that date free access to all the parks was not yet an accomplished fact, and the Regent's Park was not fully opened till 1838. Bands were provided for dancing, and also refreshments. There was a temple with allegorical representations—Strength driving out Anarchy, Fraud, and Rebellion; Victory inscribing on a shield the names of the great commanders



JUBILEE FAIR

"This Fair and NAUMACHY (or Sham Sea Fight) in HYDE PARK was in Honour of Peace"

- A. The Naumachy, representing the Battle of the Nile;
- B. The Serpentine River;
- C. The Fair, which lasted upwards of a week;
- D. The Fireworks in Kensington Gardens, let off at eleven at night

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of the Allies, and Fame sounding her trumpet.

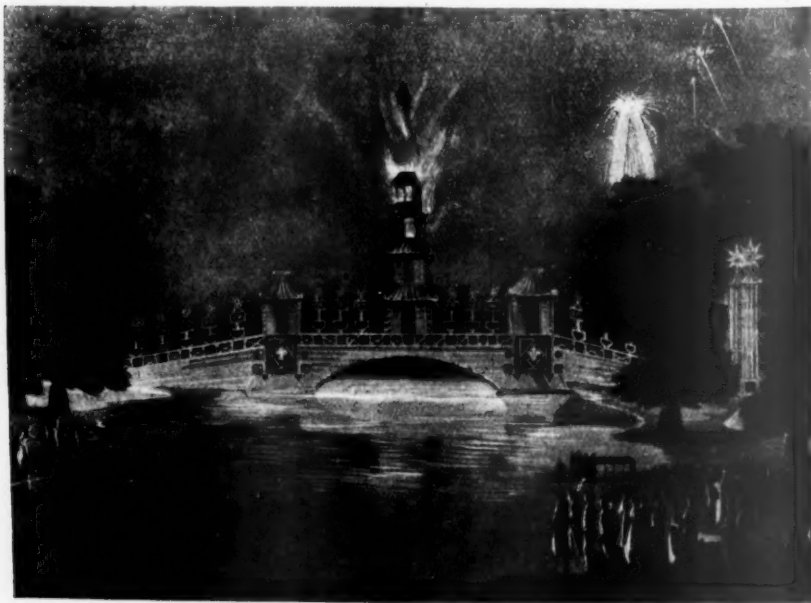
There was a great competition for booths and tents. Spirits were not allowed, and £40 a day was offered for wooden erections. Towards nightfall great numbers of people who had come from a distance and had been standing or walking all day were fain to rest and lie on the grass. A fair was held in Hyde Park, and continued for a week, till at length it degenerated into a scene of licentiousness, and it was deemed necessary to put a stop to it by interference of the magistrates under an order from the Secretary of State.

An eye-witness thus records his impressions:

"The Sovereigns reviewed the Scotch Greys in Hyde Park. At the rejoicings for the Peace I stood within the iron palisades of Buckingham Old House. It was a childish affair there, but the illumination of the streets was really fine. Every window was lit up, and the blaze of light from so great a mass of buildings was thrown grandly upon the heavens. The Park of St. James was

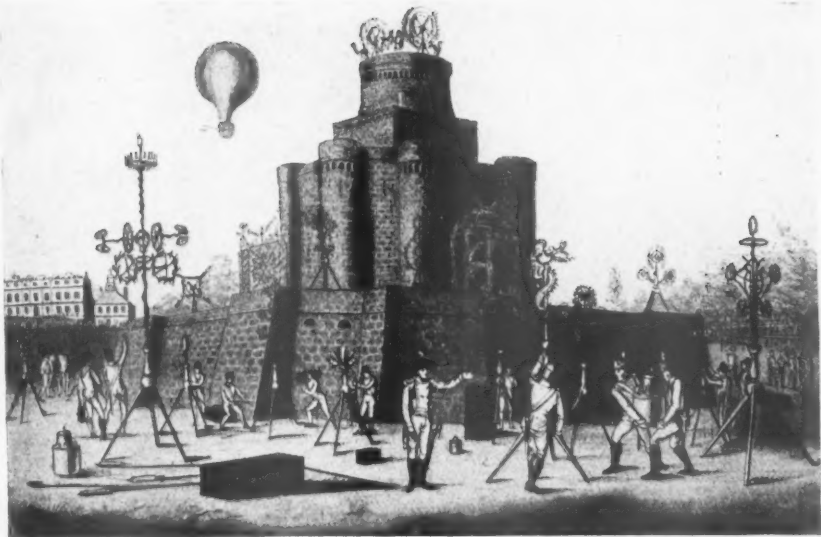
prettily arranged with lamps in the trees like another Vauxhall. A wooden bridge with a sort of pagoda over the canal in St. James's Park was illumined too brightly, and the pagoda was consumed. One or two persons were killed. A mock naval engagement on the Serpentine River in Hyde Park. Boats rigged as vessels of war were engaged in petty combat, and one or two filled with combustibles were set on fire in order to act as fire-ships. First a couple of frigates engaged, and the Battle of the Nile was imitated. Later at night the fireworks commenced. There was a painted castle externally of cloth. This mock fort gave out a pretended cannonade amid the smoke of which, the scene shifting, changed the whole into a brilliant temple with transparent paintings to represent a Temple of Peace, quite in a theatrical way. This elicited shouts of approbation from the people."

The country at large was not behind the capital in commemorations. In most districts the type of entertainment described by Hone was in favour. Roast beef and



The "Chinese Bridge" at St. James's Park on the night of the Peace Celebrations, which caught fire and was consumed

CELEBRATING THE PEACE



"The Fortress (which enclosed the Grand Pavilion) in the Green Park, with the descent of the Balloon"

"Published Aug. 24, 1814, by Tho. Palsey, Surry Side, Westr. Bridge"

plum pudding, dancing to such instrumental music as could be procured, hop, skip and jump, jumping in sacks, grinning through horse-collars, women's races, running for the pig with a greased tail, yawning for cheeses, etc. The *Spectator*, Nos. 161 and 173 (1711), contains some excellent descriptions of country jollifications which are not yet entirely out of date. Burning, hanging and shooting Bonaparte in effigy were indulged in in some rural localities.

At Edinburgh there was a bonfire on the top of Arthur's Seat, besides other features, and the white cockade was universally worn.

There was an illumination on June 24th, 1815, following the news of Waterloo, but it does not seem to have had any feature of novelty. On November 27th there were considerable illuminations and rejoicings, but they had been discounted by the previous year's revels. The nation at large was indisposed to give itself up to another celebration, for it had been tricked by Bonaparte after being lulled into a sense of complete security when he was banished to Elba. Besides this, the reaction had much effect, and the prospect of heavy taxation

made people less enthusiastic about the final act in the great war.

We now come to more recent times, and old people can recall much connected with the Peace rejoicings of 1856. The war with Russia had lasted two years, and there were differences of opinion as to the probability of the settlement being permanent. However, the nation gave itself up to rejoicing for a brief period.

The Peace was proclaimed. The procession, always a picturesque feature, started from St. James's Palace after the reading of the Proclamation as of yore, and it was repeated at four other points by Garter King of Arms, who was accompanied by his retinue of High Constable, High Bailiff, Poursuivants in tabards, Rouge Croix, Blue Mantle, Portcullis, Serjeants-at-arms, Herald, Somerset Herald, Windsor Herald, York Herald, and Lancaster Herald. The Proclamation was repeated at Charing Cross, Chancery Lane, Wood Street, and the Royal Exchange, according to custom.

There were fireworks in Hyde Park, the Green Park, and Victoria Park, and also on Primrose Hill; a naval review, and illumination of the Fleet.

The VELDT TRAIL

by
Gertrude Page

CHAPTER XIII Brickbats and Kisses

IT was one of the few times in her life when Sybil was thoroughly embarrassed, but her ready wit came quickly to her aid.

"Hallo, Puck!" she remarked in surprise, "what on earth are you doing there?"

Through the curtain she had seen Lyall's instant attention when the monkey sat and jabbered at her, and now she saw he was listening intently. Cleverly she gave a half-stifled yawn.

"I seem to have been asleep, Puck," addressing the monkey. "I wonder how long you've been there. Is Missis coming back, with Flip?" She put her feet to the ground and sat up. Through the curtain she saw that Lyall remained rigid, still listening. Now for it, was her thought as she rose to her feet.

The next instant she stepped out on to the veranda with the utmost unconcern, and then stopped short, blinking rather foolishly at Jim.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and seemed to try to pull herself together.

Jim said nothing. He was very conscious of their recent sparring.

"Was Puck with you?" she asked, beginning to enjoy herself. "The little monkey woke me up. But that sounds absurd when you come to think of it; because, of course, he can't be anything else but a little monkey. I ought to have called you a little scamp, Puck—what!"

She held out her arms, and Puck leapt into them, thoroughly relishing the amount of notice he was getting. "Where are the

nice cats?" she said teasingly, "dear pussies!" He was enraged immediately, and showed it, and Sybil laughed.

"You know, we're not so very much removed from our early state after all," she remarked to Lyall. "Puck doesn't like cats, and he is always ready to show it. And when we don't like each other, we are generally anxious to show it as soon as possible."

"Your contention would be more logical if cats and monkeys were the same tribe," he said coldly.

"It doesn't need logic," she retorted. "A little common sense will explain."

"Oh, I was not at any loss for an explanation," readily.

By a light gesture she brushed the matter aside, and seemed to make some sudden decision.

"I don't want to quarrel just now, if you think you could keep a truce for ten minutes."

"I'll try," dryly.

"I want to make a proposition, and it seems a good opportunity. I've been thinking things over, and it appears to me it would be a biggish burden for you to pay me out of the ranch for a year or two. At the same time, I cannot expect to stay in on a half share and do no work. Will it help matters if I advance £500 to the working expenses, on the understanding that it is the salary of the working manager, who will also take two-thirds of the profits?"

She saw his face darken.

"If you give me time I can perfectly well arrange to pay you out."

"You mean you will borrow money at eight or nine per cent. to do it."

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"It might be less."

Suddenly the mischievous dimple showed beside her mouth.

"I might even lend you money myself at five per cent.," she remarked. "How does that work out? I am paid out of my own share of my own ranch with my own money."

But he would not relax.

"I can borrow the money all right."

"Will you leave it for six months?"

"Is it necessary?"—doggedly.

"To be quite frank, Flip and I do not want to return to England until the rainy season begins here, and that gives us another two months at least. We might even go back via Cairo. While we are here I want to retain my interest. I like it. It amuses me, and I am ready to pay for it. While we are travelling I cannot bother with business details. You are doing all the work and bearing all the responsibility of the ranch. It is right that you should take a salary independent of the profits."

"It is a hole-and-corner arrangement. If you want the ranch, perhaps you had better pay me out?"

"What an awful suggestion!"—in dismay that was not entirely feigned. "Why, the very bulls would rise up and protest!"

"That need not intimidate a lawyer sixty-five miles away," grimly.

Seeing he was adamant, she tried another tack.

"Well, will you leave matters alone for six months, for Owen's sake? He seems to have liked the idea of my possessing his share."

"I don't believe he gave it a thought," rather rudely. "We are all the same out here. We put off, and put off, and put off, and care nothing that death may lurk round any corner. His will was made six years ago."

She swung round upon him.

"Which shows, that even though we were already separated, he had no desire anyone but myself should inherit his possessions."

He seemed momentarily staggered, and his contention—"He had nothing worth speaking of to leave then," sounded very lame.

"Oh, well, doubtless you knew Owen better than I," sneering in her turn. "With so little to leave, it was hardly worth while making a will at all."

He had nothing to say, and smoked stolidly on.

She turned as if to go away.

"It's your egoism that won't let you see anything in a clear light," she said, coolly. "I suppose when men live most of their time in the veldt, dreaming and talking cattle day and night, their vision gets narrowed and they are incapable of seeing any side of a question but their own. I expect it would do you a lot of good to go to London, and get riotous for a change, dance the Fox Trot, and wake up some morning with a headache and a big overdraft."

"Thank you," icily, "pleasures of that intellectual nature do not appeal to me."

"There you go!"—facing him with a fine courage. "You can't even see what a snobbishness of mind you are sinking into." He flushed a dull, angry red, but she went on daringly—"All those follies and frivolities and indecencies for lesser men; but not for me, James Lyall. I am superior to it all."

"Does it reflect much credit on you," he sneered, "to defend riotousness, bankruptcy and indecencies?"

"I'm not defending them. I dislike them. But I don't necessarily despise the folks who indulge in them. You see, I happen to love humanity, with a capital H; and I know there are often extenuating circumstances. It's no use heaving brickbats at people who don't happen to conform exactly to our own particular standard. You may quite easily knock out someone who has had to fight temptations you've never even come within sight of; or someone who is secretly struggling with conditions that, seen from a clear point of view, make his struggles heroic."

"I don't seem to hold a monopoly for hurling brickbats, all the same."

A ready smile swept her lips.

"Oh, you're improving!" she said.

"That's very human. As a matter of fact, I'm only picking up a few that have fallen my way, and hurling them back. Just as if I didn't know my poor unfortunate head had been a favourite 'Aunt Sally' for you for years. Come along, Puck—we'll go and meet the others." As she turned away she took a parting shot. "There's a nasty expression about stewing in one's own juice,

THE QUIVER



"He flushed a dull, angry red, but she went on daringly"—p. 787

Drawn by
Norah Sahleje

Puck. We won't make use of it here. We'll just call it sitting among one's own brickbats." And she vanished.

For a long time Lyall sat immovable, staring at the distant kopjes. The thoughts passing through his mind were a closed book. His eyes and face revealed nothing. When he heard gay voices moving towards the camp presently, he strode off to the stable, saddled his own horse, and went for a ride.

While the little drama had been enacted on the veranda at the homestead, Elizabeth and Flip, with Elizabeth's usual bodyguard, mounted a hoary old granite kopje that looked like a choppy sea frozen solid, or as if the granite, in a molten state, had bubbled, and in the midst of its bubbling become suddenly still. Elizabeth, like a graceful fawn, sprang from bubble to bubble, as-

cending the steep incline with a delightful vigour of youth, her cheeks rosy with health, and her bobbed hair gleaming in the evening sunshine.

Flip followed her in long strides that were more in keeping with his habitual *laissez-faire*, while the dogs went off in a glorious rush after a rock rabbit, and the kittens chased each other ahead. Pegasus, in a lazy Sunday mood, having followed them to the foot of the kopje, decided to remain on the level and browse around casually.

When they reached the top Elizabeth sat down on a thick tuft of dry grass, rested her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, and stared straight into the gold and green and mauve and crimson of a Rhodesian sunset.

Flip flung himself on the warm rock, half turned towards her, and watched the reflection of the wonderful lights in Elizabeth's eyes. He had many times likened her to a nymph of the forest, strayed out among the kopjes, and tonight she seemed more like it than ever, in a short green linen skirt and tunic.

"I can hardly believe that the war is over," she said at last, still gazing at the rainbow sky. "I have sat up here so many times, thinking and thinking of the battlefields over there, and all the heroism, and the horror, and the pity of it."

"Mud and blood and hate," he interposed. "Ugh!"

"And sublimity."

"In the trenches, yes, heaps of it."

"And the hospitals?"

"Yes, anywhere where the infantry for-gathered."

"It seems so wonderful to have been there," speaking regretfully. "I used to long and long to go. Sometimes I could hardly bear it. All that history-making strife, and need of workers, and I, so strong and well, just staying here in comfort, only

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able to knit and sew." He made no comment. "I wanted to start off at the end of the second year, and learn to drive an ambulance, but Jim would not hear of it. I hadn't the money to go of my own accord. Hateful how often service has to depend on money, isn't it?"

"Did you stay here with Owen Lack while your brother was in German East?"

"Yes. Part of the time a woman from Salisbury lived with us. We were all three rather down on our luck about staying behind."

"You are well out of it all now, anyhow. I think the Home-strife is worse than the Foreign-strife. The poor old country is racked from end to end with discontent, and quarrels, and unrest. I was jolly glad to get away and come out here. I shouldn't mind if I could stay away for two or three years."

A thoughtful shadow flitted across her eyes.

"I don't think I should feel like that if I were a man. I should want to stay and help. At least, I hope I should."

He was twirling a long grass between his lips, and he watched her lazily. "Is that what you think I ought to have done?"

She coloured slightly.

"I was thinking of myself, if I were a man."

"Well, I *am* a man!" He liked drawing her out. Criticisms from anyone rarely ruffled his serenity. He was too philosophical and languid.

She grew bolder, and looked at him a trifle defiantly.

"Don't you think it is a much finer part to stay and help than to run away?"

"I'm sure it is." They both laughed a little light laugh of deep content in each other's company.

"But I am serious," turning her eyes again to the lovely sky. "It's nearly as bad to run away and leave England to her fate in these days as to have run away and left her to the Huns."

"It's a little different. Most of the present-day troubles she has brought upon herself through short-sighted policies and misgovernment. The Huns wanted to steal what did not belong to them. Naturally one had to try and bayonet all one could. Besides they thought England wouldn't and couldn't fight. We just had to undeceive

them, and kick them back across their old Rhine."

"Still——" She clasped her hands round her knees, and her eyes grew visionary. "Any man who loves his country truly oughtn't to stop to criticise when she's in trouble. He ought to *try* and help. She can't go under as long as there are *enough* who feel like that."

"No; but she can be jolly uncomfortable to live in. I like this," glancing round. "An empty world is really rather refreshing after Europe for the last four and a half years."

"You are quite incorrigible," watching him with a softness that was not quite consistent with her ideas.

"Incorrigible about what? How could I help? Heaven knows I haven't got the nerve to be a politician, and spout the old lies and subterfuge, even if any constituency of sane people would elect me. And I haven't the energy to burrow into things and find out about them for myself. It's so much simpler to lie low and believe what you're told."

"But you can't spend all your life like that."

"Don't you believe it!"—watching her with half-closed eyes. "It's just the one thing I can do creditably."

"You are mocking me. Sybil has told me of what you did in France. Things that others in the regiment told her about. You seem to have had energy enough then."

"It wasn't energy in the ordinary sense, it was want of exercise. One simply couldn't get proper exercise in the trenches, except by mouching around in No Man's Land occasionally, picking off a Hun or two."

"But you took your life in your hand each time."

"There was a level chance that a wily Hun would pick me off, if that's what you mean, but it wouldn't have seemed worth doing otherwise. No, Jeanne d'Arc, you can't make a hero of me just to suit your romantic, warlike temperament. Neither can you send me home, to be made horribly uncomfortable through strikes, with some vague idea of serving my country, just as long as I can loaf about in Rhodesia and watch the shadows come and go in your grey-green eyes."

She was too accustomed to him and too natural to be embarrassed.

THE QUIVER

"I wish they were blue, just utterly and absolutely blue, like Sybil's."

"Why?" He raised himself on his elbow with an amused expression. "What difference would it make?"

"Well, for one thing, only 'Becky Sharps' have green eyes in books; and I don't think I'm in the least like Becky Sharp—do you?"

"Certainly not. But I'm sure you've read of heroines with grey eyes fringed with lashes as black as night. Doesn't that please you?"

"I'd sooner they were blue," obstinately, and once more they both laughed.

After that they fell a-dreaming, with the happy silence of two natures perfectly attuned, until Flip remarked:

"It is so nice to find a girl one can be silent with."

She seemed amused and interested.

"Owen and I used to come up here together, and sometimes we never spoke for nearly an hour."

"Was Owen in love with you?"

"Oh, no," colouring painfully.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked that." Then, after a pause—"Was he happy?"

"Yes, I think he was. I don't believe he ever cared for anyone but Sybil, but he loved his life here, and I think he had grown used to being without her. I always felt that something in the past hurt him badly when he stopped to think of it, and so he very seldom did stop. Up here he would just enjoy the colours and the view, but he didn't like being alone. He always wanted me to come."

"I can understand Owen feeling pretty content to look at tinted clouds, and all that sort of thing. He had more or less lived his life. But what about you? You've scarcely lived at all. Are you really truly content with just—tinted clouds?"

The attack came rather suddenly, and she looked a trifle embarrassed and perplexed.

"Perhaps they are not just that to me," she parried.

"What else can they be? You can't live again some happy past, or beautiful sad memory, in them, because, by your own showing, you haven't had a past, nor a beautiful sad memory."

"I've read a great deal," cautiously,

"and one can manufacture dreams from books."

"Manufacture dreams!" He leaned a little nearer to her, and his eyes, as blue as Sybil's, had an unusual intensity. "Don't you want real things? Aren't you getting a little tired of make-believes? A real love-story all your very own! Perhaps a real sorrow! Even a real sin."

She looked abashed, and turned away to caress Greylady, lying beside her. Something of the real, thinking man was showing through his camouflage of lazy indifference.

"You're like a beautiful butterfly still in chrysalis. First I suppose it was dolls to be petted and loved, then dogs and cats and Puck, all subterfuges; don't you want a real, live child all your very own?"

As if he did not expect her to answer he ran on—

"I feel a bit of a grudge against life for leaving you out here in the wilderness, folded away from all the real things that make life good. I don't believe in the sheltered, carefully guarded existence for girls—a thing like life under a rhubarb pot; just enough light and air to live, and a glimpse of the sun occasionally, but no real knowledge of life and all that it means. Sorrow is good, and mistakes are good, and to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil is good." He relapsed into silence, thinking his own thoughts.

"Do I seem so very unsophisticated and—and—ignorant?" she asked at last, still looking away from him.

"No, it isn't quite that," doubtfully. "I'm not sure if I know what I mean. But I think you've dormant possibilities of considerable power, if only you were in the right soil, with plenty of healthy buffeting of wind and rain, and warmth of sunshine to make them grow."

"I suppose Sybil had all these things?"

"Oh lord, yes! Sybil has always been right up against life since she left school. And the fact that she made rather a mess of things doesn't upset my theory in the least. She learnt a tremendous lot from that big mistake. And she took it like a trump," warmly. "I never heard Sybil make any complaint, or indulge in any self-pity. She has always turned a laughing face to the world, however much she may have wept secretly. I've the greatest admiration for her."

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"So have I. I—I wish Jim were not quite so difficult."

"But it doesn't matter in the least. You've no idea how much Sybil is enjoying herself. She gets so much adulation at home, and all that, it's a perfect godsend to her to find someone like your brother, who is quite determined to disapprove of everything she says and does. I know, because I know her. I haven't seen her so happy since she was married as she is just now."

"Then you won't be going away just yet?" a shade wistfully.

"Not if it's left to Sybil. She means to hang on now she's once here, anyhow until the rains drive us to a solid roof instead of canvas."

"I'm glad. I can see it is rather worrying and irritating for Jim, and I'm sorry about that, but I shall be very dull when you go."

"I shouldn't worry about Jim if I were you. It will do him a world of good too. He's a bit of an autocrat, isn't he? Sybil is pretty sure to widen his view one way or another."

"At present she is making him say rather unkind things about women," with a little amused smile.

"Of course she is, but you don't mind that, do you? It is mostly a phase. I expect he hasn't really had much to do with the sex, and Sybil is educating him a bit. She's pretty good at it," and he looked amused in his turn.

"I suppose lots of men are in love with her?" she asked with interest.

"Oh yes, lots. You see she's very jolly with them and unconventional. Men like that."

"So are you," he added. "I suppose what few men there are about here are in love with you?"

"No—o," slowly. "I'm too young for the boys at Tweedsdale. They seem to prefer married women at present; and, anyhow, they are too young to interest me. Mr. Ridgeley has been engaged ever since he came out, and is going to be married in three months. So has Mr. Summer. The two men farming at Umshanga are not educated men, and Captain Birkdale is married."

"What a tragic state of affairs!" he laughed. "And you, Elizabeth, haven't you ever been in love?"

"Not badly. There was someone on the ship coming out. I cared a lot for him, at the time——"

"And then?" watching her humorously.

"I discovered in Debrett that he was sixty-two!"

They both laughed whole-heartedly.

"Poor Elizabeth!" he said with mock pity, and put his hand over hers. As he did so she seemed to stiffen. She did not withdraw her hand, but hid her face from him, and caressed the greyhound. The hand under his was still and cold. He watched her a moment with the same humorous eyes, and then he bent down and kissed her hand lightly.

"It's a very cold little hand," he said. "Greylady seems to have got the nicest of the two just now." He rose to his feet and stretched himself. "I suppose we ought to go back. Sybil will be getting bored with her own companionship, or having a stand-up fight with your brother, or something equally strenuous if we leave her too long."

Elizabeth clambered quickly to her feet.

"Come along, Greylady. Come along, Smudge. Come along, all of you." And without a word to him she went off lightly down the kopje, springing again from bubble to bubble.

He did not catch her up until they were within sight of the house and saw Sybil coming to meet them.

"Why such haste?" he asked, trying to see into her face.

But Elizabeth had recovered her boyishness by now, and she faced him with candid eyes.

"I don't call that haste. It's the pace I usually come home. They"—signifying the bodyguard—"expect it."

"Then I don't admire their taste," slightly piqued. "I wanted to ask you more about old Sixty-two."

She laughed.

"There's nothing more to tell, except that he's my 'beautiful sad memory'!" And then, seeing Puck was with Sybil, she called him gaily, and the little creature came flying through the grass to her.

"Let's go to the camp," said Sybil, when she joined them. "Your brother and I have been hurling brickbats at each other for twenty minutes, figuratively, of course, but I left him in possession of the veranda

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at the psychological moment, and it would spoil it all if I went back now."

Later, when Elizabeth went to bed, she stood for a long time at her French window looking out into the night. Then she looked at her hand, the cold hand that he had kissed. Finally she laid her cheek against it. "But I expect he often does it," she said to the night, and went rather sadly to bed.

CHAPTER XIV

Two in the Shade

WEEKS passed, weeks of great happiness for the travellers and Elizabeth. Even Lyall grew less irritable, but he avoided Sybil systematically still, and never had a *tête-à-tête* with her if he could escape it. He had, however, conceded that two boys should build a hut for her at the camp, as they are so much cooler by day and warmer by night than tents. Sybil was delighted with it, and they went to town to buy a few odds and ends of furniture to improve the inside.

She called it The Mud Hut, and took great pleasure in writing to Queenie and Higgy to tell them she now lived in a mud hut, with a floor of baked manure, and the precious cattle all round her—which was not the truth, but a gay travesty of it.

Meanwhile it has to be related that both Flip and Sybil did acquire a genuine interest in the art of cattle-ranching, and Flip was graciously allowed by Lyall to accompany him on his rounds each day, and learn the why and wherefore of many things. Sometimes Sybil went too, but on these occasions it was noticeable that Lyall was unusually silent, and made no pretence of explaining anything. He did not, however, sneer as much as of old, or say anything pointedly aside, but took refuge in a thoughtful silence, and appeared very much immersed in the affairs of the ranch. Sybil found him a little more difficult to cope with in these moods. She had enjoyed the sparring when, so to speak, she knew where she was. This silent, thoughtful Jim left her a little non-plussed. He refused to be drawn by her gibes, or, apparently, to be hurt by them, so they died of inanition, and Sybil began to feel rather bored, and vaguely dissatisfied.

She did not like being treated as a non-entity, and much preferred his wrath to

his polite indifference. The philosophical Flip looking on was a good deal amused, and wondered if Sybil would soon be suggesting a start for Cairo.

He hoped not, as he was serenely happy where he was, but when Sybil began to grow restive, it generally meant a change of scene. And yet, as the weeks went past, Sybil dropped no hint of desiring a change of that sort.

She amused herself sketching a little, riding to neighbouring farms, reading, and chatting to Elizabeth. Elizabeth was quite ready to tell her all she knew about ranching, and if it involved also a good deal of talk about Jim, she was too unsuspicious to observe that that part of the ranching seemed to interest Sybil the most.

She would allow herself to be led on to talk about Jim's life ever since he came out to Rhodesia to try his luck, including some intimate conversation concerning the women who had wanted to marry him and been unsuccessful in their efforts.

"I don't suppose he'll ever marry," Sybil suggested, "he's too self-centred, and particular. He would always expect too much."

"I don't think so," Elizabeth rejoined. "If Jim once fell in love with anyone he would get it badly. You've no idea how fond he can be of animals. He is very affectionate by nature, and he can do almost anything with them."

Sybil remembered the strange gentleness in his voice when she overheard him speaking to Puck, but made no comment. Only she watched him a little more closely when they next rode out all together, and wondered what thoughts had been in his inmost mind about those few women who had tried to make him fall in love with them, particularly the young married ones, bored with their husbands, who had sought relaxation at his expense, according to Elizabeth, most unsuccessfully. Could no one make an impression on him? Was he adamant all through? A cold-blooded recluse above all the follies and weaknesses of mere human nature?

And yet, as he moved about among a herd of cattle, examining sick eyes and sick feet, and doctoring them with the greatest care, she felt that under the hard crust there was just as likely to be a seething volcano as a lump of ice. Nature had never

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made a man like that, and left him with a vacuum in the place of a heart. His keen, direct gaze, his immense self-control, his fine proportions, his thoroughness in everything he undertook, seemed to give the lie upon every side to any unnatural indifference to sex questions. Rather to suggest a pent-up force, biding its time behind the barred gate of that great self-control, until the moment came when a demand insistent beyond all others broke the barriers down, and unloosed a love as overpowering and masterful and thorough as was all else in

surmise that he did it often, and it meant nothing at all. Certainly at that stage it had been Flip's attitude. He was actuated by curiosity to see what she would do, this rather uncertain veldt-maiden. Most of the young women he had known hitherto would have met him half way in a gay flirtation, leading anywhere or nowhere. The question was, did Elizabeth know how to flirt? Apparently she had no wish to, for, in their intercourse, she brushed the incident aside as if it had not been, and treated him exactly as she did her brother.



"What a tragic state of affairs!" he laughed. "And you, Elizabeth, haven't you ever been in love?"—p. 791

Drawn by
Nurah Schlegel

his nature. "She would be a lucky woman," ran her thought, "who reaped such a rich and ripe devotion as that."

In the meantime, a pretty romance indeed opened its flower to the warmth of the Rhodesian sun, through those happy-go-lucky care-free weeks.

Flip showed himself an artist in the way he laid his nets, and Elizabeth was scarcely less an artist, though an unconscious one, in her manner of evading them. As she ran from him on that Sunday evening, so she continued to run at times, and if she felt chagrin when he paid no heed, she was too sensible to show it.

For a few days after the incident on the kopje when he kissed her hand, Flip's manner was as brotherly as possible, and Elizabeth knew she had been right in her

In the meantime Flip admonished himself that he would be a cur to flirt with Elizabeth just because she was so deliciously fresh and attractive, and resolutely quenched a certain tendency to trifle, and studied the art of gay inconsequent camaraderie.

Then came a moment of weakness when, having ridden out with the others, they lost them among the kopjes. Sundry gay halloos brought no answering shout, and Flip announced, without a shadow of decorous regret, "By Jove, we've lost 'em."

Elizabeth felt obliged to laugh at his tone, but her eyes roved the country for a sign of two horses and riders. She knew quite well she was not sorry herself, but she did not mean to let him know it.

"I do hope they won't quarrel," she said with a note of anxiety.

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"I expect they will," he replied, unconcernedly, "and ride home about fifty yards apart, thinking awful things about each other." And again Elizabeth laughed.

It was early September, and the veldt all round them was a carpet of flowers. Exquisite pale shades of blue and mauve and pink and yellow, with their tracery of fresh green leaves, shown up to perfection on a groundwork of deep terra-cotta soil left bare by the veldt fires of August.

And overhead a positive riot of colour. All the sprightly young leaves coming out in beautiful shades of red, orange and green—as if they were too full of sheer *joie de vivre* to be satisfied with mere greens, but must vie with each other in birthday robes of brilliant colouring.

In the midst of it all, here and there, rose fantastic boulders of grey and lichen-covered granite, piled on the top of each other, sometimes to a great height, with their contours softened and beautified by feathery trees. Overhead a sky of ultramarine, with fairy cloud vessels floating serenely by. In the far distances blue vistas of a blue world of mountains and vleis. At their feet a little happy stream, singing to itself.

No wonder Flip felt light-headed. For so long in the recent past he had looked upon a vista of mud and blood and hate. This sunny, laughing world, wooing him lightly with its revelry of spring, must surely be upon another planet. And against the perfect background Elizabeth herself.

No muslin-clad, be-ribboned, downcast-eyed maiden, but a slender sprite of a girl sitting her pony perfectly, in linen knickerbockers and tunic of a soft green shade, with clear, fearless grey eyes, rose-red lips, a slightly saucy nose, and a wide-brimmed soft felt hat set upon her short shining hair with a cunning uplift upon one side fastened by the long waving wing-feather of a Rhodesian night-jar.

"Let's get off," he said, and slid lightly to the ground, flinging his reins over a bush and pushing his hat far back on his head in the welcome shade of a wild fig-tree.

"What for?" said Elizabeth, and sat at ease in her saddle, both her hands lightly on her rein.

Flip looked up at her with an engaging twinkle.

"What for! How prosaic you are. Why, to sit in the shade, of course."

"And suppose I don't want to sit in the shade?" Eve's own dimple graced her mobile lips, and a little wilful air, that Flip shrewdly guessed was born of companionship with the arch-enchantress Sybil.

"How can you want to do anything else? Here am I, a young man usually admitted to possess a fair average share of attractions, and here is a nice soft rock, a welcome substitute in this temperature for stuffy moss, and a scene as beautiful as any problematical Eden to look upon. In heaven's name, fair Elizabeth, what more do you want?"

But still she sat her pony lightly, and Eve's own dimple hovered.

"Perhaps I'd sooner have a Fairy Prince in the sunshine than an average young man in the shade, and if it isn't possible, just go without."

He came and stood beside her pony and rested his hand upon both of hers, looking up into her face with smiling eyes.

"Nonsense, child. You've dwelt with Fairy Princes over-long in your beautiful empty world of clouds and air castles. Just come down off that pony and I'll teach you that an average young man in the shade is better than a hundred Fairy Princes in the clouds."

Her colour came and went fitfully, and she could not meet his winsome eyes, but she managed to laugh fairly naturally, and said:

"I don't think a rock sounds very alluring to sit on."

The opportunity was momentarily too much for Flip, and with a wicked twinkle he remarked:

"Average young men don't stand beaten by a hard rock, nor, for that matter, average young women, either. They find a way! Anyhow, I'm sure it's as good as a Fairy Prince on a damp cloud."

She felt his hand-clasp tighten, and her heart began to beat unevenly, so in order to escape his disconcerting nearness she slid lightly to the ground.

"Let's unsaddle the poor dears," she remarked in a most matter-of-fact voice, suiting the action to the word; "they'll appreciate a rest in the shade, anyhow."

"Let me help you," taking hold of the same girth so that their hands again touched.

"I'd much rather you didn't. I feel more at home doing it myself."

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"Miss Independent!" he laughed, and went to his own horse.

Elizabeth knee-haltered her pony so that he could amuse himself without being tied to a branch, and then she sprang deftly across the stream and seated herself on a fallen tree. Flip preferred to tie his horse to a bush to avoid accidents in the way of lost steeds, and then he, too, sprang across the stream.

"Is it permitted an average young man to seat himself on the same tree as a very independent young woman in Rhodesia?"

"I thought you were going to do things with the soft rock!"

"Oh! I *could*! But it will be in the sun in five minutes, and your greater wisdom points the better way." He seated himself beside her. "You look so bewitchingly pretty to-day, Elizabeth, you and that fickle jade Rhodesia, I feel a little light-headed."

"How dare you call Rhodesia fickle!"

"Well, isn't she! A month ago all parched up with dry grass, or blackened with veldt fires, and now, behold! a garden." Up on the kopje behind them were numerous blackened stumps, and on most of these there had blossomed bunches of exquisite amaranthine bells, decking the whole granite-strewn side with a transformation scene of fairy bells in clusters. One beautiful cluster at her shoulder seemed to throw mauve lights into her eyes, and, once more disconcertingly near, he looked into their depths and said: "It is like a Drury Lane transformation scene, and you are a lovely mischievous fairy in green, fit to lure any average young man to destruction."

She met his eyes bravely.

"Don't be silly," she said, and they both laughed.

Flip moved away and leaned against the trunk of a tree. If the truth were known he was afraid to trust himself too near. If she had been anyone else he would probably have put his arm round her without more ado. As it was, he remembered his firm resolve not to disturb her gay serenity just for his own selfish amusement, and strove to keep himself well in hand. Elizabeth, disappointed in spite of herself, stared at the little laughing stream, and told her inner ear—

"He is like this with all girls who please him. It doesn't mean anything when he

says pretty things to them. It is just the way of the world."

Struck by her sudden thoughtfulness, he asked:

"Why so pensive all of a sudden? Don't gaze into the stream until you fall in love with your own image, like that silly ass Narcissus. Much better fall in love with me, while you are about it!" in a bantering tone.

"There would be more point about that remark if I could see my own image," she returned lightly.

"Does that evasive answer mean that you don't want to fall in love with me?"

"Well"—falling in with his bantering mood—"I'd like to be quite sure about the Fairy Prince first."

"Bother the Fairy Prince. How often am I to tell you, Elizabeth" (he spoke her name as if he enjoyed saying it), "that a live young man in the hand is worth half a dozen chimerical princes in the bush, or words to that effect?"

"I'm not obliged to agree, if you do."

"Defiance, eh! A good many men would kiss you as a punishment for that."

He saw her lips twitch adorably.

"I think the punishment would be most unjustifiably severe."

No man worth his salt could pass such a taunt, and before Elizabeth well knew what she had done, he had kissed her. She blushed crimson and tried to push him away, while Flip exclaimed:

"You Eve! Heavens! You women flirt by sheer instinct. As if poor old Adam could help eating the apple if that wench dangled it before him like that." As if a little ashamed of himself he stood up and looked away across the country. "I hope you admit, you sprite, that you took rather a mean advantage of a very average young man. You can't reasonably be angry with me."

"Did I? Then I'll forgive you this once." She looked down on the ground. She wanted to resent his imputation that she was flirting, but perceived that by doing so she would give a wholly unnecessary seriousness to a little merry frivolling. To change the subject, she remarked, "I wonder how Sybil and Jim are getting on. I expect they would go straight home."

But Flip was not disposed to improve the shining hour by talking about his sister, so

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he flung himself down on the warm, scented ground at her feet and gazed about him.

"You know I think this is gorgeous, Elizabeth," he said contentedly, "the sheer, unthinkable freedom of it. No engagements, no telephone to make any, no bother about new clothes, no strikes, no Labour Questions, no tiresome social obligations, just sunshine, sunshine, sunshine—and you. It's too good to be true. I feel I'd like it to last for years. Tell me I'm not dreaming, and going to wake up in a minute to hear Higgy's voice: 'Now, Mr. Flip, it's nine o'clock, and you know you have to be at the War Office at ten.'"

"I think you're very lazy," with a mock-serious air of admonishment. "Why should you expect to idle in the sunshine indefinitely, while all the rest of the world works?"

"Why on earth shouldn't I? If the labour market is swamped with unemployed demanding jobs, it's the very kindest possible thing I can do for my kind. What have you got to say to that, Miss Solomon?"

"That any female related to King Solomon must have had a more imposing title than 'Miss'!—archly. Also that I was thinking of *your* welfare, and not that of *your* kind."

"So am I, you dear hundred-years-old child! I'm giving my body and soul the most beautiful tonic of rest and refreshment it ever had."

She saw he was incorrigible, and left him to his own thoughts, only to discover presently that he was merely gazing into her face. She coloured before his gaze, so lazily comprehensive.

"I love to make you blush, Elizabeth. It makes me feel as if I were in some previous incarnation."

"How absurd! Lots of people blush."

"Not like you do. There's a sort of protest about it in you." And then, whimsically, "Do you very much dislike flirts, Elizabeth?"

"That depends," cautiously.

"I mean, if you discovered I was a flirt, would it make you turn me down altogether?"

"I rather think I have discovered it."

He laughed with real enjoyment.

"Oh, Elizabeth! And I've been trying so hard to be good."

The eternal feminine in her made her play with fire again.

"Goodness! Then what must you be

when you don't make any effort at all?" Whether she knew it or not, her whole expression was bewitchingly provocative.

"If you look at me like that you'll end by knowing all about it. You can't expect hastily thrown-up defences to stand against such a bombardment."

She laughed mischievously.

"But it's my defences and your bombardment in this game—isn't it?"

"It ought to be if you are as demure as you look, but you do rather bewilder a poor average young man. I'm beginning to feel that you are the flirt and I am the victim."

"A moment ago you implied you were the most contented being in the world."

"Did I? Then don't spoil it by being argumentative," and resting his head on his arms he closed his eyes and seemed to doze.

Elizabeth sat as still as a mouse and watched him. A hundred-years-old child!—or was she contemporary with the first woman of all?—shyly, yearningly, possessively watching the first man who had captured her heart, and in the first bewildering thrill of knowledge feeling vaguely afraid. Afraid of what life might be without him; afraid of mysterious new forces awakening in herself; afraid of a sudden, new bigness in life both for sorrow and for joy. It did not seem to her in the least likely that he would ever love her. Had he not told her himself that he was a flirt out of a kindness of heart she quite understood. And in that far-away life of his, lived in the gay social round of London, what clever, elegant, lovely women there must be constantly about him.

Here, there was only herself. Naturally he liked her when it was a beggar's choice. But that was all. Again she told herself she quite understood.

He knew perfectly well he should never love such a country maiden, and he did not want to trifle with her affections, so he tried to be quite honest without hurting her feelings, that their friendship might be gay and real as long as he remained. And then Elizabeth, with her sex's ready passion for sacrifice, decided that he should flirt with her if he wanted to, and it passed the time. She would take her chances with her eyes wide open; and if, when he went, the whole of her life should seem to go with him, she would contrive somehow to smile still and



"He came and stood beside her pony and
rested his hand upon both of hers"—p. 704

*Drawn by
Necah Schlegel*

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live through the years ahead on the memory of the laughing moments when he kissed her just for the pleasure of it.

Presently she got up as noiselessly as possible, and went to tuck a piece of green stuff in Pegasus's bridle, because the flies were worrying him. While she was still busy, and fondling him the while, Flip opened his eyes and watched her.

"You are such a restless person," he grumbled pleasantly. "If you had kept still I should have slept serenely on."

"I'm sure I didn't wake you. I never made a sound."

"That has nothing to do with it. My subconscious mind was alert naturally, and when you crossed the stream it signalled to my brain, 'She's gone.'"

"Oh!" with a sudden gleam in her eyes. "Does your subconscious mind flirt too?"

"Now, Elizabeth," with mock gravity. "I warn you solemnly, if you find yourself pinned up against your pony and kissed till you cry for breath, you've no one in all this world to thank but yourself."

She raised a face of questioning, wide-eyed innocence and looked at him across her pony's back.

"What have I done now? I only asked a question."

"You only asked for trouble, you mean. But I tell you what, Miss Independent. I called you a hundred-years-old child. I was a bit out in my reckoning. You were born somewhere about 2000 B.C., and if I'm not very careful I shall find myself adding to the victims with which you have strewn the highways of the world for three thousand nine hundred and nineteen years."

A pause, and once more innocent, mischievous eyes appeared above the saddle.

"Do you know, you've given me an awful shock! I thought I looked about eighteen."

He shook a warning finger at her. Then with a comical air of depression he went to unfasten his horse, remarking with a very audible sigh, "Heavens! I flattered myself I had grown to a man's estate, with a rather unusually comprehensive knowledge of women; and now you make me feel a positive infant, just grasping the rudimentary geography of mealtimes."

To the accompaniment of irrepressible chuckles on both parts, they cantered away across the flower-strewn veldt.

CHAPTER XV

Two in a Tree

WHEN they reached the homestead they left their horses at the stables and walked across to the camp in search of Sybil. They found her lying on a lounge chair in the shade of the hut looking unusually thoughtful.

"We lost you just after we crossed that lower drift," Elizabeth began at once. "Didn't you hear us calling?"

Sybil looked from one to the other with a rather searching glance, and it might have been thought that she had the tiniest scowl for Flip.

"No, we didn't hear you. You have been a long time following us up."

As Flip volunteered no information, Elizabeth remarked gaily—

"We dismounted in the shade for a bit and unsaddled the horses. Then we kind of quarrelled, and it took a little time to readjust things."

Flip, seeing the question still lurking in Sybil's eyes, drawled—

"Just as we had been hoping you and Lyall would get home without a serious affray—rather good, wasn't it?"

Sybil roused herself to something of her usual sprightliness.

"As it happens, we didn't quarrel at all. Major Lyall was in a frightfully; awfully solemn mood, too solemn even to sneer at my frivolous conversation."

"Perhaps he didn't hear it," Flip suggested.

"Probably not; in fact, I'm not sure he didn't forget who was riding with him, for he actually talked to me a little about his work on the ranch."

"What a lapse! I daresay he has not discovered yet that he was riding with you instead of me."

"Except that he helped me down," a little dryly, and then running on—"How beautiful it was, Elizabeth! Those flowers on the red soil!—and the trees!—a sort of fairyland."

"Yes; this is our loveliest season."

Elizabeth was bemoaning the lack of a Fairy Prince," put in Flip. "I tried to embody a good substitute, and failed lamentably."

"Of course," cried Elizabeth. "You're much too lazy to make a good substitute

for anything except a sleepy kitten, isn't he, Sybil?"

Flip looked at her with sleepy eyes. "One clause in the peace proceedings some day will be full reparation for that," he said, and Elizabeth was conscious of a sudden, unaccountable thrill that made her turn away from his lazy, compelling gaze.

"I must run off to see how my frightfully, awfully solemn brother has fared. So long!" and she swung gracefully away.

Sybil watched her as long as she was in sight, and Flip did likewise, but with half-closed eyes that might have been looking anywhere.

"Don't flirt with her," Sybil remarked, when she had vanished. "She's such a mere girl, and she might think you were serious. I shouldn't like her to be hurt."

Considering Sybil's own record in the particular department alluded to, Flip felt rather resentful of his implied heartlessness.

"I thought you considered a little hurt was very beneficial to young things?"—in his slow tones.

"Oh, well, so it is to some young things. But not Elizabeth."

"Don't you think my powers of discretion are equal to yours?"

"But it's so different with a man. You'd all, in these sunny, idle days, want to flirt with Elizabeth. It's as bad as a sea voyage."

"And you think, in my place, with Elizabeth an engaging youth, that you wouldn't do anything of the kind?"

"Don't be sarcastic, silly kid! You know well enough what I mean."

"As I see it, Sybil the chaste, Sybil the nun, pleads with the abandoned flirt to spare poor little Elizabeth from his wicked and baleful treachery."

"Don't be a goose!"—colouring a little. "Engaging youths are never innocent in the way Elizabeth is. She doesn't know anything about frivolling as you and I do. I don't want her to be hurt, that's all."

"Exactly. What I am faintly curious about is your assumption that I should have so much less heart in the matter than you. Believe me, it has quite a humorous side."

"Oh, go to sleep," she declared crossly, and threw a cushion at him, afterwards getting up and going into the hut.

From that date there was, however, a change in the relations between Elizabeth

and Flip, though not of his seeking. Circumstances may leave a girl of twenty-five a mere child in matters of the heart, but it would appear she is none the less very close to the door of revelation, and if it opens suddenly she passes into her birthright of knowledge full grown. There was no outward and visible sign in Elizabeth, but for all his well-meant resolve and effort at sparing her, the moment Flip kissed her recklessly by the stream, the door swung open, and Elizabeth crossed the fateful threshold. No more at present would she carol over her work with that care-free, joyous note of the spring birds. She would sing as she went about the manifold occupations of her life, because she was of the stuff that sings above an aching heart, but there would be the plaintive note underlying of a longing hope that looked for no fulfilment. Had he not told her, and told her so considerably and tactfully, that this charming manner of his, this gay lovelikeness, was for all attractive maidens, and meant—just nothing. She flushed a little painfully to think he should even have supposed she might regard it in any other way. She might be an unsophisticated, wilderness sprite, but surely she had perspicacity enough to realise such as he would never think seriously of a commonplace girl like herself.

Not that she was in danger of a maudlin humility. Elizabeth was far too honest not to have a good opinion of herself in her own particular sphere, but she felt that sphere to be so far removed from Flip's that no future day could bridge it. Any rancher out there might be glad indeed to win her. But Flip was of London town. A man eagerly sought by dance hostesses of the highest rank—renowned in his late regiment, renowned in the hunting field, well-born, apparently well off, obviously a favourite not only with elegant damsels themselves, but, which is almost more important, with their mothers.

So Elizabeth took herself to task very severely, and, of course, rather overdid it.

"There is no harm in your loving the popular Algernon Beaumont, since you can't very well help yourself," was her summing up, "but you can and must have the common sense to realise thoroughly that he would never be in the least likely to love you, and that presently he will go away out

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of Rhodesia, and out of your life for ever and ever. Meanwhile, if you have absorbed this aspect truly, there is no reason why you should not enjoy his friendliness now to the full—run up a big overdraft at the bank of happiness so to speak—and pay it with its heavy interest in the dreary days to follow. At least it will be a glad memory, if you are not afraid of wholesome pain; and in the present you will *live* to your fullest."

So it happened in the weeks to come that Elizabeth met Flip half way, more or less, and became something of an adept in the graceful art of frivolling.

And Flip, such is the waywardness of fate, from assuming the rôle of kind-hearted guardian of Elizabeth's heart, began to find himself held up upon his own barbed wire. Having warned this wilderness slip of a girl not to take him too seriously, he found that he could not take her seriously either, nor, even if he wished it, be allowed a single impressive moment himself.

Even when they slid into the old friendly, argumentative vein, watching sunsets and the like, at a given moment it was always Elizabeth who rang down the curtain in a most tiresomely practical fashion, almost as if she were bent on protecting him. It was Elizabeth whose manner became provocative and wayward; compelling and receding, disarming and satirical, all in one bewildering swirl, till Flip found himself missing sadly the early days of their friendship when she had seemed just a jolly candid boy. He met her in the same casual, slow, humorous fashion, and gave no sign whatever that he perceived a change, and yet he was frankly puzzled, and a little regretful. Before, she had fitted into her environment so perfectly. Now, she had an artificial ring, not quite in keeping with the picture.

Sybil was a little puzzled too, but she came to the conclusion that Elizabeth was far better able to take care of herself than she had at first supposed. So she ceased to worry about her any more, and gave all her attention to her own affairs. These involved the continued change in Jim Lyall's attitude, that likewise had its puzzling side. Not only had he left off sneering, and acquired the habit of avoiding her systematically, but he had grown to be abnormally grave whenever she was present, and this abnormal gravity seemed to Sybil about the

last straw. She was dreadfully bored with it. Why he need sit in awful solemnity, like a Hindu idol, just because she was there, was too incomprehensible. She knew it was chiefly her presence, because when he was riding with Flip he grew quite talkative and animated. And then the moment she joined them, he relapsed into silence and gravity. It was a totally new experience for her, and she disliked it exceedingly. Quarrelling was far more invigorating, and added a zest to life; but this awful solemnity was getting on her nerves.

She began to wish that he were ugly and deformed, so that she could sell her land, take her passage, and depart gladly. But the worst of it was the serious rôle seemed to suit him. His air of strength and character and will power was intensified, and Sybil loved these things, combined, as in his case, with Nature's generous gifts. He was like an impregnable fortress, and for that very reason wayward woman desired to subdue it sooner than be content with easy victories elsewhere.

She thought if she could conquer sufficiently to win one word or glance of friendly approval, she would then go her way in content, and leave him unmolested. She took to waylaying him on the ranch, of course with studied unconcern, but also with the intention of trying to win that one friendly word. And Lyall, whatever may have been his expression before they were actually face to face, invariably met her with that Scots solemnity, which is the most solemn thing on earth. Then they would ride or walk home together, as the case might be, and Sybil found herself doing all the work as far as making conversation was concerned.

Things were at this stage, and she was just about to capitulate and take her departure, when a brisk, ardent letter from Horace Helmley suggested that she had been "fooling around" out there long enough, and might as well save both of them a lot of exhaustive correspondence and worry, by coming home to marry him at once. It seemed his mission had necessitated a return to England for two or three months. "Come back now," he urged, "and marry me at once, and I can arrange to take you a splendid wedding trip to Khartum by air-ship." It certainly sounded most alluring to Sybil, and she sat for a long time the

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Sunday that it arrived, thinking whether she should say "yes" or "no."

Flip, lounging in a hammock chair near at hand, had letters also, but it was noticeable that they seemed to hold little interest for him. He tore them open carelessly, glanced at their contents carelessly, and carelessly tossed them aside. Then he leaned back with his hands behind his head and stared at the view.

"You don't seem to have much news," Sybil remarked, after reading her letter twice.

"None worth remembering. Maisie hints that if I don't come back soon she shall get engaged to Lord Seiby, and Maud wants to know if I am detained by a black harem."

"Then you don't want to marry Maisie?" tentatively.

"I do not."

"I wish I knew my own mind as well as you do," making a little *moue*. "Horace says if I will go home and marry him at once, he can arrange a splendid wedding trip to Khartum by airship. It sounds rather gorgeous."

"Is it absolutely necessary to marry Horace Helmsley to be able to go to Khartum by airship?"

She was silent. Then—

"I suppose it isn't, but marrying him would rather simplify affairs in general. I can see it is going to be a perpetual worry whether I will marry this man or that, until I take sanctuary once more in conjugal fetters."

"Well, I suppose that is no worse than a pretty continuous worry as to why you did marry the particular man you chose, and how on earth you can get out of it again?"

She laughed.

"That's about it—only," musingly, "I do like Horace. I always have done."

He vouchsafed no comment, and she puzzled over the problem for herself until it was time to go across to the homestead, where they were luncheon. After lunch they all retired for siestas, meeting again at tea, and after tea Flip and Elizabeth decided to ride to the Umvukwes, and climb the ridge Elizabeth loved—"to have a good long look at emptiness," Flip put it. Sybil had a feeling they would just as soon go without her, as Jim declined to join the party, and said she should go for a short walk instead.

"Are you going far?" she asked Lyall with the frankness that had never failed her.

"Too far for you, I think," he replied, without looking at her.

"Perhaps I could meet you?"

"I am going to the East Paddock to see some new calves."

"Well, I'll see how I feel in half an hour."

"As you like," and Jim strode off.

In truth he was growing as restless in his mind as the other three. With his usual thoroughness he had thrashed the question out carefully before he dropped his bellicose attitude to Sybil, and decided to build his barrier of solemnity and reserve instead. He would *not* continue to cross swords with her. It was undignified and led nowhere. He could be just as loyal to Owen in one way as the other. If she had made up her mind to stay on, he could see that she would do so, and obviously the sparring only invigorated her. So he decided to withdraw into a shell, and leave her as much as possible to her own sweet will. At first it worked well, and he managed to attain a certain degree of serenity, but after a little, for no conceivable reason, her presence grew to have an irritating effect upon him. Not an effect of anger at all, as at first, but just restless irritation.

He found himself watching her vivacious face when she laughed and talked to other people. He felt reluctantly conscious that he admired her unfailing self-possession, and her gay repartee. There was something more, but he did not know what. Something so intangible he could not get hold of it, but that made him avoid her with great assiduity and then be rather glad when he saw her approaching.

Well, she *must* go soon, or build a house, because of the rainy season, so doubtless an early departure would result in a happy return to the old peaceful conditions for Elizabeth and himself.

Meanwhile, on the Sunday evening in question, Sybil quickly grew tired of her own company, and returned to the camp to change a pretty muslin dress for a more serviceable one in which to walk across the veldt. She took some little time determining her choice, and after putting on a pink linen, decided she did not like it, and took it off again. Finally, guided by one of those inexplicable instincts that sometimes lend powerful credence to the theory

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of the guardian angel, she arrayed herself in her linen knickerbocker suit, with some such thought at the back of her mind as—"He thinks I'm just a dressed-up doll. I'll show him I can be as rational as Elizabeth, if I choose." Then she started out across the flower-strewn veldt, revelling in the gay loveliness of the evening lights, in the direction whence Jim would return. She espied him quickly when he came within sight, but she did not think he had seen her, nor that he was looking out for her. Probably he had forgotten already that she had said anything about meeting him.

Yet when they stood face to face, she could have declared there was a gleam of pleasure in his eyes, although his lips refused to smile. They stood a few moments in an open space, not far from the kraal where the pedigree stock were stalled for the night.

"Let's go and look at Bonfire and Satan," she said. "The others are not back yet, and I love the ranch in these evening lights."

He turned at once and walked in the direction of the kraal. Then, suddenly with a low exclamation, he stood still. She followed his gaze, and saw that between them and the kraal, about a hundred yards distant, a big, solitary animal was standing, looking about him with a sullen, aggressive air.

"Why! that is one of the bulls!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," with a note of anxiety. "It looks like Satan. He must have broken away from the herd, or got out of the kraal." He might have added that for some days the boys had reported the bull troublesome, but he thought it wiser to appear as little concerned as possible. Yet he was painfully aware that they stood in the open with no safety anywhere at hand, should the bull become awkward—which of course he did. Jim had just had time to measure the distance (in his mind's eye) to the nearest trees, smallish ones at that, when Satan turned his head and saw them. From the angry whisk of his tail Lyall knew he probably meant mischief, and there was no longer any time for subterfuge. His tense attention communicated itself to Sybil, and she grasped the situation as quickly as he had done.

"He looks as if he might mean to be nasty," she said in a voice without a tremor.

"Can you run?" he asked shortly, looking down full into her eyes.

Something in his gaze made Sybil's heart beat a little faster as she replied—

"Yes—rather. Especially in these garments."

"We must walk towards the trees quite casually," he told her, "and perhaps he won't take any further notice, but if he comes for us you must run as fast as you can, and when I say spring, give the best spring you know how, and I'll put you up into a tree."

"In fact you'll toss me!" smiling with a fine courage. "And what of yourself?"

"I shall try and dodge him through the trees, and go for help."

While they made their plans they were edging slowly away, and Jim peered sideways over his shoulder all the time. For some reason Sybil felt more exhilarated than frightened. She realised he was frightfully anxious for her, and she liked the sense of his protecting bigness. Then suddenly he said with abruptness—

"He's coming! Run!"

At the same moment Sybil heard a low angry bellow, followed by the thud of hoofs. Then, with Jim's strong arm under hers that was nearest him, holding her up over the rough, bush-grown veldt, with its hidden ant-hills and holes, she ran as fast as she knew how.

She saw the tree they were making for, but in spite of their big start she knew the bull was gaining on them. Would they ever reach it! Her mind became blank. Her breath hurt her horribly. The rough ground hurt her feet. She felt she *must* fall. It was impossible to go on, and from her lips burst an exhausted gasp.

"We're well ahead," said a voice beside her that she scarcely recognised. "You're doing splendidly," and immediately a new fire of effort and courage inspired her. "Remember to spring," said the same voice, while the thudding hoofs came nearer, nearer, and the bull's hoarse breathing seemed close at hand. And even in the awful stress she recognised dimly it was the gentle voice in which he had spoken to Puck when the little lonely fellow clung to him. Almost fainting with the over-exertion, she gathered all her strength together, and when a second later he said calmly—"Now, spring," she did as he told

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her, and found herself hoisted bodily on to the nearest bough of the tree.

There was a moment's brief horror, in which he said quickly, "Hold fast!" and then slipped round the tree, just as the bull, in baffled fury, charged full tilt at the trunk and nearly shook her off. For a few seconds then, the man and the bull stood on either side of the tree, too blown to move another inch, while Sybil, gasping painfully for breath herself, watched them with fascinated eyes, in deadly fear for the man.

Then she saw the bull raise his head, showing his red, angry eyes, and her heart seemed to stand still. The next instant he plunged forward, just as Jim gave a leap, caught a branch, and swung himself up beside her.

For some minutes he leaned against the trunk with closed eyes, still struggling for breath, while Sybil, clinging precariously to a branch beside him, felt tears of relief and thankfulness steal down her face. The baffled, angry bull was venting his rage by digging at the tree with his horns.

Suddenly Jim opened his eyes.

"Why! You're crying," he said, as if it astonished him greatly.

Sybil tried to laugh.

"Only for relief. I—I—was terrified for you."

He gave her a long, searching look, before which her gaze fell. "I daren't let go," she said half frivolously, and with none of her old assurance, "or I would change the picture and laugh at silly old Satan banging his head for nothing instead."

But he did not smile. In some way he seemed a little dazed.

"I can make you more secure now," and the gentleness was still in his voice. "I'm afraid we shall have to stay here until I can make someone hear who happens to be coming this way."

His tone only unnerved her further, and she took refuge in an assumed lightness.

"It's like being wrecked on a desert island. We must hoist a signal in case a ship passes in sight; and Satan's name must certainly be changed to Torpedo."

He did not seem to hear. He was busy studying the geography of the tree. As a tree of refuge it left a great deal to be desired, but they had been fortunate, as it happened, in finding one that would, at least, support the two of them and was neither prickly pear nor thorn-bush.

"I can make you much more secure and comfortable in this fork," he said at last, and reached out a hand to help her climb.

Thanking her guardian angel that she was wearing her land-suit, Sybil put her hand in his, and climbed warily to the point he indicated. Here she was able to seat herself more or less securely, and not have to cling so tightly. He remained standing, steadying himself against the trunk as before, and they had no option but to face one another in closest proximity. There was no doubt that the shock and danger had shaken both of them. They were like two people shocked suddenly out of themselves, trying to regain their grip and not succeeding very well. Lyall was the worse off. Perhaps he had the harder part to play. In all the weeks Sybil had been on the ranch, only once before had he touched her, and that was when he helped her from her horse because Flip was absent. Otherwise he had not even shaken hands with her. Perhaps he did not know himself that what, in the first place, had been distaste had merged gradually into fear, until that desperate race for the tree. Now, through the subtle processes of his inmost self, he knew that he had been afraid of the contact. He knew that the touch of her hand in his thrilled him to the very soul, and that their unavoidable contact in the tree was a rapture and a torture hopelessly merged.

Covertly watching his face, Sybil perceived that some painful stress held him, and tried to lighten the strain by her usual airy remarks. Down below them, the angry bull snorted his rage, and continued to vent his feelings by attacks on the trunk of the tree. Round about them the sunset cast long beautiful lights across the veldt.

"Old Satan is jolly sold, if he thought he was going to prevent my enjoying the evening lights," she said. "We have a front seat in the stalls here." And then, as he made no comment—"I wonder where Flip and Elizabeth are? If they chanced to ride this way, and he went for them, we should feel we were in the royal box at a bull-fight."

But he would not smile. There was no sneer on his fine face now, nor the irritating solemnity, just a blanched look of pain and inward stress. It hurt her unreasonably, and she tried to break the spell of it.

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"Go it, old boy," addressing the angry bull digging ferociously at the tree trunk. "Why don't you try and *climb*! Or if you'd give a good bellow, and inform the ranch there is trouble in this particular corner, there'd be some sense in it."

"We shall have to try and do that for ourselves," he said—and putting his hands to his mouth shouted two or three times.

But there was no answering call. Being Sunday, nearly all the boys were away at their kraals, and probably Smoke, having, as he supposed, secured his obstreperous family, had gone off to join them. The house was too far away for anyone there to hear, and even at the stables the horse-boy or the returning riders might well suppose the noise was just boys hallooing to each other. In any case, if Flip and Elizabeth came to investigate the shouts, they might be attacked by the bull in turn, and for that reason Jim felt chary of calling.

"Perhaps he will get tired presently, and go off home for his supper," he suggested, but he glanced round anxiously at the rapidly dying daylight.

"It's going to be dark soon," Sybil remarked in a matter-of-fact voice. "I say, he won't keep us up here all night—will he? I've an awfully sleepy head. I should be certain to roll off my perch and land on his back or something."

"I think I could save you from that," staring down hard at the bull.

Why wouldn't he meet her eyes?—Sybil wondered. Why wouldn't he perhaps let their common danger atone, and make friends once for all?

"I'm afraid you're very uncomfortable," he said presently. "I—I'm very sorry this should have happened."

"You needn't be. Now we're safe up here I don't mind it in the least—as long as no one gets hurt."

"You have a wonderful courage," he remarked quietly, and then, half to himself, "and I love courage."

A lovely flush swept her face, and all her blood tingled.

"You—you—say that," she murmured.

He seemed to close his lips tightly. It was as though he had said more than he meant, and would strangle any other word. If only there had not been that disconcerting, maddening contact. With a pretence of

seeking a better spot for her he climbed a bough higher. But the tree was such a poor refuge. If he stood anywhere else than against the trunk, he had to balance precariously and hang on. He decided he must risk the consequences and shout again. No doubt he could warn anyone who came to their rescue. He wished he had carried his gun when he went to see the calves. If he had, he would have shot Satan when he first came for them without the smallest compunction. He was worth £150, but what of that?—and anyhow she was part owner: which thought caused a little wry, inward smile. He shouted at intervals for a quarter of an hour, but there was no answer.

Evidently Flip and Elizabeth had returned without hearing anything, and would be awaiting them at the homestead. They would not get anxious yet, because it was quite early though getting dark. From her fork in the branches, now growing distinctly uncomfortable, Sybil watched him. Inwardly she was a good deal tickled at the humour of the situation. She and Jim, the two owners of the ranch, more or less at daggers drawn, held up in the close proximity of a meagre tree, by their own bull. She moved in order to relieve twinges of cramp, and, as if she were his special prey, the bull snorted angrily below.

Jim turned anxiously.

"Are you getting cramp? Let me see if I can make you more comfortable?"

The darkness that comes on so quickly was beginning to enfold them. It seemed to give him more assurance. Perhaps he felt reassured by the belief that she could not see his face clearly any more.

Neither could she, but there was still the voice.

The voice he kept for clinging things like Puck and his favourite cat Paddy. It was fast becoming music to Sybil, music that thrilled her heart-strings, how or why she did not stop to think. It was dark, and the angry bull was still there, and she was beginning to feel some reaction from their breathless race and danger. She felt dreadfully tired, and it was growing to be a real effort to hold on.

In the darkness he came close beside her again. There was light enough to see all outlines, and moreover their eyes saw the better from growing accustomed gradually.



"Putting his hands to his mouth he shouted
... but there was no answering call "

*Drawn by
Norah Schlegel*

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They could see the bull plainly, grazing round about the tree. They could see each other, though only in outline.

Still there was the voice.

"This is a better fork," he was saying. "If you clamber up here, I can—make you—feel safer."

He reached a hand down, and she put hers into it, so he guided her to a spot beside him.

"If you sit there, I can pass my arm behind you—so." An iron control was steadying his voice, forcing it to speak of an absolutely commonplace arrangement.

Sybil gave a little, uneven laugh.

"We might pretend that I am Puck," she said, and he wondered why.

A moment later she felt herself in the hollow of his arm, being held, with a glorious sensation of security. Yet the arm was rigid. She could not see his face clearly, but in outline it was abnormally grave, probably tense and strained.

"A good thing I'm rather a small person," she remarked, trying still to speak lightly. But her own voice seemed inclined to play tricks with her, and her will power to be rocking dangerously. She had an absurd longing to nestle close up to him, and perhaps rest her head on his shoulder.

She felt she had grown tired of their persistent warfare, and now it was over she wanted to get so close they would never quarrel again. Clinging to the tree in the protection of his arm she knew that in some strange way he had dominated part of her from the first. And not only by his bigness and manliness but by his resolute character, his strong personality, so fierce to love or hate.

She knew now that she would not go home to marry Horace Helmsley. Satan had settled that for her. It wasn't that she wanted to marry Lyall instead—she was not in love with him in that way—but anyhow he could make her feel indifferent to Horace, and much more inclined to keep her freedom. He would be a fine friend to have, and their partnership could be a real pleasure. Then the drowsy tiredness began to creep on again.

"I'm so sleepy," she said. "Isn't it absurd of me. I do feel a goat!"

"It's the shock and the strain," he told her, a trifle unsteadily. "You needn't feel anxious. I've got safe hold of you."

She moved a little closer, and his grip tightened.

And all the time in a merciless torment, the agony and the rapture held him. He wanted to put his other arm about her too, and gather her close to him, and hold her tightly—tightly. He understood his restlessness now, and why he had watched her face, and run away from her only to be glad when she came. In spite of his naturally critical temperament and love of argument, he had no need to argue about this. Life had played him a pretty trick. It was obvious enough. She had sent across his path the very siren who had deserted his greatest friend, and the siren had got him in her toils also. Only he was a much stronger man than Owen. He knew that he would not go under. He might suffer the torments over and over, but even if he had the chance he would not marry the deserter-siren. Loyalty to Owen demanded it, as well as his own common sense. Even if the latter could have chosen to take the risks, still loyalty left no loophole.

So, for a space longer, the darkness folded them round in their strange position, and because "small talk" meant effort, and Sybil was too tired for effort, she sat quite still and let silence brood over them. In him it was nothing new. Of late he had generally been silent with her, though never at any time had his silence held what it held to-night. Sybil told herself—"We are going to be good friends in future," and was glad.

And Lyall remembered incidents of Owen's first year with him, before the bitterness of separation had softened with time, and his stern, rather merciless nature stood up in judgment and hardened his heart to his old purpose.

There came just one tense moment of flesh-and-blood frailty, when her head sank unconsciously against his shoulder. It seemed momentarily to numb his every power and for a few seconds he was aghast at the tempest within him.

Then, suddenly, he saw the flicker of a lantern in the distance, and a voice shouted, "Hallo! Hallo!"

Before he gave the answering shout and warning, he bent and kissed her unconscious head in the darkness, and whispered—

"Good-bye!"

(End of Chapter Fifteen)

Do Boarding-Houses Pay?

A Holiday Investigation
By
Our Special Commissioner

The Experiences of Typical Women who Made their Great Venture in Middle Life

WHEN a woman is widowed in middle age, with the necessity of earning her living, almost the first possibility she thinks of is keeping a boarding-house.

It is a very natural, understandable thought. The only marketable gift which such a woman possesses is her housekeeping experience. She has in all probability kept an attractive home. She has engaged and controlled servants. She knows the shops and the markets. She has "spring cleaned" for years in succession. And she has very many friends, more or less prosperous, in whom she sees the clientele of her boarding-house. The excellent furniture of her own home and a little ready money are her only capital, but necessity is the mother of ambition, and with a brave heart she begins her preliminary inquiries.

Is there a Chance of Success?

But—do such ventures pay? Is there a chance of success for the woman who launches in the business world so late in life? Or is the limited experience of the home inadequate as a preparation for housekeeping on a larger scale?

With the object of finding answers to these questions I have interviewed several women who keep boarding-houses. Naturally, they do not desire that their failures or early struggles should come under the searchlight of publicity, but on the understanding that I should not publish names and addresses they have very readily given me interesting and fascinating stories of their lives.

Let me begin with Mrs. A, who keeps a boarding-house at Brighton. (I should add that A is not the initial of her name, but I use it for convenience.) Mrs. A is a woman of fifty-five, whose husband died ten years ago. He was a clergyman, and on his

death his bank balance was less than £150. There was some good furniture, and very many friends suggested a boarding-house as the most suitable opening. But I will let Mrs. A tell her own story:

A Brighton Experience

"The idea of a boarding-house appealed to me because I could see no other way of living in which I could keep my two children with me," she said. "If I had taken a post as a housekeeper I should have had to give my children to the care of relatives, and that would have broken my heart.

"So I decided on the boarding-house, and on Brighton because of its splendid air and good schools, and also because of its all-the-year season. Everything promised for the best. My tiny capital covered the cost of removal, and of the extra linen and china which I had to buy. My husband's parishioners all promised to spend their holidays with me, and after the first bitter pain of my bereavement I began to get a little happiness in finishing the details of furnishing.

"The house was not on the sea front, but it was well situated in a pleasant part of the town. There were three reception rooms and twelve bedrooms, besides a little room which I intended to use as my 'den.' I planned to run my boarding-house with a cook, housemaid and boy, with a daily woman for rough work. Allowing two bedrooms for my girls and myself, and one for the maids, I had nine bedrooms which I could let. Six were large rooms with double beds. In all, I could take sixteen boarders, and my charge (before the war, of course) was £2 weekly per head. I knew I should have a room unlet occasionally, but I counted on an income of £25 weekly all the year round.

"And the venture was a hopeless failure! It began very well. I opened the first week

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in August, and until the end of September all my rooms were let. My income was £32 weekly. My expenses were £20, including rent, light, gas, wages, laundry and food. If things could have continued so merrily I should have been a happy woman, but with October my luck went. In the whole of the month I had only a dozen visitors, and they dwindled to even less in November. In December I had to close the boarding-house.

Why I Failed

"I attribute my failure to my unconsciousness of the value of advertisement. After all, I had begun with an entirely new house. There was no 'goodwill' attached to it. I had to fight my way from the beginning. I was too optimistic. I counted too much on the promises of my friends. And when the summer season had gone and all my friends were busy in their homes I found my clientele had disappeared.

"And I saw how foolish it was of me to have expected to become known without taking the trouble to make myself known. That venture was costly, but out of the wreckage I managed to pay my debts, sell some of my furniture, and take a smaller house in the same town.

"Then I started advertising. I made a point of appealing to the clergy of all denominations. I knew that no parson or minister can get away easily for a Sunday, so I advertised special Monday to Saturday terms for the clergy. I advertised in all the church papers, and very soon letters of inquiry came, and I realised that at last I was on the right track. My house was smaller, and my responsibilities less; I had learned the value of specialising, but though I made a point of attracting the clergy I have had very many lay visitors, and since my second venture I have never known failure. My income has averaged £300 a year, and the same people come to me again and again."

I asked Mrs. A briefly to summarise her advice to women who think of following her example.

"Well," she said, "I should say—don't begin too big. Take a small rather than a large house, for a small house always full is more profitable than a large house half empty. And specialise—and advertise. If you mean to cater for young, jolly folk, or

invalids, or foreigners, or elderly people—advertise accordingly. And don't hide yourself in the kitchen all day. A bright face and a pleasant, interested manner are worth the capital you'd like to have and haven't got, and if you keep on trying and are not discouraged by little failures and bad patches success is sure to come."

Very few of the women to whom I put my questions were able to confess to early, instantaneous success. Almost every one of them had gone through a period of struggle. But success came in the end, and in instances where even now success was still in doubt, fluctuating from month to month, it seemed to me that there was some error in management, some lack of organisation, some leakage somewhere.

The Price of Cabbages

"Book-keeping is absolutely essential," Mrs. B insisted. "I began boarding-house-keeping in a haphazard kind of way; I kept rough accounts, certainly, but these are not sufficient. It's just as important to know what you pay for your cabbages as it is to know what you pay for your rent. Unless you go into details you can't effect economies, and if there is any waste anywhere or extravagant buying, profits come down almost at once. You must be able to check every detail of expenditure if the venture is to be a success."

Mrs. C attributed most of her success, after several months of dwindling profits, to the engagement of a lady-help, whose duty it was to act as hostess.

"I had so much to do," said Mrs. C, "that I scarcely knew my guests. There was marketing and book-keeping to do, and planning meals and answering letters, and superintending all round. So at last I engaged a very delightful woman to welcome guests and look after them. She would attend to all their little wants, fill hot-water bottles for them on cold nights, pack sandwich lunches for them on a long day's outing, preside at the table and carve, and attend to all correspondence. She did all those little jobs in a house which usually fall to a mistress, and helped me in all sorts of ways. Very soon my boarding-house built up a certain reputation for itself which it has never lost, and I now make about £350 profit every year out of the establishment."

I now come to London, where conditions

DO BOARDING-HOUSES PAY ?

are vastly different. In London it is more difficult to make a boarding-house pay because prices are higher, and boarders cannot permanently afford the terms which they would cheerfully pay for a couple of weeks while on holiday.

Permanent Boarders

"You can make a living but not a fortune out of a London boarding-house," Mrs. X told me rather ruefully. "People who are permanent boarders naturally want more comforts and attentions than they would on holiday, and they are in the house so much more that there is greater wear and tear on furniture. Before the war I used to charge 25s. a week for breakfast and dinner and all meals on Sunday, and in no year have I made more than £100 clear profit after paying all expenses. If you are going to do things on a bigger and a better scale you must take a house in a good district and appeal to provincial visitors. But then you have to have very good furniture and high-class servants, and capital is needed to start a superior boarding-house of this character.

"One must be constantly re-furnishing," she went on. "Linen wears out quickly, and laundries are so destructive that it is futile to buy cheap stuff. China and glass have to be replaced continually. Servants are a great difficulty, and are tempted to stay only because of wages that must be frequently increased. At a holiday boarding-house the servants make a considerable sum from tips given by constantly changing visitors, but tips are rare among permanent boarders, and wages have to be high in consequence. Indeed, were I starting again," Mrs. X concluded emphatically, "I should not start in London but in a seaside place."

In my London inquiries I found not one story of high profits, and the dinginess of some of the houses was as much deplored by the landladies as by the guests.

"What can one do?" said Mrs. Y. "To re-decorate the house and re-furnish at present prices would cost at least £500. It is as much as I can do to buy new curtains occasionally and replace old carpets. I loathe the drab appearance of the house as much as anyone, but re-furnishing is impossible. During the war I paid my expenses, and made about £50 over each year, and that is all. I deal with a class of people

who simply couldn't afford to pay inflated prices for board-residence, and I could make only slight increases in my charges."

Another woman, Mrs. V, told me that up to 1917 she kept a boarding-house. "It started to lose during the war," she said, "so eventually I turned every room into a bed-sitting-room which I had fixed with gas fires and gas rings, and I let these rooms at a good price to people in Government offices and on war work. I supplied breakfasts, but no other meals, and was so relieved of a tremendous responsibility. I was able to run the house myself with a capable servant. Rents and rates came to £200 a year, roughly £4 a week. I let eight rooms at £1 a week including breakfast, and two at 15s. a week for the same accommodation, and two very large double-bedded rooms for 25s. each. My profits, though not enormous, were more than I had made for some time, and I was relieved of a great deal of worry and anxiety."

The Importance of Capital

In various other talks I discovered the importance of capital in starting a boarding-house in London. The evidence all points to greater chances of a good income from a seaside boarding-house, though there is perhaps larger risk about such a venture. In London there is less risk because the demand for accommodation is so great, but there are fewer opportunities for making large incomes, and there is incessant hard work.

Speculation is as good in London as it is at the seaside, and one landlady told me that she had done very well in catering particularly for vegetarians. In the days of the meat famine she excelled over her colleagues inexperienced in vegetarian cooking, and attracted many people who were vegetarians by necessity and not by choice. Yet another, who spoke French well, catered for foreigners, and planned her cooking to please them. It appears very certain that the woman who "features" some special line, to use a picture-palace Americanism, stands a chance of success beyond what her less enterprising sisters have a right to expect.

Organisation, specialisation, and a keen eye for detail—these seem to be the essential qualifications in making a boarding-house pay.

"The Fourteenth"

A Story of the Extra One

By

Violet M. Methley

"I'D six post cards as valluntines this mornin'—reel comic ones. Just you look, Em'ly."

Voylet—she probably knew best how to pronounce her own name—produced the crudely coloured tokens of affection from the front of her frilled apron and spread them out upon the kitchen table, pointing out their subtle wit with appreciative giggles.

Emily turned back the limp hair from her wet forehead and scrutinised them gravely. The jokes did not seem to her at all funny, only—common. But then Voylet always said she was as dull as ditch-water. She said so now.

"It's no good to show you anything saucy—you've no fun in yer at all! I never did see such a mug—you can't do nothing but cook!"

Emily turned back to the stove to hide the big tears that were making pathways through the grime on her cheeks. She wished she could have laughed at the cards; she wished—and very forlornly—that she had had some cards to show on her own account.

But she could only cook—and there was plenty of that to do, with fourteen to dinner, and everything to be ready as much as possible beforehand, so that she could help Voylet with the waiting.

There was a rapid thudding of steps on the stairs, and Mrs. Bovill-Atkinson plunged into the kitchen. She wore a dressing-gown, her hair hung loose about her shoulders, and in her expression was tragedy incarnate.

"The most awful thing has happened, girls!" she gasped, and sank down into a chair. "Read!"

She held out a crumpled piece of pink paper with a dramatic gesture; Emily spread out the telegram upon the table, and the two servants studied the pencilled words:

"Regret influenza prevents dining to-night.—
ENID."

"It's one of them as was coming to dinner," Voylet suggested brilliantly.

"It's far, far more than that!" Mrs. Bovill-Atkinson cried. "Miss Royden was the fourteenth!"

"That's ter-day, mum—Valluntine's Day!" Voylet spoke brightly.

"The date, yes—but my idea carried the symbolism far further. A Valentine's Day dinner in honour of my dear boy's engagement, and fourteen at table—fourteen, the perfect number . . . twice seven! It worked out so beautifully. . . . And when dear Guy secured Captain Garvin—such a wonderful hero—a double V.C. . . . And now it is all ruined! Thirteen at table—it is simply calling aloud for misfortune to fall upon my boy! Oh, I may be foolishly superstitious, but it is my temperament—I could never, never forgive myself if trouble followed. . . . And Enid Roydon, the most attractive girl I had—who was to go in with Captain Garvin. . . . What an appalling disaster!"

Mrs. Bovill-Atkinson seemed to subside into herself on the chair, then suddenly rose, jack-in-the-box-like.

"I have it! You shall come in to dinner, Emily—you will be better than nothing—better than thirteen! And I can't get anyone else in this hole at twenty minutes' notice!"

Emily stood dazed, trembling.

"You don't mean it, m'am!" she gasped.

"I do—I do!" Mrs. Bovill-Atkinson was on her feet now.

"Oh, but—oh, but—I couldn't! There's the dinner. . . ."

"Violet can dish up the courses. In any case, it was to be all ready beforehand."

"But—but—oh, I couldn't!"

"I'll come—I don't mind, mum!" Voylet interposed eagerly.

"No, that wouldn't do at all. You must be there to wait," the mistress of the house said decisively. "And besides—"

She glanced with rather more significance

than she knew from Voylet's florid and rather beefy charms to Emily's pale, frightened little face, with the Cockney delicacy of features and skin. Voylet caught the glance and tossed her frizzed head indignantly.

"Such an ideal!" she muttered. "Pasty-faced little cat . . . sticking herself up!"

Emily caught the words, but Mrs. Bovill-Atkinson had already swept from the room, beckoning to the little cook to follow her.

"There isn't a moment to waste!" she said peremptorily. "Go and wash and then come to my room. I'll find one of my daughter's dresses—you are much the same height."

Emily, toiling up the attic stairs with a jug of hot water, still felt dazed. She was accustomed to her mistress's whims and impulsive decisions, but there had never been anything quite like this before. It was bewildering—nightmarish.

Ten minutes later, Emily knocked shyly at Mrs. Bovill-Atkinson's door. That lady was now completely and resplendently attired, and held in her hands a straightly fashioned gown of greenish satin.

"It's Liberty!" she said impressively. "And it ought to fit you, since you've no figure in particular."

Emily, attired in the green frock, decided that you couldn't tell whether such a slom-mocky thing fitted or not. In that unformed girl-mind of hers, she had dreamt vague dreams whilst she was washing—seen visions of fairy-godmother-like garments of white satin or pale pink. . . . This was something like a dressing-gown; even the string of jade beads didn't do much to brighten it up.

Emily did not realise—and it was more a fluke than a stroke of genius on the part of Mrs. Bovill-Atkinson—that the colouring, the jade beads, brought out the red undertones in her hair, gave light to her greenish-hazel eyes, made her something better than pretty for once in her nineteen years. Emily had not been educated up to Liberty and jade.

Mrs. Bovill-Atkinson, who could move rapidly enough if she chose, twisted up the girl's hair hastily, swathed it with a wisp of green chiffon, and nodded.

"You'll do," she said briefly. "And there's somebody come—we must go down. You'd better not talk, Emily, and . . . if

you don't know what to do with forks and things, just watch me. . . . Now where shall you sit? I can't put you in Miss Royden's place, with Captain Garvin. . . . Yes, I can! You shall!"

For Mrs. Bovill-Atkinson had just remembered that, as the guest of honour, Captain Garvin would be upon her own right side; in these circumstances, it would be by no means inconvenient that he should have a dummy for a partner.

But Emily gasped like a fish very much out of its element.

"Oh, please—please! Don't put me by him!" she implored. "I—I—whatever should I say?"

"You needn't say anything at all—leave him to me. And now come downstairs."

Emily followed, her brain in a more maddening whirl than ever.

She was to sit by Captain Garvin—he whose picture she'd seen in the *Daily Mirror*—who'd done something ever so brave in the war, who was what they called a hero. . . . She was to sit by *him*.

Let me here remove a possible misconception. This story does not concern the humble heroine who has long worshipped the heroic hero from afar, and is cast by strange chance into his arms. Nothing of the sort—as you will read for yourself if you take the trouble to do so.

Emily's most ardent desire at this moment was that Captain Garvin should remain no more than a name to her.

The guests had arrived and were arriving. Emily stood miserably behind Mrs. Bovill-Atkinson, conscious of her cheap velvetene shoes, conscious of the red, work-roughened little hands which terminated her slim, white arms.

Captain Garvin was the last to come—to his own most manifest discomfort. Never was there a shyer hero than this stocky, red-haired young man, with the pronounced limp, and the vivacious efforts of his hostess to put him at ease failed most utterly.

"I want to introduce you to your partner, Captain Garvin," Mrs. Bovill-Atkinson said brightly. "Miss——"

She paused; obviously, for the moment, she had forgotten her cook's name. And Emily stood tongue-tied. She could not prompt her—could not claim the unmelodious name of Bung.

"Montmorency," Mrs. Bovill-Atkinson

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plunged bravely, and Captain Garvin jerkily presented his arm.

"Pleased to meet y'," he muttered.

Voylet's impudent nose was jerked upward as Emily passed her; her hard cheeks were still crimson with offended anger. She served the soup, and, tasting it, professional instincts arose to steady the ex-cook's nerves. This was one of her specialties—cream of celery—but something was wrong with the flavour. . . . She fancied that an extra ingredient must have been added—Worcester sauce, was it? It was spoiled, anyhow.

Laying down his spoon, Captain Garvin spoke for the first time, jerkily, without looking at her.

"Lovely weather, isn't it?" he exploded.

"Yes." Emily glanced timidly sideways at Mrs. Bovill-Atkinson.

"Bit cold."

"Yes."

"But warm in the sun."

"Yes."

It was not pure shyness which kept Emily tongue-tied. Something was wrong with the fish—the flavour was more than queer. Glancing to right and left, the girl saw that the guests with one accord were leaving it upon their plates and making brave efforts to hide the fact—and the fish—with their knives and forks.

Suddenly, looking up, Emily caught a glance from Voylet—a glance that was malevolent, triumphant. And she understood.

In her mind Emily ran over the rest of the menu: vol-au-vent, chicken mayonnaise, sweetbreads, leg of lamb, trifle, meringues. That everything would be spoiled—maliciously spoiled—she felt convinced. And she had taken such pride in that dinner: it had been, in its way, a complete and finished piece of work.

Emily clasped her damp hands together convulsively under the table; this was refined torture—for a cook.

Besides, Mrs. Bovill-Atkinson would be so furious, and, of course, Voylet would deny everything. . . . The girl raised her humiliated head and saw her mistress glowering down at the practically untouched vol-au-vent upon her plate.

Emily felt too sick with misery to try her own; indeed, there was no need.

Voylet, smiling evilly, was removing plate after plate with the contents intact.

It was at this inauspicious moment that the man upon Emily's right attempted to be funny. He was a middle-aged youth, who posed as a wit, and some of the other guests took him at his own valuation and paused appreciatively when he addressed Emily.

"Lovely weather, isn't it?" he drawled.

"Yes," she answered almost in a whisper.

"Bit cold."

"Yes."

"But warm in the sun."

"Yes."

Someone exploded audibly. Emily realised that they were laughing at her, and resented it miserably. The humorist continued:

"Having exhausted the weather, let's talk of something else—of shoes and ships and sealing-wax, of cabbages and kings."

To Emily, unacquainted with a certain classic, this sounded sheer mockery. And she, was so wretched about the dinner—and Voylet was such a cat—and everybody was sneering—and—and—

"I can't talk about any of them things, so it's no good for you to laugh at me!" she cried suddenly, and a scarlet flush rose to her very hair-roots. "I don't know anything about them. I'm not a lady at all; I'm just a cook. And—and—I'm going to see that the rest of the dinner comes up right."

She was on her feet, she had pushed back her chair, she had rushed from the room and down the kitchen stairs, before anyone in the room had recovered their senses. She found Voylet just preparing to doctor the trifle, and she told Voylet exactly what she thought of her. It was a relief, and the other girl finally retired, completely routed, leaving Emily to serve up the rest of the dinner after her own fashion.

Emily made the coffee and sent it up in the lift. She heard the women-folk leaving the dining-room; a moment later, she heard steps descending the stairs. She had known that her mistress would be angry, but the reality was worse than her anticipations.

"Making such a fool of me before my guests! Not to mention the disgraceful way you had cooked the dinner—every course spoiled! You can take a month's



"She was on her feet, she had pushed back her chair,
 'I'm not a lady at all,' she cried; 'I'm just a cook' "

Drawn by
 N. Collar

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notice from to-day—and I advise you *not* to ask me for a character!"

She was gone, and Emily, left alone, wept bitterly. What a fool she had made of herself! What a silly fool! No wonder Mrs. Bovill-Atkinson was annoyed. And that little beast of a Voylet—the spiteful cat! Well, she'd frightened *her*, anyway; she must have done her washing-up in the pantry and stayed there. . . . But it was very lonely and very miserable down here.

A step sounded on the stairs, and Emily hastily dabbed at her eyes. That minx of a Voylet shouldn't catch her crying—no fear! But the step was heavier than Voylet's.

It paused in the kitchen doorway, and Emily heard someone breathing heavily, nervously; a voice spoke:

"I—I beg your pardon, miss."

Emily turned round hastily. It was the red-headed hero, Captain Garvin, V.C. His manner was sheepish, his face crimson, and he spoke with increasing timidity.

"I—I hope I am not intruding, but—but—I most particularly wished to speak to you, Miss—Miss Montmorency."

"That isn't my name," Emily said miserably. "It's—it's Bung. And—and—oh, please, I do *wish* you'd go away!"

The tears overflowed again; sobs came to choke her voice, and down went her head upon the kitchen table. Somehow, the sight seemed to dispel Captain Garvin's timidity.

"Oh, I say, I'm awfully sorry!" he said. "You poor little girl—don't cry like that. I—I didn't come to laugh at you, like those other swine—straight I didn't!"

His voice and manner had altered, grown somehow simplified. He was close beside her now, speaking without a trace of shyness.

"I had the face to come down, because I was so lonely—so down on my luck. You were the only one of my sort. . . ."

Emily raised tear-wet, incredulous eyes.

What was this amazing thing he was saying? The sunburnt, ugly face was near hers, and suddenly she realised that his eyes were very nice—straight, honest eyes.

"But I'm not your sort," she said. "I'm only a cook, and you're—you're—"

"A gardener—that's all. I enlisted and—well—got on a bit; it was luck, and a silly lot of fuss about nothing. Heaven knows I've often enough been sorry I took the commission! It was all right with the regiment—they were all fine to me, men and officers. But—times like to-night, having to remember to talk proper, and—use the right words, for fear of being laughed at! It's—well, I wouldn't like to say what before a young lady."

"I *know*—after to-night," Emily's eyes shone with sympathy.

"And isn't it—well, you know what?"

"It just is!" She nodded her head vehemently.

"Then, when I saw you to-night—in that dress like leaves"—he touched it with one brown finger—"I thought you were one of these fine ladies. . . . You don't know—you can't think—what I felt when you said you were—just a cook."

"I—I think I can." Her eyes met his for a second, then sought the fire. There was a little pause before he spoke again, and, oddly enough, his timidity seemed to have returned.

"I'll be out of the Army in a week or two; I couldn't stick in with this leg, even if I wanted to. . . . And then I'm going back to my old job. It's a gentleman's house down to Devonshire—a fine place as ever you saw. There's a cottage I have, with roses over it, and a bit of garden to itself. . . . I want to settle down."

There is no apparent reason why these words should have made them both blush so violently, why they should have found an awkwardness hereinafter in meeting once another's eyes.

But it was so.



The Holidays— and the Weather

Fallacies and Facts for Weather Prophets

By Joseph H. Elgie, M.B.A.A.

THE holidays! How we all are looking forward to them this year! But the weather—! If the summer of 1919 is to be anything like that of 1918, holiday-makers may well be advised to spend their vacation in the British Museum or the Free Library rather than at the seaside, for, say, what you will, the success of a holiday depends more on the weather than on any other factor.

Superstition that passes for Knowledge

Considering the importance of the subject, it is extraordinary how little the majority of people know about the art of weather forecasting, and what a lot of gross superstition passes for knowledge on the subject of the changes in the weather. One must admit, of course, that nobody can tell exactly and certainly what the weather is going to be to-morrow, yet, by reading the signs aright, it is possible to be able to predict fairly accurately from day to day what the conditions will be—and so save oneself not only vexation and disappointment, but possibly loss or illness.

But to do this one must once and for all discard superstition and proceed on scientific lines.

Weather Fallacies

To deal first with weather fallacies. It is astonishing how many people look to the changes of the moon as their weather guide. Let me say at once, however, that no connection has been proved between the lunar phases and terrestrial meteorology. It should be clear to anyone who gives a moment's consideration to the matter that, owing to the constant changes of our satellite, they must occasionally coincide with a change of weather. That fact I assume to be the origin of this popular and notoriously widespread belief. Let no holiday-maker, therefore, rely upon such a false guide as these lunar phases are, because such reliance will bring only a sense of

utterly vexatious disappointment. In other words, if the weather is bad, do not rely upon it becoming good with the next change of moon, because as likely as not it will continue to be bad, despite the change of moon.

Nor should any sensible holiday-maker pay the least regard to the fact of the moon being "on its back" as an indication of approaching rain. That particular aspect of the moon depends entirely upon its position in its orbit, and has nothing to do with the weather.

The same principle holds good in the case where the moon's horns are turned downwards; it is not a sign of coming fine weather at all, but mere superstition. Both it and the "moon on its back" notion should be dismissed as beliefs fit only to belong to past and unenlightened ages rather than to the first quarter of the twentieth century.

The Moon as a Guide

At the same time, there are instances of where the moon will actually serve the purpose of a pretty reliable weather guide. Indeed, I may go so far as to say, that in certain instances it may be safely relied upon, and in that I speak from a long and close study of a considerable variety of natural phenomena.

Most people will have noticed that when the moon is only a thin crescent in the twilight sky the remainder of the disc is faintly illuminated with a greyish light, which astronomers call the earthshine. Why they call it the earthshine is because it is the light reflected from the earth on to the dark part of the moon. Now, there is a very interesting allusion to this appearance in the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens:

"I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in hir arme;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we come to harme."

We see here that the distinctness of the earthshine is looked upon as a portent of

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These clouds denote unsettled weather, and the holiday-maker should not fail to realise their significance

Photo :
H. Kent

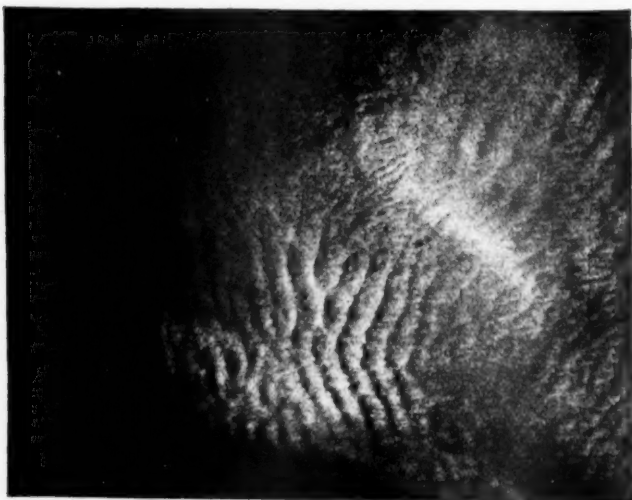
storm. That it has a weather significance I am disposed to believe. It is not in this case simply a popular superstition, but something based on actual scientific fact.

Earthshine

When the earthshine is unusually brilliant, it is conclusive that the atmosphere must be very transparent. This transparency indicates that the air has been freed of large quantities of dust owing to

the gathering moisture having settled upon the particles and carried them to the ground. The fact of the moisture having accumulated to such an extent is a sign of approaching rain, and in such circumstances I have frequently found that rain, often accompanied by wind, does actually fall on the following day. The last occasion of the kind was not so very long ago; the earthshine was particularly brilliant, and the young moon was a mere curved line,

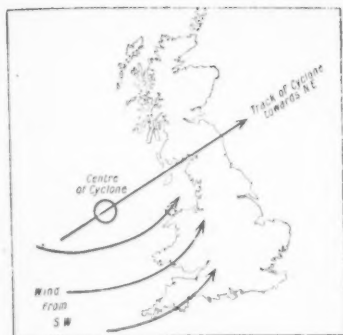
seen just after a sunset beautiful enough to typify in a striking degree one's idea of the "golden orient," for it was indeed a delicious dream of golden splendour. A brilliant starlit night followed this scene of sky magnificence. But what a change next day! Down came the rain, heavy and drenching, and between the showers the rain-clouds were so dense as to darken the day. It was cold, too; very cold in comparison with what it had been the previous day.



This type of cloud with its ripple-like structure, occurs at a considerable elevation, and indicates wind and rain

Photo :
T. C. Hepworth

THE HOLIDAYS—AND THE WEATHER



A "Cyclone" from the Atlantic

First Stage: Mild, south-westerly winds, with rain

And that was what the beautiful earthshine brought.

Sometimes the moon is seen to be surrounded by a very large smoky-looking ring, known as a lunar halo, and this is one of the most reliable weather signs that I am aware of. It is also a singularly impressive spectacle in nature. Reader, be you holiday-maker or stay-at-home, if you should see one of these big dusky rings round the moon on any night in the year, no matter how fine the weather may be at the time, depend upon it there will be a change for the worse before many hours are past. It will mean rain or wind, or both. At times I have known the change to come within an hour or two after the great circular sign was set so grandly in the sky; at other times, nothing has happened until the afternoon of the next day, and on occasion I have known the change to occur nearly a day and a half after the halo appeared.

Moon-rings

I assume that the interval depended largely upon the rate of speed with which the bad weather area—known as a cyclone or depression—was moving, for these disturbances are recognised as travelling at

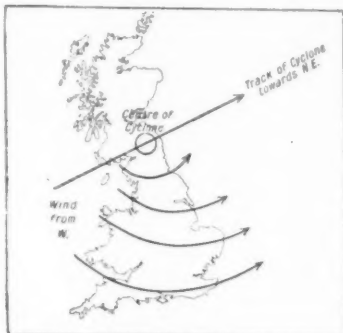
different speeds. Among the many examples of moon-rings as weather guides which I have noted from actual observation is the following: "Saturday, October 19th, 1918—After a few days of settled weather a large halo appeared round the full Hunter's Moon, which was shining very brightly at the time, and within two hours thin clouds began to scud at a low elevation across the sky." My note on the following day read: "A heavy drizzle prevailed, with alternating showers of rain accompanied by a fresh breeze of a remarkably mild character for the time of year."

In addition to the halos there are not infrequently seen a series of rings of various colours close round the moon, which are known as coronæ. My observation of these

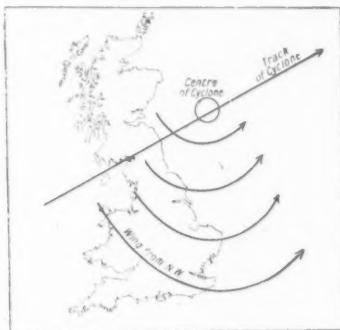
extremely picturesque phenomena goes to show that while they cannot be looked upon as absolutely reliable weather portents, they are, to say the least, bad weather "suspects." It would be advisable, therefore, for holiday-makers to eye them with a certain amount of suspicion.

Clouds as Prophets

Those finely tinted clouds, often seen near the moon when that body is riding high in the heavens, are a fairly safe indication of a coming change of weather—for the worse. On a great many occasions I have



Second Stage: Fairer weather sets in with the west wind



Third Stage: Dry and cold north-westerly wind, and a rise of the barometer

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predicted unfavourable weather merely from the appearance of these coloured clouds, and to the best of my recollection the prediction has been verified. Here is a note from my diary of Monday, June 24th, 1918, 11 P.M.: "Full moon among clouds after a very beautiful day; clouds show distinct hues of green and orange." Then next day: "Cold, heavy rain squalls, and generally unsettled weather all day."

Beware, too, dear reader, of the blurred, misty looking moon, for I have always found that rain is not long in following upon its appearance. The mistiness, it is evident, is due to the gathering of condensation.

What the Sun Tells

Not only the moon, but the sun can be made useful as a sort of celestial barometer. It also is occasionally encircled by a great dusky ring, such a ring, or solar halo, as ushered in the severe wintry spell experienced in this country in the early part of the present year. I have not found, however, that these solar halos can be implicitly relied upon as precursors of disturbed weather; often as not, they have meant merely a lowering of the temperature, but in any case they are not signs which the prudent holiday-maker should altogether ignore. I have rarely seen them during the summer season; autumn seems to be the time when they are most prevalent. There are also tinted day clouds, generally amber or pink. A note in my diary for Sunday, May 12th, 1918, reads: "This morning, after a brief spell of superb, hot weather, the sky became flecked with snow-white clouds, which in the neighbourhood of the sun were streaked and fringed with an exquisite pink. Some rain fell two hours afterwards; the clouds assumed a stormy appearance, the air became chilly, and the rest of the day was boisterous and threatening."

So much for the sun, moon, and coloured clouds as helpful weather guides to those on holiday bent. But clouds, with their infinite variety of form, are especially important in that respect, though they require very close study before the message they convey can be accurately interpreted. One of the simplest signs they display is that if they show a tendency gradually to disappear—I speak more particularly with regard to the light ones with which

the morning sky in summer is frequently dotted—if, I repeat, these show a tendency to disappear, the day should prove fine; if, however, they should slowly increase, rain may be expected. On the whole, high detached clouds give promise of fine weather, but low, scudding clouds point to wet and generally stormy conditions.

If one's newspaper of a morning opens crisply, the weather conditions point to being favourable; but if it is limp, the holiday-maker should not omit to take his rainproof when leaving home.

What "Cyclones" Mean

Dominating all our weather changes are the cyclones and anti-cyclones about which we have read a good deal in the papers since the Armistice allowed of meteorological information being given to the public. The cyclones—or depressions, as they are now more usually termed—chiefly come to us from the Atlantic, and are associated with unsettled weather; the anti-cyclones are the areas of fine weather. The wind circulates about a cyclone in a direction opposite to that in which the hands of a clock move, so that as the cyclone approaches our coasts we experience a south-westerly wind, as shown in Fig. 1. The cyclone is passing to the north-east, and when the centre has reached the North of England (Fig. 2) it will be seen that the wind has veered to the west. When the storm has travelled out on to the North Sea (Fig. 3) we observe that the wind over England has veered to the north-west. Hence, the approach of the cyclone is marked by mild south-westerly winds, with rain; later, fairer weather sets in with the west wind, and later still, with the passing of the cyclone away to the north-east, we experience a dry and cold north-westerly wind and a rise of the barometer. If the barometer begins to fall again and the wind shows a tendency to back to the west and south-west, you may take it, reader, that another cyclone is approaching with a repetition of disturbed weather.

In regard to the anti-cyclone, or area of high atmospheric pressure, the wind circulation is clockwise; that is, exactly opposite to that of the cyclone. In summer these anti-cyclones bring clear skies and floods of sunshine, and they have a habit of remaining stationary for weeks together

In Retreat

Thoughts for Holiday Time

By

John Oxenham

IT is not only very enjoyable, but it is in every way desirable and beneficial to get right away at times from one's usual surroundings and to live for a space in new and wider atmospheres—to "make retreat," in the words of some of our friends; or, in the words of others, "reculer pour mieux sauter"—to withdraw for a better spring.



Face to Face with Nature

Temperaments, of course, differ, and one man's meat may be another man's poison. But for myself I find the fullest renewal in some utterly out-of-the-way spot where I can be as nearly alone as one can hope to be—face to face with Nature and with Nature's Maker. One attains therewith a certain degree of detachment from the smaller things of life, and leisure and breadth of outlook which enable one to view the whole complex machinery of things from the outside, as one sometimes fails to do when the closer roar of it dulls one's senses and cramps one's heart and thought.

When it was possible I used to find the most beneficent rest in a clean jump into some foreign country—a tiny remote village in Switzerland, or a still remoter hamlet on the rocky north-west coast of Brittany, or, still better, on one of the almost unknown islands off the coast—where, for the first day or two, the children, never having seen an Englishman before, would run howling to hide behind their mothers' voluminous blue skirts at sight of me, but eventually finding me harmless, came to suffer me patiently if not gladly.



An Aloine Glen

But in these days foreign countries are unattainable for the ordinary civilian, and so some of us are discovering that within our own island walls there are retreats

as desirable as any other country can offer.

And so I write these lines in a remote, delectable little land, where, indeed, a language foreign and uncouth to me is spoken, but where ordinary English is everywhere understood—which has its advantages. Before me is a tiny blue lake about a mile long, noted for its trout. All round are steep hills thrusting their mighty limbs down to the placid water, with just enough room at their feet for a thin white ribbon of a road. At the head of the lake is a pass winding up among the hills to the outer wilds, and a brawling river. At the foot of the lake a similar pass and river lead to the other end of nowhere. The hills shoot up steeply a couple of thousand feet or so, and they are wonderfully beautiful—clothed at present with emerald green velvet that has a curious soft glow in it, and towards the summits with a darker green, also softly luminous. They are full of lumps and bumps and shadows which look exactly like piles of gigantic velvet cushions, and they are all channelled with rifts where the wash-outs from the summits lie like so many hanging church spires, narrow at the top and broadening out at the bottom.



Evening Glow

On one side of me a waterfall makes three or four long white leaps towards the lake—its source a mountain-tarn to which I have not yet climbed. And back of that tarn lies a mountain with a notable and beautiful name. At night when the sun has sunk behind the western hills, the top of the eastern ridge is crested all its length with pure liquid gold—a veritable alpine glow which I have never seen in Great Britain before.

In the woods the wild hyacinths still lie in sheets amid the springing ferns. In the garden through which I have passed to climb

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to the waterfall, lilac of three shades, azaleas of every delicate tint, camellias, apple-blossom and rhododendrons are in profusion. Cuckoos abound. I heard one the other night trying a duet with an owl. "Olly-o! Olly-ololy-ololy!" said the owl. "Cuck-oo!" said the other. "Olly-o! Olly-ololy-ololy!" "Cuck-cuck-oo!" and they went at it hammer and tongs.



The Baby Rabbit

As I sat, there came a patter of falling stones above me, a frightened squeal, and a tiny baby rabbit fell on top of me and slipped under my leg for safety. I hauled him out very carefully lest he should break. He was about the size of a week-old kitten, and, like the Breton youngsters, had obviously never seen an Englishman before and wished his mother was handy. I soothed him—or tried to; but not understanding his language, did not succeed any too well. So I climbed the bank and searched for his probable front door, found one, and headed him into it. He fled down the front hall and disappeared. But as I waited I saw his twitching little brown nose appearing again. Then he caught sight of his bogey-man and disappeared. Perhaps, after all, he had only come back to say "Thank you, sir!"

But he was safer inside, for a hawk from the pass had flown down the valley that morning, and there were some hungry-looking black crows about with beaks that might have made very short work of a baby rabbit.



On the Blue Lake

On the blue lake—bluer than the sky above—patient fishermen sit all day in

boats whipping the smooth surface with their transparent lines and delicate flies. And on a stone promontory sits a large cormorant with an ugly curved beak—flown in from the sea and cultivating an inordinate taste for young trout. They say he catches more in two hours than do all the fancy fishermen in a week. As he sits there preening himself, he somehow suggests to me the German Kaiser—before the war.

A woman in a sunbonnet has come down from the farm above to get a pail of water, and at her heels, like a dog, a frisky little lamb. "A pet?" I ask. "Yes—my pet lamb. His mother died, and I brought him up on the bottle. I call him 'Brownie' because of the spot on his tail." She sat down beside me for a chat, for they don't see many strangers in those parts. "And when he grows up—will you kill him?" I asked. "Kill him!" she cried indignantly. "Never! He shall die of old age." And she caught him up like a puppy and nuzzled and kissed him. "Don't you think he looks more intelligent than the lambs of the field?" she asked anxiously, and I politely agreed and suggested that it was her good company that made him so. "And next week he goes on to buttermilk," she laughed. "So far he has had sweetmilk. He will not like that," and she and the lamb went off down the hill to fetch their pail of water.

A little place of large peace and helpful rest—a regenerating station for the soul.



Prayer

For hills and lakes and clear-running streams, and growing things, and the wind in the trees, we thank Thee, Lord. Help us, in these things and in all things, to find Thee, and therewith rest and renewal for our souls. Amen!





By Mary E. Mann

WHEN the cheeks of the only daughter of the Earl of Amblegate had looked pale for three consecutive days, when the only daughter's temper had been a little perverse, and her feet had been observed to drag as she walked, when the doctor recommended change of scene and a bracing air, the Countess reminded herself of a cousin who lived with her husband and her three sons in a rectory a few miles from the sea on the east coast, and sent Lady Mary, in the care of her governess, to stay there.

There followed the most delightful fortnight the child had enjoyed in her twelve years of life.

Lady Amblegate was charmed with the account she almost at once received of her precious charge from Miss Hawksleigh, the governess.

"Her cheeks are like roses again; she seems never to tire. The improvement, through the delightful air and the greater freedom she enjoys, are so marked that I hesitate for the present to interfere with her liberty," the sensible woman wrote. "Mrs. Copling's youngest son, home from his first term at Winchester, is a very nice boy; the dear girl can take only good in his society. Indeed, the family circle is altogether charming; such a spirit of cheerfulness and exhilaration pervades the atmosphere that I, also, feel already benefited by the change."

To read with the elder sons and to take the responsibility of Craymore, the youngest, off his parents' shoulders, a holiday tutor had been engaged, and this bachelor gentleman suffered a good deal of chaff at the hands of the young Coplings on the subject

of the spinster governess; in consequence of which, poor good-natured Mr. Dunn, quite ready to laugh himself over the joke, was nevertheless a little shy of the dignified Miss Hawksleigh, and shunned those *tête-à-tête* so obviously arranged for them with the lady.

Miss Hawksleigh, on her side, noticing and pitying his shyness, did her best to encourage the young man, with whom she had many interests in common, and of whose intellectual powers she had conceived a high opinion.

"Ask her what she thinks of old Dunn," Craymore commanded Lady Mary, early in the companionship of the pair.

"Why should I do that?"

"Because it will be fun to tell old Dunn."

"But if she did not think nice things of him you could not tell him, Cray?"

"Why not?"

"Because," explained Lady Mary, fully instructed on such points, "it would not be polite."

"That wouldn't matter with good old Dunn," Cray assured her airily. "Ask Miss Hawksleigh what she thinks of his head of hair," he added.

"He hasn't got a head of hair, Cray."

"Well, ask her if she does not think he'd look better if he had."

"Miss Hawksleigh would be very angry if I asked such questions."

"Not she! Try her. She'll like to talk about old Dunn's bald pate."

Thus instructed, Lady Mary, whose lessons during this memorable holiday consisted of an hour's reading with her governess, looked off from her book that afternoon, and asked permission to put a question.

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"Certainly; if it is of importance, and has to do with the subject about which we are reading."

"It is not exactly that," said Lady Mary, looking down upon the pages of "The Life of Nelson," and looking away again. "It is about Mr. Dunn's pate."

"His what?"

"His bald pate."

"That is not a becoming term to use, Mary. Mr. Dunn has been exceedingly



"Oh, let go my cap, Mr. Dunn!
Look out, sir!"

Drawn by
F. P. Kinsella

kind and attentive to you, remember. I should like to hear you speak of him in a more respectful tone."

"I am most extremely respectful," Lady Mary explained. "I only wanted to ask you if you admired Mr. Dunn's bald pate."

"Say 'head,' Mary."

"Pate is a Bible word, Miss Hawksleigh."

"Don't argue. In this connection, say 'head.' Do I admire it? I think it is a well-shaped head, a well-defined one, and I believe it to be the home of great thoughts and noble ideals. In a sense I do admire it."

"But wouldn't it look nicer if it grew hair as well as those other things?"

"That is a matter of opinion, dear. Go on with your reading, Mary."

"But what is your opinion? Do you think he is so nice he couldn't be any nicer, or do you think a little hair——?"

"A little hair would improve him, certainly. It's a pity he does not try a specific. The fact that such a young man is so bald might prejudice him, perhaps, in some quarters; but with people of intellect—— Go on with your reading, Mary."



"Miss Hawksleigh has the highest opinion of you in every other particular, sir, but she wishes you to do something with your hair," Cray informed his tutor that afternoon.

"I can't do anything with what I have not got, Cray."

"To encourage its growth, sir," Cray explained with quiet solemnity. He was a rather small boy of fourteen, with a dark, sleek head, a pale, handsome face, long-shaped very blue eyes, and an expression of habitual gravity.

"And what does Miss Hawksleigh recommend?" the tutor asked, who was not at all averse from laughing at himself—when no other subject was handy.

"I will find out for you, sir."

"I'll make it warm for you if you do! You haven't had the cheek to make my bald pate the subject of a conversation with Miss Hawksleigh?"

"Not at all, sir. It was my cousin was telling me. Miss Hawksleigh talks to my cousin about your hair, sir."



It was towards the end of Lady Mary's stay that Mr. Dunn, who, although shy and nervous in everyday intercourse, was extraordinarily eloquent in the pulpit, was called away to preach for a special cause in the church of a friend. The church was some miles distant, and he was to be absent for a couple of nights.

"Where's the Crayfish?" he inquired, when he had made his farewells with the rest of the family.

The Crayfish—it was the jocose title the tutor had bestowed on his temporary pupil—was with Byng, the Scotch terrier, his especial property, and his cousin, Lady Mary, in the orchard. Mr. Dunn espied him there as he cycled past. He was

A DEAR LITTLE FELLOW

standing in somewhat dangerous proximity to a greengage tree, whose fruit, fast ripening, he had been specially requested not to interfere with; but his hands were in his pockets, and a look of absolute innocence in his eyes.

"Good-bye, old man," the clergyman cried to him over the orchard hedge as he rode past. "Keep out of mischief, will you, till Monday?"

"Certainly, sir. Good-bye, sir," called Cray; then shouted the tutor's name and ran to the hedge. "Hi, sir! Mr. Dunn! Just a word, if you please, sir."

The amiable Dunn slowed down on his machine.

"Nearer, sir. I don't want the village to hear."

The clergyman dismounted, lodged his bicycle carefully against a tree, climbed the bank, and turned an attentive ear, above the hedge which surmounted it, to the boy's whispering lips.

"It's about Miss Hawksleigh, sir. She shan't forget you. I'll take care to— Oh, let go my cap, Mr. Dunn! Look out, sir! What are you doing with my cap! It's my best one."

He followed with his eyes the cap thrown into the tree above his head as Mr. Dunn, having taken that futile revenge, remounted and rode away.

"Now you haven't got it any more to fling at the greengages," Lady Mary reminded him as he slowly rejoined her beneath that tree.

"I can get what greengages I want without a cap, I suppose? Look here! How many have you eaten, Mary? You don't know? I told you *twelve*. You should have counted."

"I did count *up* to twelve, Cray. Then I forgot."

"You don't feel sick?"

"Not yet."

"If you feel it coming on, say so, and I'll take you down to the sea to walk it off."

He threw a dead branch at the greengage tree, picked up and demolished the fruit that fell, flinging the stones in the face of

Byng, agitatedly whisking himself off all four feet at once, and snapping his jaws at the missiles. "I say!" cried the boy, and made a big swallow, his hands to his throat. "I've bolted a wasp with that last one!"

"Oh, Cray, no! You haven't!"

"A man once swallowed one in his tea and died."

"Oh, Cray! Oh, Cray!"

The boy swayed for a moment from toe to heel, from heel to toe, then fell prostrate upon the sun-dried grass, his face upon his folded arms.

"Cray! Dear Cray!"

"Shut up," said Cray.

For five minutes, which seemed to Lady



"Oh, Cray, you do look funny!"—p. 824

Drawn by
E. P. Kinsella

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watchful of the birds flying over his head, sat on the other.

Suddenly the boy flung himself over and sat up, looking gloomily before him. "This is beastly slow; I've had enough of this," he said.

"Is the wasp gone, Cray?"

"Never there. I only did it to frighten you. Were you frightened?"

"Not a bit," averred Lady Mary, with more dignity than truth.

"Come on!" he cried. "Let's go up into the hayloft to see if we can teach this little beggar to catch a rat."

Either no rats were there, to be caught in the hayloft, or Byng was not proficient in the art, for he failed, to Lady Mary's secret relief, to show them any sport. But he barked and screamed in indicated directions, scratched wildly at likely looking holes, and became so much excited with the diversion that on descending by way of the coach-house, he seized a carriage mat which Cray flung at him, shaking and tearing it to give the onlookers the impression it was a dangerous animal held by the throat.

Cray, attempting a rescue, the mat gave way, a corner of it remaining in his hand.

The mat was made from a dyed sheep-skin; the portion remaining with Cray was of the size and fashion of a pantomime wig, and was at once placed upon his own sleek, close-cropped head.

Lady Mary laughed at the faces he made beneath the adornment.

"Oh, Cray, you do look funny. What a pity Mr. Dunn hasn't got a head of hair like that!"

Cray's eyes lit. "By Jove!" he said. He took the remnant from his head and gazed at it meditatively. "I say! We'll have some fun with this," he promised.

"What will you do? Oh, do tell me, Cray."

"Keep your eyes open; something 'll turn up," he said.

His confidence in Fate was not abused. To those who know how to seize their opportunities perhaps something always does "turn up," and for Cray it did so that very afternoon.

They were all sitting at tea on the terrace when a note was brought to Mrs. Copling. She laughed as she broke the seal. "Something Mr. Dunn has forgotten," she said.

"He is a perfect champion at forgetting things."

She was right. "It is his crimson stole, and his sermon notes, this time," she said.

"Go to his room, Cray, and fetch them. In one of his top drawers, he says. I really wonder he does not forget his head."

"Or his hair," said Cray, looking very alert.

With a light in his eyes, and a step more brisk than that with which he generally went on his mother's errands, he departed to do her bidding.

He did not return to finish his tea, being busy with pen, ink, and paper in the throes of composition, but after a considerable lapse of time the servant re-appeared upon the terrace bringing another letter.

"From the same messenger who brought the note from Mr. Dunn, ma'am," the man explained as he presented it; his face was unusually red, as from the suppression of some lively emotion.

"For me?" said Miss Hawksleigh, as she took it from the salver. She maintained a praiseworthy calm, knowing well that the interest and curiosity of the family circle were aroused.

Something besides the letter was in the envelope. Those who cared to look saw that Miss Hawksleigh peeped upon, without removing the object, then opened the letter, making a casual remark upon the warmth of the day as she did so, that all might see she was absolutely at her ease.

The rest delicately refrained from looking at her as she read, or they would have observed a look of blank astonishment upon her face. Slowly she returned the letter to its envelope, with deliberation she arose, and with a word of apology walked into the house.

"Dunn's made the offer," the son from Cambridge declared.

"And sent the ring with it," added the son from Oxford.

Miss Hawksleigh, sweeping through the hall and mounting with slow dignity the stairs, unfolded again, and reread the letter. It was written in a particularly neat, slightly cramped hand.

"DEAR MISS HAWKSLEIGH," it ran. "I am about to ask you to perform a service for me. It is one which you alone I can ask secretly to perform. As a secret

A DEAR LITTLE FELLOW

it must remain between us for ever. Although you have known me hitherto as a bald man, I now confess I am not always such, on occasions appearing in a head of hair, in other words a wig. In the pain of bidding you farewell I have left this article behind. I am wearing my hat turned down to cover my ears till it arrives. I forward key of dressing-table drawer where wig will be found, which please dispatch by bearer. This is the secret of my life. I know that you will be faithful till death.

"Your sincere
admirer,

"WALTER DUNN."

"A proof of faith, indeed!" said Miss Hawksleigh to herself. "And therefore a compliment. But an extraordinary, and in a way an unpleasant commission with which to be entrusted. If the man were not so unmistakably a gentleman, so modest, so delicate in every word and action, I might be tempted to say that he had been guilty of presumption. Why, of all the inmates of the house, am I chosen to do this thing?"

The letter gave the answer. Faithfully would she perform what was required of her, faithfully till the death would she keep his secret.

She knew which was Mr. Dunn's bedroom, but felt a little awkward about entering it. No one was likely to be in the upper part of the house at that hour, yet, as she gently turned the handle of the door she heard a sound like a smothered giggle, followed by a sound like a scuttling foot. She looked haughtily around. All was still.

"Some servant where she had no right to be," said Miss Hawksleigh, giving a partly true explanation of the incident; for the young footman and the youngest son of the house, having watched from behind a convenient door the arrival on the scene of the

lady, now held in mutual embrace, were executing a dance of joy over the success of the conspiracy.

Miss Hawksleigh, bravely overcoming her reluctance, opened the door of the tutor's bedroom and closed it behind her. Swiftly she walked to the dressing-table, and, taking the key from the envelope, unlocked the drawer.

Almost was she relieved when her eyes fell on no false head of hair. So accustomed had she become to the well-shaped, bare dome of the tutor's skull she shrank from picturing it thus falsely adorned. No wig was there, but a rather clumsy-looking brown paper parcel.

Could that be it?

Gingerly she drew it forth. In a matter of so much importance she must make sure. The string was securely knotted, but pulling it aside she tore a tiny hole in the paper beneath one of the overlapping ends. A thick wisp of hair of a rusty brown colour obtruded. It was in reality a portion of a sheepskin mat, but to the timid glance

of the lady it revealed itself as a lock of hair on a gentleman's wig.

Miss Hawksleigh turned quite faint as she beheld. Hastily she pressed the flap of paper over it, and readjusted the string, overcome with the feeling that she had gazed upon something in connection with the reverend gentleman which no eyes should have seen.

At his writing-table she addressed the parcel, and descending was about to deliver it into the hands of the young footman now lurking in the hall, but bethinking her it would be a serious matter if the wig should fall into any other than its owner's hands, decided herself to see the messenger, and to give with it special instructions that the parcel should be delivered to Mr. Dunn.



"The string was
securely knotted,
but pulling it aside
she tore a tiny hole
in the paper"

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For the remainder of her stay with the Coplings, although Miss Hawksleigh made an effort to comport herself as usual, she went through the day's routine but mechanically, so actively was her mind at work on a subject to her of thrilling interest. As far as she could she recalled every incident of her intercourse with Mr. Dunn. He had been courteous always; he had a way of beaming goodwill upon people, generally; of smiling at them as if he liked them; but had there been evidences of any particular feeling in her case? She was a woman used to being quite honest with herself, and she decided there had been none. Then, how explain his choice of her to perform that delicate mission, how construe the tender phrasing of his letter? If what seemed the only explanation was the true one, and he followed up the expressions of the letter by a declaration on his return, what should be her answer? Would it be possible for her to *love* a bald gentleman ten years younger than herself? A gentleman who, for purposes of increasing his power of attraction, wore occasionally a false head of hair?

Mr. Dunn was expected to return early on the morning of the day on which Lady Mary and her governess were to leave. Fate arranged otherwise. The clergyman was unavoidably detained. It was not until the Amblegate motor was at the door, and Miss Hawksleigh and her charge in the hall, exchanging farewells with their host's family, that he appeared. He lodged his bicycle carefully by the pillar of the porch, and came among them, smiling his shy but genial smile. He was a favourite with them all. Each one present had something to tell him, some question to ask, some joke to make. There was a hubbub of greeting mixed with the hubbub of farewell. Not a private word, Miss Hawksleigh saw, could pass from him to her.

"Good-bye, pet," Mrs. Copling said to the little girl she was kissing. "Get just a little ill again, so that they may send you back to us to cure."

"Good-bye. Good-bye. Good-bye. I am so sorry to go. Where is Cray?"

"Yes. Where is the Crayfish?" the tutor asked. "I think I may have a bone to pick with that crustacean."

The Crayfish had ensconced himself in the car, where he sat holding Byng, very bright-

looking and pleased with himself and his position, in his arms. "I am going five miles with you, to walk back," he explained, as the ladies took their seats opposite him.

"I received a parcel yesterday, together with that containing my sermon notes and stole, for which I think I have to thank you, sir," the curate said, appearing at the side of the car.

"Me, sir? No, sir!" said Cray, opening innocent eyes. "A parcel, sir? I think it was Miss Hawksleigh who sent you a parcel, sir."

"You! Miss Hawksleigh! Is it possible?"

"Certainly I sent it, Mr. Dunn."

The tutor gazed upon her with a fallen face and a deep reproach in his eyes. "Really?" he asked in a low voice. He took his hands from the side of the car and stood back. "I did not think you could have been so cruel!" he said.

"Now, I wonder what he could have meant by that!" Miss Hawksleigh asked of herself as the car rolled away.

It was a question which she was destined to ask herself, receiving no satisfactory reply, for ever.

Lady Mary, seated opposite the attractive Cray, kept her eyes while it was possible on his sleek head and solemn face. So much she admired him, so inevitably she must be parted from him soon!

"You have been most kind," Miss Hawksleigh said to the boy. "I shall be sure to tell Lord and Lady Amblegate how invariably kind and attentive you have been."

In a few minutes the car stopped, and boy and dog were set down.

"Good-bye, dear Byng; don't forget me. Good-bye, Cray."

"Good-bye, Mary."

As he stood by the side of the road he put his hand to his cheek with the gesture of brushing away his tears, and dashing them to the ground. "You're not crying a drop, you're only pretending," Mary said, with a sob in her own voice, as the car rushed on. She leant over the back of the car to see the last of him, a little figure running along, his dog yapping at his heels; a little figure growing less and less on the distant road.

"Oh, Miss Hawksleigh, he is quite gone. I can't see Cray any more, at all."

"What a dear little fellow he is!" Miss Hawksleigh said. "Sit down, dear Mary."

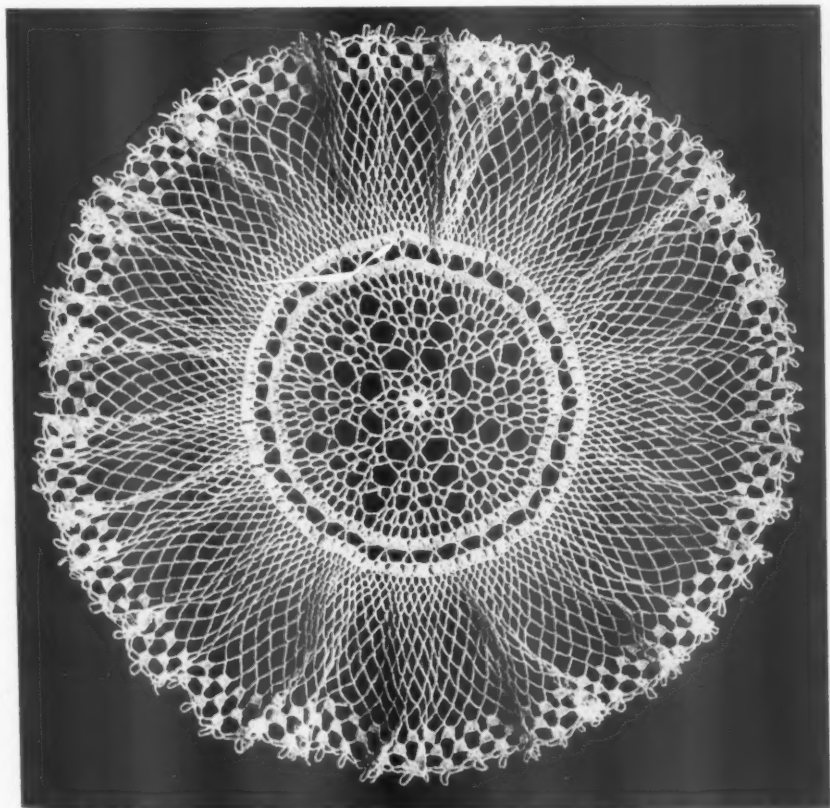
Holiday Crochet Competition

First Prize One Guinea,
Second Prize, 10s. 6d.

Open to all Readers

RULES FOR COMPETITORS

1. The D'Oyley illustrated here, and for which the instructions are given, is the one that is to be worked.
2. The Competition is open to all Crochet readers, but each entry must be the actual work of the competitor herself.
3. The D'Oyleys will be returned to the respective owners *if the correct amount of postage is enclosed with entry.*
4. All work should reach this office not later than September 1, and should be addressed: "Crochet Competition, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4." The results will be announced in the November number of this magazine.
5. The Editor's decision is final.



The Prizes are offered for the work showing the most skill in carrying out the above design. Full instructions are given overleaf

Competition D'Oyley Instructions

ABBREVIATIONS: ch, chain; ss, slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble.

COTTON of two sizes should be used for this d'oyley with suitable steel hooks. For the centre, "Peri-Lusta" Crochet No. 50; and for the edge, "Peri-Lusta" Crochet No. 70, or cottons of a similar gauge, must be employed.

With the coarser thread make a ring of 10 ch.

1st round.—1 ch., 16 d.c. into ring; join last d.c. to the first with ss.

2nd round.—3 ch., 1 tr. in next d.c., * 2 ch., 2 tr. in next two stitches; repeat from * six times, then 2 ch., 1 ss., at end to top of first three ch. Finish every round in this way with ss. till further notice.

3rd round.—Ss. into first hole, 6 ch. (first three for 1 tr.), 1 tr. in same hole, * 3 ch., miss two tr., 1 tr. in next hole, 3 ch., 1 tr. in same hole; repeat from * six times and finish with 3 ch. and 1 ss. into third ch. at beginning of round.

4th round.—Ss. into hole between tr., 6 ch. (first three for one tr.), 1 tr. in same hole, * 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop of ch., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. between the next two tr.; repeat from * and finish with ss. as usual.

5th round.—Ss. into first hole between tr., 6 ch. (first three for one tr.), 1 tr. in same hole, 3 ch., 1 tr. in same hole, * 5 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. all into next hole between two tr.; repeat from *.

6th round.—Ss. into first hole, 6 ch., 1 tr. in same hole, * 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. into next hole between tr., 3 ch., 1 d.c. in loop of five ch., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. in next hole; repeat from *.

7th round.—Ss. into first hole, 6 ch., 1 tr. in same hole, * 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. in next hole, 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. in next hole between tr., 5 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. in next hole between tr.; repeat from *.

8th round.—6 ch., 1 tr. in first space between tr., * 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. in next space between tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. in next space between tr., 3 ch., 1 d.c. in loop of five ch., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. in next space. Repeat from * all round.

9th round.—6 ch., 1 tr., * 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. into next hole, 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. in next hole, 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. in next hole, 5 ch., 1 tr. in next hole, 3 ch., 1 tr. in same hole; repeat from * all round.

10th round.—6 ch., 1 tr. in next hole, * 3 ch., 1 tr. into next hole; repeat from * all round. There should be 80 spaces altogether in this round.

11th round.—3 ch., 2 tr. in the first space, then 3 tr. into every space all round, finishing with ss. as usual.

12th round.—6 ch., 1 tr. in tr. whence the six ch. were begun, * 3 ch., miss five, 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. in the same stitch; repeat from * all round.

13th round.—3 tr. in the spaces between tr. and 5 tr. in the loops of five ch.

This finishes the centre of the d'oyley. Work the rest with the finer cotton.

14th round.—1 d.c. into the first tr., * 5 ch., miss one, 1 d.c.; repeat from * all round, finishing with 5 ch. and 1 ss. at the top of the first d.c. The next rounds, till further instruction, need not be linked at the end with ss. to the first stitch, but may be carried round and round without a break.

15th round.—5 ch. and 1 d.c. into every loop.

16th and 17th rounds.—6 ch. and 1 d.c.

18th and 19th rounds.—7 ch. for every loop.

20th and 21st rounds.—8 ch. for every loop.

22nd and 23rd rounds.—9 ch. for every loop.

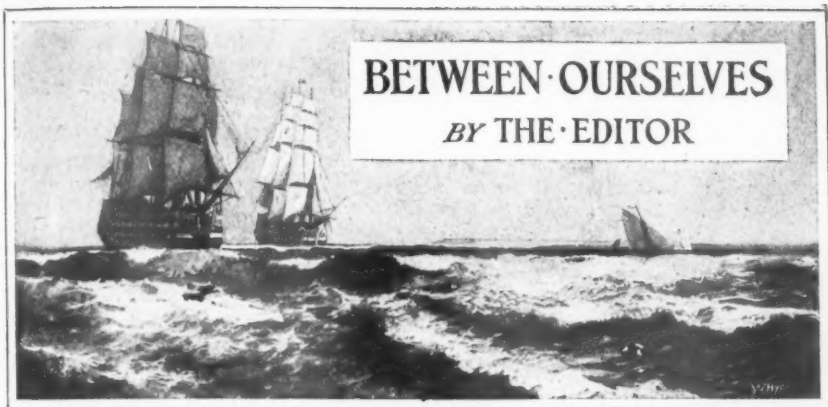
24th and 25th rounds.—10 ch. for every loop.

26th round.—Ss. into the middle of first loop, 3 ch., 4 tr. into same loop, * 5 ch., 5 tr. in next loop; repeat from * all round; finish with ss. into the first three ch.

27th and 28th rounds.—Like the 26th round.

29th round.—Ss. to third tr. of the first group, 1 d.c., 9 ch., 1 d.c. in same tr., * 5 ch., 1 d.c. in middle of next ch. loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in third of next group of tr., 9 ch., 1 d.c. in same tr.; repeat from * and finish with ss. in the first d.c.

Fasten off and run in the ends.



BETWEEN OURSELVES

BY THE EDITOR

In a Rut

I FIRMLY believe that the greatest danger facing the majority of us is that of getting into a rut. Sadly enough, most of us do not recognise it is a danger at all. We go to church and pray that we may be preserved from sudden death and the major and minor sins, yet what litany includes the petition, "From getting into a rut, from doing the same things over and over again, from settling down into stodginess and prosaic living, Good Lord, deliver us"? That would, I think, be a most sensible petition, and put in far more elegant language than the negro preachers fervent ejaculation: "Good Lord, stir us up!" We want stirring up, particularly the middle-aged portion of us, and holiday time is surely the one glorious opportunity for breaking out of the rut, the supreme chance of doing something different from the ordinary, of stretching the elastic of our minds and thereby saving our souls.



The Busman's Holiday

The story is told of a busman who spent his one day holiday travelling as a passenger on someone else's bus. Such a procedure is certain evidence of a rigidity of mind almost fatal. Yet the busman of that ancient story is by no means singular. I have known proprietresses of boarding houses who visit other boarding establishments for recreation, vicars who exchange

pulpits as a "holiday." Worse still, I can vouch for as a fact that a compositor of my acquaintance spent his honeymoon travelling up and down the country taking on odd jobs at his old trade at every town *en route*.



Have a Change

Dear reader, my advice to you this holiday time is to have all the change you can get. If, perchance, you live in a house with four walls all the year round, why, live in a tent for a fortnight, and get young again. If you have bacon and coffee for breakfast all the months of the year, this month try sausages and tea. If you are usually an early riser, commit the indiscretion of staying in bed an extra hour: if late hours are a prevalent failing from September to July, rise with the lark during August, and bathe your feet in the dew of early morning. Break the old ruts, and renew the elasticity of your mind.



"Whoso Breaketh a Hedge"

I would fain leave off at this point. The advice I have given is sound and sincere, but frankness makes me add a word of warning "between ourselves." An illustrious ancestor of mine is reputed to have preached fifty times from the text "Whoso breaketh a hedge a serpent shall bite him." After advising you to break hedges, it is with

THE QUIVER

great reluctance I have to admit that probably a serpent will bite you. For instance, a respectable married couple of my acquaintance are this year hiring a dinghy on the river, and they purpose to spend their holidays boating, *sleeping in the dinghy*. The idea is an entrancing one. Just think of the soft splash of the water against the boat, the gentle sighing of the trees, the murmur of the wafting breeze as you fall off to sleep. But it occurs to me that there may be disadvantages to be carefully considered before committing oneself to the care of the waters. For instance, sleeping on the bottom of a hard boat may not, after the first night, appeal to the fastidious. Then, though there be no serpents to bite, it is quite possible that that office might be taken over by sundry gnats and other insects that are apt to make open-air sleeping rather trying. Some people, too, might find it awkward performing their morning toilet on the edge of the stream, and uncomfortable spending a week without disrobing. Then, *the rain!* It is all very well gliding down stream on a sunny afternoon, but it is just possible that domestic felicity will be strained if the rain comes down in torrents and converts a tiny boat into damp misery.



Slow Torture and Real Rain

And the rain can make a world of difference. I speak from experience. Have I not tried to break the hedge, and hasn't the serpent shown himself exceedingly troublesome? Take last year's holiday, for instance.

It was a time of restrictions—travel, food, and generally. I determined to be independent of train and motor, boarding house and seaside resort. I would cycle away across country, pedalling leisurely by day, putting up at pretty little villages for the night. Could anything be more inviting, more unconventional to a staid office creature? Alas! for the reality. Do you know what it is to watch the weather for weeks ahead? Do you know the slow torture of fine weather for weeks before your holiday is due—exquisite summer weather that slowly turns to rain just before your holiday comes along? And do you remember the rain last year? It rained the day we set out—

rained hard. We had lunch crowded under the roots of an old oak tree—the only dry spot on a wet landscape. It left off raining as we went to bed that night, and restarted early next day. It rained pitilessly, relentlessly, unceasingly. We plodded on over the South Downs in mist and storm, lurching in an old barn that offered rude but grateful cover. Our subsequent history is merely the degrees of penetrability of our various garments from cap to shoes. What a helpless creature is man to be so much at the mercy of the mere elements!

Then the villages! You picture the glorious glow of the setting sun as you pedal into an old-world village. A charming old countrywoman greets you, bids you enter an old-world cottage, and regales you with ample home-made fare. So for the dream: alas! for the reality. But last year was an exceptional one: the food shortage necessitated carrying most of one's food on the back of the machine, the villages were chock-full of refugees from the raids, or centres for nursing homes and hospitals, or were occupied by munition workers and aeroplane builders. What a world it was during the war!

Our ardour somewhat damped, we finally landed at the usual, conventional seaside resort, and found refuge in the usual, conventional boarding house. I am aware that it was a sad falling off of ideals—but there is something to be said, after all, for prosaic comforts and commonplace meals. It is good to get out of the rut—but it sometimes makes hard running.



Retrograding

An editor must be an optimist or he would never get on. He must also possess a certain amount of initiative, or his pages would grow hopelessly dull and his readers painfully few. He must also carry a fair amount of patience and perseverance, or he would never survive the letters of wrathful readers that come his way. It is therefore peculiarly sad for me to confess that precept is easier than practice, and that this year—my advice to the contrary!—I am planning the stodgiest, most unenterprising holiday imaginable. I would far rather not have admitted this. I would much prefer to have given my advice, uttered my words of warn-

BETWEEN OURSELVES

ing, and then finished off with a glorious peroration on the life that is bold and free. But I must be truthful "between ourselves," and the fact of the matter is that I have simply booked up for a fortnight at a boarding house—at the very place where, damp and disgruntled, I landed last year! There is very little excuse, of course. As it rained in torrents last year probably it will be fine this year. Now that the war is over it may be that once again the village worthies will be prepared to welcome passing tourists with open arms—and provide them with real butter! It may be that I am missing a priceless opportunity of free and unalloyed enjoyment: the fact remains that I have merely booked up for a fortnight at a boarding house where breakfast is served at nine o'clock, lunch at 1.30, and dinner at seven in the evening. Oh, height of the conventional!



A Dream Holiday

Having little excuse, I offer none. It is too often the case that prophets can see the vision glorious, point it out with words of burning eloquence to others—and fail to reach it themselves. Great preachers have been known to lose their tempers if the breakfast is cold on Monday mornings though their Sunday evening discourses on "The Meekness of Moses" have left nothing to be desired. My only consolation is that though ungrateful humanity too often loses the best of its opportunities, life is full of second chances. I am going to be bored and restless for a fortnight at a boarding house,

but all the time I shall think of the might-have-beens, and try to help them into the may-yet-be. I can see with the eyes of faith some distant, misty morning when I shall hie me off on a little motor car, with a heart full of hope and a pocket full of maps, with no abiding dwelling-place and not a care in the world. I shall spend the first night at some quaint little village near the New Forest. The second day I shall set my face due west until Devon and Cornwall are reached. Rain will have fallen a few days before just sufficient to have laid the dust. There will be a few fleecy clouds in the sky, but the glass will be steadily rising. After a day or two listening to the swell of the Atlantic breakers, I shall strike north, spend the night somewhere in the Severn Valley, and the following day take in the beauties of the Wye district. After that—. But why go on? There is an endless variety with the holiday of one's dreams, the scenery never grows monotonous, the journey never boring. After all, though for most of us the ruts of life are sunken deep, and the hedges, too, stiff for breaking, there is left the glorious freedom of our dreams, the infinite possibilities of never-ending imaginings. And ofttimes in life it happens that the things we most persistently dream about come true at last, the vision of the future becomes the reality of the day, all the better and all the dearer for the length of the anticipation.

Reader, be as daring as you can: your Editor will live in hopes.

The Editor



THE QUIVER

ARMY OF HELPERS

CONDUCTED BY MRS R. H. LOCK
(BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF)

"Love waketh; and sleeping, it sleepeth not; love wearied is not weary, and love constrained is not constrained; it, afear'd, is not troubled; but as a quick flame and a burning brand he bursteth upwards and passeth surely. He that loveth knoweth the cry of this voice."—THOMAS À KEMPIS.

MY DEAR HELPERS,—I have an accumulation of letters with which to deal this month. All give indications of the progress and growth of the work of the Army of Helpers in many directions—small branches and twigs perhaps, but none the less useful in their way.

Next month I hope to give an account of a sale at

The Homes for Little Boys, Farningham,

where we support "Philip." I have just received this report, which is excellent. Those who contributed towards the £36 needed for his support will be glad to hear that he is being instructed in the elements of engineering.

Silver Thimble Fund

This Fund closed on July 8th, so that no further contributions can be received. I hope to give an account of Miss Hope Clarke's culminating effort and triumph in the October Number.

V.A.D.s to the Rescue

You will remember that I made a special appeal to V.A.D.s whose hospital work has ceased, to come to the rescue of housewives who cannot obtain domestic help. Mrs. Madeleine Cole suggested that two or more V.A.D.s should join forces and run the work of households.

The response so far has not been overwhelming. Only one girl—and she is not

a V.A.D.—has offered her services. I have had many applications from housewives. Unfortunately one swallow does not make a summer, and this one helper cannot "go round" six households. Her letter was extremely nice, and I think the household that secures her will be fortunate. She says:

I am 28 years of age, well educated, and of a good family, though not a V.A.D. Before the war I held posts as "Resident Governess" in good families, and had complete charge and training of young children. To make a long story short, I gave it all up in 1914 and went into business. I just felt I was giving up the best part of my life to other people's children, and had no freedom at all or life of my own. In charge of the children practically all day, and very often till they went to bed, etc. Usually one evening per week to myself—perhaps Sunday morning or evening. However, sedentary work in an office does not suit me, and never will. I am very fond of housework and cooking, and see nothing degrading in it. I have a practical mother who believes in all girls being able to do household duties, etc.

Why could I not find a post—say as companion-help in a modern house, and be as a daughter, and be treated as such, as is done in America? It would not be necessary to be always with the family, as one could have a room to oneself. I should do my best to give satisfaction and fall in with any wishes of the people I lived with; but, on the other hand, I should not wish to be always tied. Now I have my evenings free, and should I wish to, can have a game of tennis on a Saturday. Why not have it while with a family, provided, of course, it was convenient, and the work done? In my home all work is done and everything straight by early afternoon.

I know a household in which a young lady occupies exactly the same position as the writer maps out. She is happy, and the household runs smoothly. She is tactful, and her employers are considerate. These qualities oil the wheels of the domestic machine.

The Blue Triangle Home Service Corps

I had a welcome letter from Miss Reynolds, Secretary of the Emigration and Employ-

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

ment Department of the Y.W.C.A., which has done such splendid work among women and girls throughout the war. She says:

DEAR MADAM,—I have seen your notice "To our V.A.D.s" in the current number of *THE QUIVER*, which also contains an article on our Blue Triangle Home Service Scheme, the first Hostel of which will be opened in about a fortnight.

We have still some vacancies for trained workers, and it has occurred to me that you might care to refer some of the V.A.D.s to us, as doubtless you will have a great number of applications.

It is one of our aims for the future to have a Hostel for girls of the V.A.D. type, but there are probably some who have been in the Domestic Section who would like to come to us now.

I enclose a leaflet which may be useful.

Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours truly,

E. M. REYNOLDS.

Unfortunately Miss Reynolds' optimistic view of a great number of applications has not been realised, so that so far I have been unable to assist her in her admirable scheme. But I am anxious to bring it before the readers of *THE QUIVER*, and I hope to visit the Hostel and describe it later on.

I will quote from the leaflet issued by the Y.W.C.A.:

Owing to the serious situation caused by the admittedly great shortage of domestic servants, it has been decided to take steps to relieve the position as far as possible. It is felt that anything so fundamentally affecting the home is an important branch of reconstruction after the war.

The scheme decided on as the most practical at the moment, and the most likely to induce workers to look on domestic service more favourably, and by ensuring good conditions to counteract the prejudice at present existing against such work, is as follows:

A house has been taken in a good class neighbourhood for a Hostel to accommodate 40 or 50 workers, who will live there and go out daily to work by the hour as domestic helpers, in flats and houses in the neighbourhood. This Hostel will, it is hoped, be the first of many.

PRACTICAL DETAILS

The charge to the employer will be 10d. per hour paid to the Hostel; workers will receive a fixed weekly wage of 30s. for a week of 48 hours, exclusive of meal-times. The workers will pay the Hostel 1s. per week to cover board, lodging, laundry, use of uniform, guarantee against unemployment, and Club privileges.

The working hours will be so arranged that the workers will have some afternoons free, and some evenings. A fortnight's holiday on full pay will be allowed annually after a year's service. Rules as to working hours, meal-times, and question of overtime, etc., can be had on application.

It is intended that the first Hostel shall be followed by others chiefly devoted to training, thereby increasing the number of workers able and willing to take up domestic duties.

It is hoped that even in the first Hostel a certain number of untrained workers will be enrolled for training under the Superintendent, receiving board, lodging, laundry, and training free, and a small sum for weekly pocket-money. This portion of the scheme may have to be temporarily postponed owing to the present difficulties of the labour market.

All members of the Blue Triangle H.S.C. will pass an efficiency test before being sent to any Employer.

If any of the daily workers living in the Hostels desire to take up permanent living-in situations with their employers and the conditions are suitable, they will be encouraged to do so.

If any readers of these pages wish to be put in touch with the Y.W.C.A., either as helpers or employers, I shall be glad to do so.

An Echo of the Glove-Waistcoat Society

It was a great pleasure to receive the following letter from Miss Cox:

DEAR MRS. LOCK,—In the turmoil of the final clearing up things here, I am distressed to find the last parcel from *THE QUIVER* has not been acknowledged. Please accept my humble apologies, and at the same time my best thanks. I am finding it a somewhat difficult task to readjust my life without old gloves, but at least I have time in which to realise more fully the enormous help and co-operation *THE QUIVER* brought to bear upon this particular war work.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

MARY L. COX.

I am sure we are all proud to feel that we assisted in the splendid work achieved by Miss Cox and her helpers. Her words are greatly appreciated by us all.

Alfred Martin

I know that readers of *THE QUIVER* will be interested to hear that I was able to get Alfred Martin examined by a well-known London surgeon at the London Hospital. The surgeon and the authorities were most kind to him, but the result of the examination was that it was decided that no operation was possible. The surgeon and nerve specialist advised that Alfred should be propped up in bed, and that he should be provided with a wheeled chair in which he could propel himself. I saw Alfred while he was in hospital, and had a long talk with him. He is a wonderful boy—so cheerful and so thoughtful in his outlook—so philosophical, except, alas! on those bad days, which must come to a boy of seventeen condemned to be more or less helpless all his life. However, Alfred feels that there is more chance for his activities since he saw the specialist, and when last I heard from him he intended taking up leather work. Alfred's letter on his arrival at St. Nicholas' Home—another Home connected with Chailey—will interest my readers. I think

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it is a remarkable letter for a boy of his age and education.

DEAR MRS. LOCK,—I arrived safe and sound yesterday. I came by the 10.40 from Victoria. I was ever so pleased when I heard I was to travel by train, because I have often wondered since I have been in bed what it is like to travel on a stretcher by train; now I know. I thoroughly enjoyed my ride yesterday. Mother came down with me; she stayed until four o'clock.

We are about a mile from the hospital. It is rather nice here. The ward I am in has four beds in it. There are two windows—one at each end. I am in a bed by the back one, and get a fairly good view. Sister has some forget-me-nots growing on the lawn; they look very pretty from the window. We had a bad thunderstorm last night which woke me up. You should have heard the nightingales afterwards, there were about three of them, I should think—and they started to sing. It was beautiful. I also heard the cuckoo this morning, and can hear one now.

I am sitting up a bit to-day. I saw Mr. — the day before I left the London, and I asked him about getting a wheel-chair so that I could propel myself about. He said it would do me more good than anything because of the exercise and sitting up. Also he said that I should learn a trade as I have (optimist) another seventy-three more years to live, during which time I shall have to eat and drink. You understand what I mean, don't you?

Yours very sincerely,

ALFRED MARTIN.

Miss Rennie (the Quartermaster at Chailey) tells me that St. Nicholas' Home, where Alfred is now, was used for raid-shock children, but it is now an annexe to the Princess Louise Military Hospital. There is an excellent military Sister in charge there. She says she feels sure Alfred will be happy there, and it seems particularly appropriate, as St. Nicholas is the Patron Saint of sailors.

I am most grateful to Mrs. Andrews and others for contributions towards Alfred's support.

Gifts of Wool are always Welcome

I am still anxious for more wool—wool of all colours and qualities—and in any quantities, small or large. Here is an appreciative letter from Miss Lowe of St. Giles' Infant Schools. She says:

Thank you so much for the parcels of wool, such a lot of joy is got out of these stray bundles which come so unexpectedly.

And the ladies who knit "woollies" for the families of poor clergy write:

Very best and grateful thanks for the beautiful consignment of wool received this morning. It is so very good of you to remember our wants.

And here comes an appeal for wool, which reminds us of the case of Alfred

Martin. It comes from Mrs. Lowe (Bobbing). She says:

Some time ago you very kindly, through your paper, sent my daughter Phyllis no end of different parcels of wools. They were splendid, and we and the children of the parish, and some of the parents, made a lot of things from them, besides the blankets for the hospital. I wonder if you could and would help me again with the same sort of parcels. There is a poor boy in the village who has not been able to walk for nine years, and he has to spend most of his days in bed because he cannot help himself to get downstairs. The doctors say that if he could manage to get out into the air and see more than he is able to at present it would take his thoughts from himself. But he has no chair to go out in. So, as I am very interested in him, I thought of the idea to have a sale of work to help get him a chair. And so it is for that that I ask your help of the wools. I could tell you heaps about Edward, his patience and cheerfulness, and his interest in Nature, flowers, and animals, but it would take up a lot of your time. He interests me greatly, and when I go and see him and notice how pleased he is with the smallest things you do for him, he makes me think what a lot of things we grumble over, who have many more advantages than he has, and far more to be thankful for.

I hope to receive quantities of wool, and I am most grateful for the gifts already received. I must give a special word of thanks for a parcel of wool left from socks, etc., sent from the Working Party of Emmanuel Church, Barry Road, Dulwich, through Isabel H. Fitness.

Books Still Needed

I have been able to send parcels of books to the Land Workers, to the Y.M.C.A., to the Deaf Working Girls' Recreation Rooms, to Mrs. Martin's Girls' Club near Birmingham, and to various individual sailors and soldiers. And I am hoping for further supplies.

Miss Jessie L. Morton, Secretary of the Women Land Workers' Libraries, writes:

Thank you very much indeed for the books. We are most grateful for all your help. It is a splendid parcel. Will you kindly tell your readers how very much the books are appreciated by the girls, and how grateful we are to them for collecting them?

We sent 28 books and 3 paper-books to the Y.M.C.A. Red Triangle Library.

Old Christmas Cards

Can any reader tell me of any use to which these can be put? We have received a quantity at the office, and various readers write to inquire whether they can dispose of them.

Letters in Brief

I enclose a few oddments from the belongings of a dear and only daughter who died from the dreadful

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

source that has visited our country, and indeed all the world, to be used as you think right.

L. A. C. (Broughton in Furness).

Will you please accept the enclosed cheque for £10s. 8d. for St. Dunstan's Hostel. THE QUIVER continues to bring me pleasure month by month.

MINNIE GOMERY, M.D. (Kashmir).

Enclosed you will find 10s. 3d., being a gift from my little daughter and her friend, D. Wright. They have been saving their pocket-money until they had something worth while, so now they are sending it along for our "Brave Soldiers and Sailors."

M. ROBINSON (Horncastle).

A Gift of a Waistcoat

A reader in Cheltenham, Mrs. Kendendine Webb, most kindly sent a valuable waistcoat:—

I am sending you another small parcel of oddments. I see by the April QUIVER you have been sent an old waistcoat, so I am sending you the one my father wore on his wedding day, when he was married sixty years ago in New Zealand. I should like the money you get for it to go to THE QUIVER bed you are collecting for, as he always took such interest in Dr. Barnardo's work. An uncle of mine walked the hospital with Dr. Barnardo.

The beads, sequins, and gold thread I thought might be of use to the soldiers at the hospital you mention near Bristol. I also enclose some lead and silver paper which I will still go on collecting as long as they are asked for.

Oddments of all Kinds, Please

Will all readers kindly search through their possessions for oddments of lace, ribbon, silk, velvet, felt, plush, serge, cloth, flannel, and fur? These are needed by the disabled soldiers for toy-making, by a lady who works for a Birmingham mission, and by a man suffering from tuberculosis, who makes needle-books and sells them in order to buy a few comforts.

Miss Violet Methley wrote:

Thanks so much to your readers for the parcels of fur and pieces received this morning.

The outer skin of top hats, neatly peeled off, is also most useful to the soldiers for making into hand-bags.

Cast-off Garments are a Boon and a

Blessing

I have had the most appreciative letters for cast-off garments sent by my readers. Clothes are so dear now that they are more than welcome to people of the professional classes, hard hit by the war, and to those mothers of many children who dwell in the poor districts of our cities. I must quote

from a letter from Miss Lowe (St. Giles' Infant Schools). She says in a letter written in April:

I must tell you that Mrs. Dora Foster sent me a little pair of old velvet slippers a year ago, and unless there is a real immediate use for some of the articles I keep them for emergency. Now these slippers gave the utmost comfort to a poor little kiddie of five last week with horrible broken chilblains, and who put himself to the greatest agony to get on his hard leather boots in order to get to school, as he did not want to stop away. His mother (a soldier's widow with five little boys) was so grateful, and you can imagine the little boy's own gratitude.

I shall be glad to receive cast-off garments, boots and shoes in good and clean condition. I can promise my readers they will go to deserving cases.

Kind Gifts and Letters

Welcome gifts and letters came from—

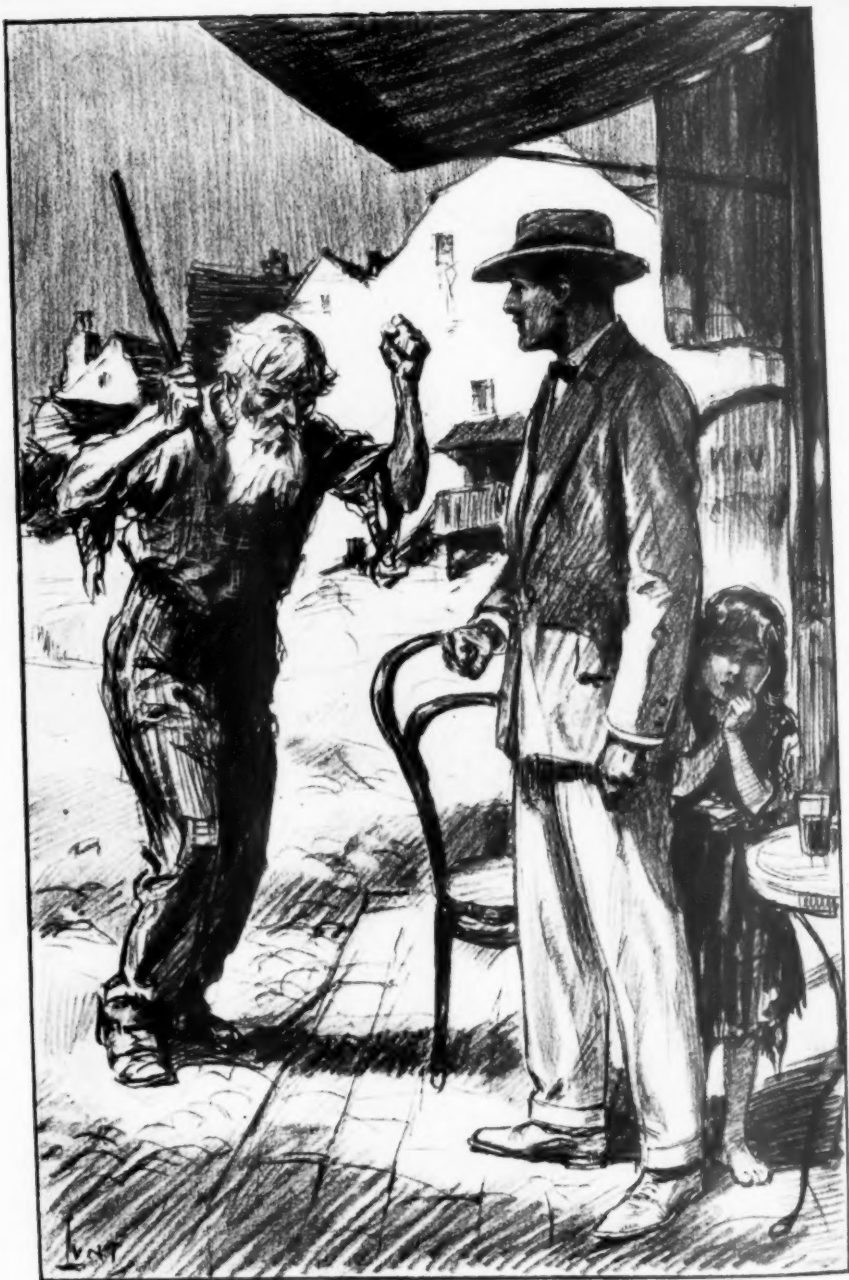
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Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly and put Mr., Mrs., or Miss or any other title in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF
(MRS. R. H. LOCK).

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"Fearing active intervention would be necessary,
Armstrong put the child behind him"—p. 839

Drawn by
Wilmot L. N.

Long Complete Story

Bianca of the Island

A Tale of Fair Venice

By
Eva Bretherton

CHAPTER I

Four-leaved Clover

BY the steps at the bottom of the hotel garden the gondola lay rocking gently on the scarcely perceptible swell of the Venetian tide. Around it everything basked in the May heat, but beneath its darkly hooded canopy shadows lurked, invitingly cool; a rose, in a vase, looked out of the gloom.

Michael Armstrong, strolling down the strip of creeper-hung greenery—scarcely more than a courtyard, but charming as all Venetian gardens are—noted with unconscious approval the restful ease of his “chariot,” and lighting an after-lunch cigarette, stepped into it. From somewhere, his gondolier appeared, smiling as ever, and with a touch of the long magically wielded pole they were off.

“Torcello, Signor, sir?” the man asked, turning once from his silent and graceful task.

Armstrong nodded, and as they slipped out over the waters, leant back and gave himself up to indolent, half-bored contemplation of the softly changing scene.

And indeed he was bored. Venice, in the opulence of its late spring glory, glared at him. In its maze of strangely twisted canals and ways he found nothing better than botherment. Curious he did not want, of churches he had had more than enough during the past two months; old masters sickened him, his fellow tourists he loathed. In all the loveliest and most fascinating town in Europe he found nothing to please him, remaining as he had begun, bored, hipped, disgusted with life.

And all the while he knew the fault to be his own, inasmuch as within himself lay the lack of power to derive pleasure from all that was made to give so much. Yet if it came to fault—what of hers who had dealt him the blow that took the zest and colour

from his life? What of the woman he had trusted, who should have been his wife by now had she not basely thrown him aside to marry the friend he himself had brought into her life?

Well, what of her? Surely by now he could treat her with the contempt she deserved! Why not forget her? After all—cynically—there were other women, thousands! Only this morning at the hotel a girl had smiled at him over her coffee with eyes—Bah! A plague on women! Why the devil must every woman smile with those same eyes, seductive, sweet—

Angrily switching off the current of his thoughts he threw the stump of his cigarette into the water, lit another, opened the London paper (received just before he started) and plunged into its contents.

For a while there was silence, the ripple of the water, the gentle splash of the gondolier's pole, now and then a call or guttural exclamation. Then the breeze freshened, a salt wind from the sea blew across the distant Lido, the gondola rocked on the larger waves of the open lagoon.

“Signor!” a voice pleaded in a slightly injured tone. “Behold Murano—yonder Burano! Even now we pass S. Michele!”

Armstrong put down his paper, answering the man in Italian and glancing about him with an effort at interest. After all, having engaged the gondola for the excursion recommended at the hotel, to the seven miles' distant island of Torcello, with the idea of finding some relief from boredom, he might as well endeavour to find it by looking about him!

“The Signor desires to see Murano? The noted glass factory, the Cathedral, the—”

“No, no.” Visions of more boredom swept before Armstrong. “I will not disembark yet.”

“But Burano! Surely—”

“Not there, either. Go on to Torcello.”

“Torcello only! The Signor will find

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little there to pass the time. The old churches, a few ruins——"

"Proceed!" Armstrong said curtly, and to himself: "It sounds less boring than the rest, anyhow!"



Twenty minutes later the gondola glided up the narrow canal that makes an island of Torcello and a passage-way to its row of humble cottages and tiny cafés, all that is left, with two old churches, of a once prosperous town.

Yet in the spring sunshine, blue sky overhead, rippling water beneath and the quietness of the remote and untroubled around, Armstrong found nothing desolate. Indeed, as they made fast to the primitive quay and he stepped out on to the grass at the water's edge, he felt almost the first relief from weariness and distaste he had experienced since two months earlier he set out on the Continental tour intended to bring forgetfulness of what, apparently, was not to be forgotten.

Arranging with the man the hour of their return and giving him the customary tip to spend meanwhile he turned away to find what there was to be seen.

But here satisfaction ended to give place to annoyance. For no sooner had he left the apparent protection of the gondolier than he was set upon by the hoard of children, beggars or hawkers of little souvenirs, who hang about most Italian places frequented by tourists. To-day only two gondolas besides his own lay by the quay, and, visitors being few, he found himself getting the bulk of a most unwelcome attention.

However, a little judicious expenditure of small cash, together with the employment of other tactics recently acquired on similar occasions, finally had the desired effect. As he crossed the square meadow before the old Basilica, he found himself alone in the sunshine, with a lark singing high overhead.

He looked up, following the bird with pleasure far into the blue. Then, at a sound, he looked down again and found a girl of about ten years old, in tattered rags, running softly on bare feet by his side. In her hand she held a few pieces of four-leaved clover, regarded here, as elsewhere, as a luck bringer.

"Signor!" she began breathlessly. "Behold, the lucky leaves!" She held them

out, evidently expecting to be given a coin in exchange.

Annoyed at the interruption, Armstrong was about to send the little beggar (for, after all, what else was she?) packing after her companions, when the singular beauty of her face caught his attention and held it arrested. Stopping, he plunged a hand into his pocket, his eyes on the girl, who waited expectant beside him.

Certainly her beauty was remarkable—most of all for its utter difference of type from that of the other children from among whom, presumably, she had come.

Most of them, he had noticed as they thronged about him a few minutes previously, had been dark. This child was purely fair, her face a pale oval with delicate lips, her eyes a wide-sea blue. Even the tattered misery of the brown unpicturesque rags in which she was clothed failed to disguise the grace of her lines, and through rents here and there her skin showed white as driven snow.

Catching Armstrong's eye, perhaps seeing friendliness in it, she smiled faintly, and in spite of himself he smiled back.

"Lucky, eh!" he laughed bitterly. "I've lost *my* luck! Will your 'trifoglio' leaves bring it back, do you think?"

"Ah, Signor, yes! Are they not luck bringers? See, I found them myself in the long grass behind the Basilica. One, two, three. And three is lucky too!"

Armstrong laughed, drew out a handful of money, gave her a small silver piece and took the clover leaves from her. He was turning away with them still in his hand when the child called after him anxiously.

"You will guard them, Signor? Do not lose your luck!"

He paused, amused at her anxiety, but vaguely touched, too, by a solicitude so unlike the careless rapacity of her kind.

"Look, then! To please their gatherer I will put them safely away."

He took out his pocket-book, opened it before her gravely interested eyes, laid the clover between its pages, closed and replaced it in his pocket.

The child drew a long breath, and looked up at him with her faint sweet smile.

"Grazie, Signor!" she said. "They will lie there safe indeed!" Then after a moment's pause she herself turned away with a gentle "Addio, Signor."

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But by now Armstrong was almost reluctant to let her go.

"Wait a minute, child. When the luck you promise me comes I may want to remember the bringer. What do they call you? Where do you come from?"

The child nodded back over her shoulder towards the cluster of humble buildings round and about the quay. They were, indeed, the only habitations in sight.

"Yonder, Signor. They call me Bianca. My grandfather is Giuseppe Cavani."

"You have no father, then—no mother?"

"No one, Signor, but my grandfather. He is old and very poor, and so—I sell the lucky leaves!"

"Take this for the grandfather, then. Keep the other for yourself, 'for luck,'" Armstrong laughed as he slipped into her hand, in addition to the coin already given her, a five-lira piece.

For a moment the child seemed unable to believe she saw aright. Then suddenly her blue eyes filled with tears. She raised the coin to her lips and kissed it gratefully.

"Signor," she said humbly, "you are too kind! The grandfather was angry to-day (he is often, alas!), but when he sees the coin he will surely forget!"

Armstrong went on his way towards the Basilica. At its door he paused and looked back.

The little lonely figure of the child still stood watching him on the wide stretch of green, the shimmering lagoon behind her, the sun glinting on the pale gold of her hair.

CHAPTER II

Refuge

THEREAFTER boredom settled upon him again. Quaint, in their primitive charm, as are the old churches of the island, to him they were but show places like scores of others he had visited in the last few weeks, and to climb the campanile and see yet more low land was not worth while.

Still, there was space and sunshine, serenity, if no more. Idly, but without impatience, he sauntered back to the quay, ordered refreshment at one of the cafés and sat down at an outside table to await the hour fixed for the return trip to Venice.

He had been sitting there ten minutes or so, smoking and watching the embarkation

of the two gondola parties other than his own, when he became aware of a disturbance at the end of the cluster of cottages farthest from where he sat. A couple of figures had emerged from one, there were shouts of anger, then screams, shrill, and apparently in a child's voice.

A moment later the smaller figure broke away and came flying down towards him. Then he saw that it was his friend Bianca, the little seller of "lucky leaves." Behind her rushed an old man of angry and evil appearance, brandishing a stick and shouting maledictions.

Concerned for the child, Armstrong stood up and she caught sight of him. With a cry of relief she redoubled her speed and rushed frantically into his arms.

"Ah, Signor Inglese," she sobbed, breath almost spent. "Save me, save me! You are so kind——"

The old man came on, cursing and gesticulating, his face contorted with rage. He was almost upon the Englishman and cowering child now, waving his stick with unmistakably evil intent, and Armstrong, fearing active intervention would indeed be necessary in her defence, had put the latter behind him. But at the last moment the old fellow suddenly rocked, staggered, dropped the menacing stick, threw up his arms and, right at his grandchild's feet, fell foaming to the ground in a fit.

At the same instant a crowd of picturesquely tattered figures, which had been hurriedly emerging from various of the cottages, gathered, clamouring and gesticulating, about the trio of principal actors in the scene.

Armstrong himself stooped hurriedly to the old man's assistance and was joined immediately after by the proprietor of the café. Several women hovered round offering advice; but in answer to Armstrong's query it appeared that no doctor was to be had from anywhere nearer than Venice.

But as a matter of fact Bianca's grandfather was already beyond doctor's aid. In a few minutes he was clearly seen to be dying; in a few more he was dead. Armstrong it was who, borrowing a shawl from one of the women, covered with it the contorted features, suggested that the body should be removed to a place of decent privacy, and then turned to the terrified, weeping child.

For some minutes he was unable to calm

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her sufficiently to extract any information as to what had happened. At last, however, she sobbed out the agonised confession that it was her own carelessness which had caused her grandfather's death.

It appeared that before going home after Armstrong had given her the two pieces of silver, she had wandered down into the meadows behind the churches, there to replenish her stock of clover leaves against the following day's need. Here, apparently, the coins must have slipped through the rags of her clothing and been lost.

Unaware of this, and anxious to placate the already angry grandfather, she had immediately upon her return hurriedly told him of the Englishman's gift, put her hand into the place where it should have been—only to find it gone.

At this his wrath descended upon her in very truth. Of all the many times she had seen her grandfather angry, she sobbed, never had she seen him like this! He raved! He was as one gone mad! In terror of her life was it that she had fled!

Her voice died away. Clinging to the Englishman, she buried her face in his sleeve and returned to passionate weeping.

Time was passing, and already Armstrong saw his gondolier waiting in readiness upon the bank of the canal beside the gondola.

Turning to the group of chattering, inquisitive, yet aloof, women, he asked one who looked slightly more responsible than the rest, if there was no one who could take charge of and console the child.

"No one, Signor, now old Giuseppe is dead," she croaked. "The Madonna alone knows what will become of her! Probably later the Municipality——"

"But *now*, woman?" Armstrong broke in. "Surely some of you can take her and give her comfort and a home for the present? The poor child clings to me, but it grows late and I must go. Some of you are mothers——"

There was a murmur of voices.

"We are poor, Signor. Already there are many mouths to feed. We want no more!"

And at the same moment Bianca herself, clinging tighter to him than ever, sobbed out:

"No, no, Signor! Leave me not with them. You who are so strong and kind—take me with you!"

"What's that?" Armstrong ejaculated, startled into English. Then in Italian,

stooping kindly over the child. "Poverino—that is impossible. I must leave you. They shall be kind to you, I promise, but——"

"No, no! Take me with you!"

The old woman who had spoken first caught at the words, not having detected them before.

"Yes, Signor! Why not?" she cried, her eyes running shrewdly over him and the child. "Take her. There is no one to prevent, for no one wants her. Yet, look you, she is a luck bringer, for all that. See the lucky leaves still close in her hand!"

There was indeed a faded leaf still clutched in one of Bianca's pale little dirty hands. Armstrong saw it as he answered impatiently:

"Nonsense, woman! I cannot take the child, and I want no old wives' tales."

"Call it what you like, Signor," old Maria said sulkily, "but what I speak is wisdom. You would do well to listen, for I tell you the child will bring you luck. Has she not the golden voice of her mother, Margherita of Venice? Have I not heard her sing, and do I not know what I say?"

She turned to the other women for confirmation, and there was a murmur of agreement.

"Si, Signor! It is the truth! Cavani was a good old name in Venice, before the family fell on evil days, and the child's mother, daughter though she was to the old dead sinner yonder, was beautiful as the day, with the voice of gold that brings gold. Ill was the day for her that she met the English 'Milord' (his name she never told), for—in leaving her he broke her heart, and in giving his child birth she died. Old Giuseppe and his wife Lucrezia took the babe but hated it with every breath they drew. Lucrezia died five years ago. Now both are dead. The unwanted child is alone—and a 'luck-bringer' for those who have money to buy their luck!" She paused dramatically.

The coincidence of the old crone's words struck Armstrong oddly. Had he not an hour since bought and paid for "his luck." Doubtfully and pityingly he looked down at the poor little seller.

She lifted a tear-stained face and whispered imploringly: "Signor—take me!"

At that Armstrong made his resolve.

"Very well, mother!" he said recklessly, addressing the old woman. "I'll take her—as far as Venice, anyhow! Come,

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Bianca, dry your tears. You're going with me."

He hurriedly left his address with the innkeeper, distributed a few coins amongst the women, disclaimed any desire on his part to have any belongings of Bianca's kept for him, and, taking the child by the hand, led her down to the waiting gondola.

As the latter shot out of the narrow canal into the open water, Bianca turned and took a long grave look at the receding shores of the green, lonely island. Then, stooping, she took Armstrong's hand in hers and humbly kissed it.

After which she crouched quietly down by his side and did not move until Venice was reached.



Once there, Armstrong handed his charge over to the hotel manageress, to be looked after and properly clothed. On the next day he made inquiries as to the child's antecedents and the legality of such a proceeding as taking her away. Discovering nothing to contradict old Maria's story, and finding no obstacle whatever in the way of his doing what he liked with the little waif, he determined to take her with him to England.

With some grim amusement he thought of the sensation that would probably be produced among his own circle by his arrival accompanied by an "adopted child." But he was a man of over thirty, well to do (only practising as a barrister because he disliked being idle), and without near relatives. This being the case, he was accustomed to consulting nothing much beyond his own inclinations. The child had given him, at any rate, some temporary interest, and for that he was grateful to her. If his action was quixotic, it at least concerned no one but himself.

He sent for Bianca one evening a day or two later, to tell her of the decision he had come to on her behalf. He was smoking in the big lounge of the hotel, a clean, cool, grave-looking Englishman, handsome enough in his dinner jacket and white shirt front. She came stealing to him, awe and something like adoration in her sea-blue eyes, looking smaller, neater, less picturesque, in her new black, than she had looked in the old Torcello rags.

She listened gravely to all he had to say, and at the end stooped again with the same humble grace as before, apparently with

the intention of again kissing his hand. In some embarrassment he withdrew the hand before she could do it, and with a few more kind words sent her away.



Two days later, on the eve of his departure with her for England, he was going upstairs in the evening after dinner. Passing a window opening upon an inner courtyard upon which also abutted the kitchen premises of the hotel, he heard voices and the sound of music rising from below. Someone was thrumming carelessly upon a guitar, and there was laughter and the reiterated request for "a song."

A moment's pause, and then a voice rose, high, clear, singularly sweet, flexible and young. Pushing the window wider Armstrong leaned out.

In the courtyard below, lit by the ruddy light of lanterns, he saw gathered together a picturesque group of male and female servants (those not on duty about the hotel, wearing the many-coloured garments of the Venetian peasant) seated on boxes, barrels, or anything else that came handy. In the midst of them, high on an upturned barrel, a guitar in her hand, the light bringing into relief her fair hair and white skin, sat enthroned little Bianca, singing like a bird.

Armstrong listened to the very end of the song, noted the wild applause that followed, then turned thoughtfully away.

The "Voice of gold"! After all, old Maria's prophecy seemed likely to come true!

CHAPTER III

The Voice of Gold

SEVERAL years passed and Armstrong's return from his long Continental tour accompanied by the little Italian waif (having excited, as he expected, some comment and amusement at the time) had long since been almost forgotten, his "ward" Bianca Cavani being taken everywhere now for granted and without question.

Immediately upon his arrival with her he had sought out a former governess of his own (now a Mrs. Mortimer, widowed, without children, and glad of the opportunity of augmenting her small income by doing a service to a former favourite pupil), with whom he placed the girl; the small house in the outskirts of London becoming

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such home as she had between the intervals of life at the good class school to which she ultimately went.

Armstrong, living as before, in his own London chambers, and increasingly busy and successful in the practice of his profession, did not see a great deal of her, but in his capacity of "Guardian" (a title which she adopted to call him by, changing it herself into "Guardiano") he made a practice of supervising her education, usually taking the child back to school at the beginning of each term himself, besides calling for her occasionally on half-holidays and days of the kind to take her out. It amused him to see himself behaving in such a thoroughly orthodox elderly guardian manner, and there was a certain pleasure as well as amusement to be got from Bianca's own shy happiness and almost awestruck pride in his appearances at the school.

But at first he found her disappointing. In the new and orderly surroundings of English life some of her natural charm seemed to fade, her delicate type of beauty to become obscured. She was timid and very quiet, especially as her Italian began to give place to a pretty but halting English. Nor for a year or two could anyone get her to sing at all.

Then suddenly she bloomed. Little by little her gift of song returned, and Armstrong, on his occasional holiday-time visits to the little house, thought more than once of the lark that had sung high above the Torcello fields, as he heard her liquid voice trilling out odd snatches of song for the pure joy of doing it.

At seventeen, when she put her hair up, he remembered that her mother had been "beautiful as the day," and, in his capacity of guardian again, remained vaguely worried by the recollection for at least a week. At eighteen, shy and silent but very lovely, she left school and began her actual voice training. Her English master had done all he could for her in a few months, and before she was nineteen the faithful Mrs. Mortimer, acting under Armstrong's instructions, let the little house and accompanied the girl abroad to finish her training there.

Armstrong missed them. True, he had not admitted his "ward" much into his own life, but hers running more or less beside it had somehow lent it interest. She had been something for him to think about,

spend his money on, plan for, and, as he occasionally admitted to himself, he was singularly without anyone else for whom to do these things.

He had never married, and the wound once dealt him had never wholly healed, for even after so long a time any chance encounter with a woman owning *her* eyes, *her* voice, some slight trick of *her* manner, had power to rouse in him more than a touch of the old pain, and the thought of any substitute for "the one" was still impossible to him.

Of the woman herself he had altogether lost sight. On his return from Italy she and the newly made husband who had been his friend had gone abroad or to the Colonies and no news of her had come back to him. Perhaps it was as well. But sometimes he wondered if their paths would ever cross again, and hungered for the touch of her hand. His anger against her had long since died.



Six months before she would be twenty-one Bianca came back from abroad, "finished," and a wonder with a "voice of gold." Hearing for the first time the exquisite cadences that fell from her lips, Armstrong thought involuntarily, not of the lark that sang wild and free in the sky above Bianca's island, but of Margherita, her mother, who had met with sorrow.

It was in May, just eleven years since her first meeting with Armstrong, that she made her operatic debut, as Juliette in "Romeo and Juliette," and Oscar Ericstein, the great impresario, acclaimed her as the greatest "find" of his career.

Large as was the choice available to him, he had chosen her as prima donna to open his season, and it was upon a packed house, glittering with diamonds, a-shimmer with silk and the bare silken shoulders of society women, that Bianca looked as she came on to the stage for the first time.

But Armstrong, watching from his box—with a quaint little thrill of pride in the thought that the beautiful Juliette they were all applauding had been *his* discovery years before Ericstein ever saw her—noticed that not once did the girl's own little air of grave sweetness (that seemed humility and pride in one) forsake her. In the quaint and beautiful costumes of old Italy, her mother's land, she moved as one accustomed. Everything she had to do seemed

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BIANCA OF THE ISLAND

natural to her, and her Juliette, full of the sweetness and fire of youth, touched the hearts of the audience, while her liquid, exquisite voice rang in their ears and charmed their senses.

Her reception was magnificent. As she stood bowing beneath the raised curtain at the end of each act, flowers were showered upon her until she seemed to stand in one great garden. Armstrong himself had thrown roses and lilac nodding together when she took her first curtain, but when she took the last, pale and with tears in her eyes as the applause thundered round her, he leant forward and threw neatly to her very feet a tiny bunch of clover, pink and sweet smelling, with a little frill of its own green leaves around it.

For a moment it lay, a tiny thing, humble among its exotic companions. But Bianca had seen it, and as the curtain began to fall she stooped for it, looked whence it came, lightly touched it with her lips, and tucked it, alone of them all, into the bosom of her dress.

And so her long triumph ended. Even then there was a special supper in the impresario's room, there were interviews, congratulations, introductions, to be got through, and the night was far spent before at last Armstrong succeeded in carrying his ward and Mrs. Mortimer off in his car to the hotel at which, since their return from abroad, they had been staying. Bianca was quiet and a little spent when the car finally moved off, and Mrs. Mortimer, awestruck by it all, had subsided into complete silence in the opposite corner.

"You were splendid, child!" Armstrong took the girl's hand and patted it, fatherly wise. "Splendid! Even I, who you know"—laughing—"have always backed you for a prima donna, did not think you would achieve such a success at a first appearance. It was grand!"

"You—you were pleased with me, then, Guardiano," she said.

It might have been the little clover seller of long ago!

"Dear child!" Armstrong said, touched by the simple question. "Pleased, indeed! And proud too!"

"Ah, no, Guardiano; not that! It is I who am proud—not to have disgraced you. Without you, how could any of this have been? Always I have longed to repay you for all your goodness, and now—"

"Nonsense, dear, nonsense!" Armstrong

expostulated with all an Englishman's awkwardness at the prospect of thanks. "Your wonderful gift is your own to do what you like with. So, I hope, is your future—a happy and successful one! There!"

He patted her hand again kindly, then, relieved to have got his little speech off, withdrew his own, and a moment later the car drew up at the hotel.

"Here you are! No, I won't come in, thank you, Mrs. Mortimer. Good night, Bianca, dear. By the by, if you're not too tired to-morrow afternoon I'll come round and take you out with me—eh? I've got a little surprise for you. Good night."

A porter came running to disentangle the prima donna from her load of costly, scented flowers, and Armstrong spent five minutes handing the trophies out of the car.

Upstairs, later, a weary girl, her beautiful dress torn off and cast aside, sat down in the midst of them and cried herself sick for the mother who had died in giving her birth; while poor Mrs. Mortimer, fussing round putting all she could of the flowers in water, between intervals of attempted consolation, reflected that, sweet as was Bianca, who she herself had brought up, all foreigners were more than a little strange!

CHAPTER IV

Armstrong's Gift

BUT by the following afternoon, when Armstrong called for Bianca as arranged, no traces of the night's storm were left.

In the vestibule of the hotel he found her waiting for him; charming in a Paquin robe with elusive gleams of blue about it that caught and echoed the blue of her eyes, her corn-coloured hair shining under a wide black hat. As she rose to meet him with her own soft easy grace, he realised again, with the same little shock as it had given him once or twice before, what a beautiful creature this little ward of his had become.

"And now for the surprise, Bianca," he said as they went out through the swing doors. "Shall I tell you what it is? Well, just a home of your own! You're no end of a big person now, you know, a prima donna and the rest of it, and it's time you had your own diggings. I got the chance of a jolly little flat near here, nice and central, took it, got Barings to furnish, and it's

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my present to you—a sort of birthday anniversary, coming-out present, all in one, so to speak! Here's a taxi—jump in! Mustn't tire you for to-night."

"Guardiano, you say I must not thank you," Bianca said as they moved off, "but," laying her hand lightly on his, "you are very good to me! Did you guess that I was weary of the hotel? I—I've never had a real home, you know."

There was a touch of pathos in her words, but the face she turned to him was bright and sweet.

"Poor child, no—when I come to think of it! And an old bachelor like me has had no chance of making one for you hitherto. Still, I've done my best now."

"You always do your best, Guardiano," Bianca's voice was low and earnest, but after a moment she said more lightly, "D'you know, I've had *such* a morning! When I woke up at eleven there was Morty with my breakfast and a *mountain* of notes and things! There were more flowers, boxes of bon-bons, letters from perfect strangers who want to know me, others asking for autographs or just thanking me for my music; and even some advising me where to get my hats and dresses! I was quite tired by the time I got to the end."

"The penalty of fame, my child!" Armstrong laughed. "Here we are!"



Bianca was enchanted with her new home, and indeed she could hardly be otherwise, for in its small way it was everything that she could have desired. Armstrong had given a fairly free hand to the experienced firm engaged to do the furnishing, and the result was, as usual, perfect.

A temporary handmaid had been engaged, and when the tour of inspection was over she brought them tea in the sunny bay window of the pretty drawing-room.

"So now, Bianca," Armstrong said, "you shall be hostess for the first time in your own house, and ask me to tea as your first guest."

"Guardiano!" she flashed him a hurt look as she sat down. "You know that what is mine is yours! Never shall I ask you, because always, *always* when you wish you will come!"

"Thank you, my dear. I shall be pleased to come often, I expect, if only to see how

my late 'ward' gets on now she's 'on her own.'"

The girl lifted her delicate brows.

"Why, 'late ward'?" she asked. "Will you not have me still?"

He shook his head laughingly.

"My dear girl, I shall always be pleased to advise, but—your own career lies before you now. I should *like* you to keep Mrs. Mortimer with you for the present, but you must choose for yourself. The flat I have taken in your name, and I'm letting you pay the rent. So you'll not only be 'on your own,' but *in* your own home!"

She handed him his tea and put a little cake on her own plate very carefully.

"If you do not come often I shall find being 'on my own' very dull and very lonely," she said slowly.

"Nonsense! No fear of that! The difficulty will soon be ever to find you alone. You forget you're a celebrity now! The past dull years taken up with schooling of one kind and another will seem like a dream when you begin to be able to count your friends by the score."

Bianca shook her head.

"They will be all new—and strange," she said. "They will come to be amused, and we shall laugh, and later they will go away and I shall be once more alone."

The pathos in her voice struck him again with the sudden realisation of how much alone, actually, this child was who he had taken from her own people.

"You mustn't look at it like that, little girl," he said uneasily. "You know you'll always have your 'old guardian' somewhere in the background, and Mrs. Mortimer, who thinks the world of you. Besides, out of all these new friends who are coming there will be one, sooner or later, who will mean more than all the others. I hope to see my ward well and happily married some day, you know!"

Bianca stooped for her handkerchief which had fallen to the floor. For a moment her face was hidden.

"You forget, Guardiano, that I am no one; nothing but the little beggar you found in rags and took for pity from the tender mercies of those who would have had none. How shall I tell anyone who I am?"

It was the first time the girl had ever spoken directly of her origin to him, and it grieved him to see the hurt pride in the beautiful eyes she lifted at last.

"Listen, Bianca," he said gravely, "all

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that is behind you. You have no need even to think of it. You have the blood of two good families in your veins. You have beauty and your glorious gift of song. Believe me, there will be men in plenty at your feet before long. Choose wisely, that is all I need say."

He emptied his cup and lit a cigarette hurriedly, with an uneasy feeling of having blundered somehow.

As if she read the thought in his mind, Bianca said wistfully:

"You do not think me ungrateful, Guardiano? You are so good to me in everything, while I—I do nothing for you!"

"Foolish child!" Armstrong was still embarrassed by her distress. "What should you do? But if you like, I will tell you what you *have* done to make my life much happier than it was when first I found you."

With his eyes on the floating cigarette smoke and his mind back in the past he told her of how his life had been emptied of happiness till she herself came at least to lend it interest. He hardly saw the girl opposite him or noticed how her eyes flashed and her colour came and went as he was talking.

There was a moment's pause when he had finished. Then she said slowly:

"But you do not think of her still—that woman?"

He laughed ruefully. "I'm afraid I do, Bianca—that's the devil of it! I care too much for her memory to care for any other woman, anyway!"

"But you—you must be lonely." Bianca's voice was wistful.

"Oh, I've had to get used to that!" he laughed again. "I'm an old bachelor now, Bianca—the state has its advantages, no responsibilities or anything of that kind, you know. I'm happy enough, believe me."

"But—but *love*, Guardiano, love and all the dear beautiful little things that go with it; don't miss them all for— for just an empty memory! Why, some day there—there might be some other woman who—who—" She turned away and began gathering up her gloves and other belongings from the couch beside her.

Strangely moved, Armstrong rose, and bending over her gently patted her shoulder.

"Kind little ward!" he said rather huskily. "But don't you worry your pretty head about

me or I shall wish I had not told you. Live your own life and be happy—that's all I ask."

She laughed suddenly at that, a rather wild little peal of laughter, sprang up and declared it was time they went home. She was talking with the same little air of inconsequent gaiety when ten minutes later he put her down at the hotel door and went on his way alone, still with that previous puzzling sensation of having somehow blundered.

CHAPTER V

The Other Woman

THE following day Bianca—taking Mrs. Mortimer with her as a matter of course—took possession of her cosy home, and a day or two later an interview with "Signora Cavani, the beautiful young prima donna, at her own charming flat," appeared in an evening paper, with a portrait of her, sweetly grave, in her Juliet cap and quaint pearl-encrusted gown.

As Armstrong had predicted, she had before long more than enough new friends and interests to fill her life. The former flocked about her, as always about beauty and talent, especially when it is new. Already worshippers of several kinds were at her feet, and between them and her work she soon found scarcely a free moment in her day beyond those which had compulsorily to be given to rest.

After that afternoon at the flat he had taken for her the girl and her "guardian" gradually ceased to catch anything more than passing glimpses of each other. Even these were generally across the footlights, for after a busy day in the courts Armstrong was often glad to slip into the stall at the Opera House which, by Bianca's orders, was always kept for him.

It was on one of these evenings, when after a particularly fatiguing day he occupied his usual place, too tired to trouble much about the performance, merely listening lazily to the music, that, from the semi-darkness of one of the boxes above the stage, a face he knew faintly resolved itself—a woman's face, framed in shadowy hair, with fine features and dark eyes bent thoughtfully on the stage below. Surely it was she! Surely across eleven years he saw what he had longed to see, the face of the woman he had loved!

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A moment later the curtain fell and the lights went up. For an instant he looked away, then eagerly turning back to the box, found that it was empty. The woman, whoever she was, had gone.

However, reflecting that she would probably return, he made his way round to the door, knocked, and receiving no answer looked in. No one was there, and the absence of belongings of any kind seemed to make it doubtful that anyone was returning. He strolled down to the office only to discover that the box had not been let at all that night, no one had been seen there.

Was he dreaming? Rather uneasily he wondered if he was really overworking himself to any serious extent! He could have sworn the woman had been there, and no other than she. The thought that, if it was indeed so, he had missed her (perhaps again for many years) was intolerable.

The box remained unoccupied for the rest of the evening. With the half-formed intention of asking Bianca if she could throw any light on the subject, he made his way round to her room after the conclusion of the performance.

In the corridor outside he met her just coming away. A young man of handsome and distinguished appearance, who had apparently been awaiting her coming, was with her. As Armstrong stepped up to them, she carelessly introduced her companion as "Prince Lipinsky." It appeared she was going out to supper with his party.

"I wish I had not said I would go, Guardiano," she said, as Armstrong drew her on one side for a moment, the other man politely moving on. "I did not know you were coming to-night—and you hardly ever come round to see me after when you do. A woman in the second box on the right, did you say? No, I did not see one. The box was empty. But why? Does it matter?"

"No, dear—not particularly. I thought it was someone I had not seen for years, and I should have liked to know for certain. But I'm a bit overtired, and it's possible I imagined a face that was not there. Good night, child."

Bianca was searching his face with her clear eyes, a little pucker between her delicate brows.

"Poor Guardiano!" she said softly. "You do look tired. You—you thought the woman was—*she*?"

He nodded.

"Imagination probably," he laughed. "A face that one has cared for does play tricks like that sometimes!"

He pressed Bianca's hand kindly and moved on. Hesitating a moment, she, too, turned and went on her way with a little sigh.

Armstrong glancing back at a turn in the corridor saw the young Russian waiting for her, and noticed his look of glad admiration as she joined him.

Half unconsciously he frowned as he went on his way alone.



There was confusion in the prima donna's room the following evening, for on arrival at the theatre Bianca found, instead of her dresser, a note saying the latter had been taken ill and was unable to be in her place as usual.

Bianca, who, with much of the simplicity of the island-bred child still clinging to her, loathed the whole elaborate business of the wardrobe, refused to have any other woman available at the moment, and for the first time behaved with unreasonable petulance. Disaster loomed in sight, when someone came with a message that one of the company (a contralto singer, Elinor Langton by name, who, having just taken up the understudying of a minor part had much of the evening on her hands) could dress the Signora, having had previous experience of that kind of work.

As there seemed to be no alternative, Bianca rather sulkily accepted the offer, and Miss Langton was sent for.

However, all went well. The singer, a handsome woman in the early thirties, evidently knew her work (she had "dressed" a celebrated actress for a short time in the Colonies once, she said), besides being deft and intelligent. Under her swift ministrations the ruffled young prima donna settled down and the evening passed off smoothly. It was agreed that the arrangement should continue for at any rate a few days, by which time the regular dresser would probably be able to return.

The performance over, Bianca was just finishing dressing, preliminary to leaving

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the theatre. Elinor Langton, standing behind her at the table, was chatting easily as she helped her, when suddenly she stopped abruptly in the middle of what she was saying. Bianca glanced up inquiringly, and in the glass over her shoulder saw the other's eyes, startled and intent on one of the sheaf of photographs which flanked the toilet articles. It was only for a moment. Elinor looked away then and finished what she was saying so composedly that Bianca thought she had been mistaken in imagining her recognition of any face in particular among the others there.

But a few minutes later, having left the room, to return almost directly for her handkerchief which she had omitted to take, she found Miss Langton again by the glass, this time unmistakably examining one of the photographs, for she was holding it in her hand close up to the light. Hearing Bianca's footstep, she put it quietly down and turned to her work of tidying the table.

Bianca, however, in her one swift glance, had recognised it as the one of Armstrong, which from the first had retained its place on her table, and for the second time that evening she found herself unreasonably displeased. What right had this stranger to be interested in her "guardian"?

Yet, after all, there was probably nothing in it. The other woman was going on with her work quite unconsciously, and in any case a reluctance to discuss the matter kept Bianca from saying anything. Merely explaining what she had returned for, she said good night again and went away.

But later, as she lay tossing uneasily from side to side when she should have been sleeping (her nerves had become strangely on edge these days), she found herself puzzling over the incident again. And suddenly a thought struck her which drove sleep altogether from her eyelids.

Only yesterday Armstrong had seen that face in the box above the stage. Elinor Langton had, of course, been in the theatre then. Just now she had recognised his likeness. She was the woman of his early life!



A careless inquiry made while dressing the following evening settled the question. Yes, Miss Langton had seen the stage from the house, having listened to one act of the Opera from an empty box two nights previously.

Bianca sang divinely that night. She looked more charming than ever. But an observer close at hand would have seen faint lines of pain under the make-up round her mouth, and the shadow of it deep in her eyes; for all the while, what seemed like another self than the one that acted and sang, fought a bitter fight against the sacrifice it knew itself compelled to make—the sacrifice of the love that taking root in the heart of the beggar child had grown to an exquisite flower in the heart of the beautiful woman.

True, Armstrong was unaware of its existence, possibly would ever remain so. He had confessed that unchanged feeling for another woman already barred the way. But, given time, would he have forgotten? Could not Bianca herself, in her youth and beauty, have *made* him forget, waking love with love, as many another before her?

Alas, now there *was* no time! The woman he had loved and lost, but never forgotten, was here; and to Bianca was given the chance of repaying all she owed him by restoring to him his long-delayed happiness before it was too late.

That its restoration was more than possible Elinor Langton had already made clear. Recalling snatches of their occasional conversation on the previous evening Bianca remembered the other's telling her that, married some time ago, she had been several years a widow. She had intimated, too, with somewhat unusual freedom, that her marriage had been a mistake, for which she blamed herself, leaving the impression on the listener's mind that could she choose again it would be otherwise.

Throughout another sleepless night Bianca fitted together, over and over again, the chapters of the story, working the probable sequel to its bitter solution. And by the time dawn came she had made her decision.

CHAPTER VI

Bianca's Gift

A DAY or two later the morning post brought Armstrong a note from his "ward" asking him to be kind and come to tea with her on an afternoon in the following week. It was just the usual little daughterly epistle he had grown accustomed to from her, and gave no particular reason for the invitation beyond the fact that for once she would be free to receive

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him. He knew she would be disappointed if he failed her, and wrote at once with his acceptance.

At the back of his mind another reason also lay.

Passing the theatre on his way home late the previous evening he had again seen Bianca leaving with Prince Lipinsky in attendance. They were not alone, and, nothing being known against the Russian, no reasonable objection could be made to his entertaining the prima donna among other of his wealthy and well-connected friends. Yet the fact was undeniable that Armstrong disliked seeing her with him. Who was to know (he asked himself irritably several times) that the fellow was playing a straight game?

As Bianca's "guardian" (a character he forgot having discarded!) he resolved to say a word or two to her in the way of warning, and accordingly welcomed the invitation which offered him the opportunity of doing so.



This intention was still in his mind when a week later the lift deposited him outside Bianca's door.

The Signora had not yet returned since the morning, the maid who answered the door informed him, and Mrs. Mortimer had gone out for the afternoon, but would he kindly come in and wait the Signora's return.

She showed him into the drawing-room and left him.

Presently he heard a ring at the bell, and at the sound of voices in the hall he rose to meet her.

But it was not she. Another woman came into the room, the maid announcing "Miss Langton."

The name was unfamiliar, and there was an instant's pause while he and the newcomer faced each other inquiringly. Then he realised who it was.

"You!" he said huskily. "Elinor! After all these years!"

Elinor Langton had herself turned a little pale, though the meeting had not been quite the surprise to her it had to him; for a few judicious questions put to simple Mrs. Mortimer one evening at the theatre during the foregoing week having supplied all the information she desired as to Armstrong's identity and connection with Bianca, its ultimate happening had become

more than a possibility, inasmuch as she intended making it so.

Still, Bianca had remained silent, the other being unaware of her knowledge of any former acquaintanceship with Armstrong; and no indication had been given in the prima donna's kind little note of invitation to the minor singer who had been acting as her dresser, that anyone would be there to meet the latter; and to that extent the sudden meeting with the man she had treated badly years before came as a shock.

But paleness suited the occasion. She was a handsome woman who had not spent several years on stage or concert platform without learning to enhance her own good looks. She looked almost beautiful as, after a moment's half trembling hesitation, she held out both hands and faltered:

"Michael! Forgive me! Let us—let us be friends again."

The slight theatricality of her attitude passed unnoticed. Armstrong took the outstretched hands in his, and, for the moment, at any rate, the shadow of all that had happened in the past faded into nothingness.



Later she sat down beside him on the couch by the window and they talked, though some little constraint crept back between them now.

There had to be explanations, a raking up of the past in the light of the present; there were things that had to be excused, and much that had to be forgotten. The part the woman had to play was not an easy one, but she played it with dignity and skill. At the end she asked again for the assurance of his forgiveness, and he told her, truly, that the latter had long ago been given.

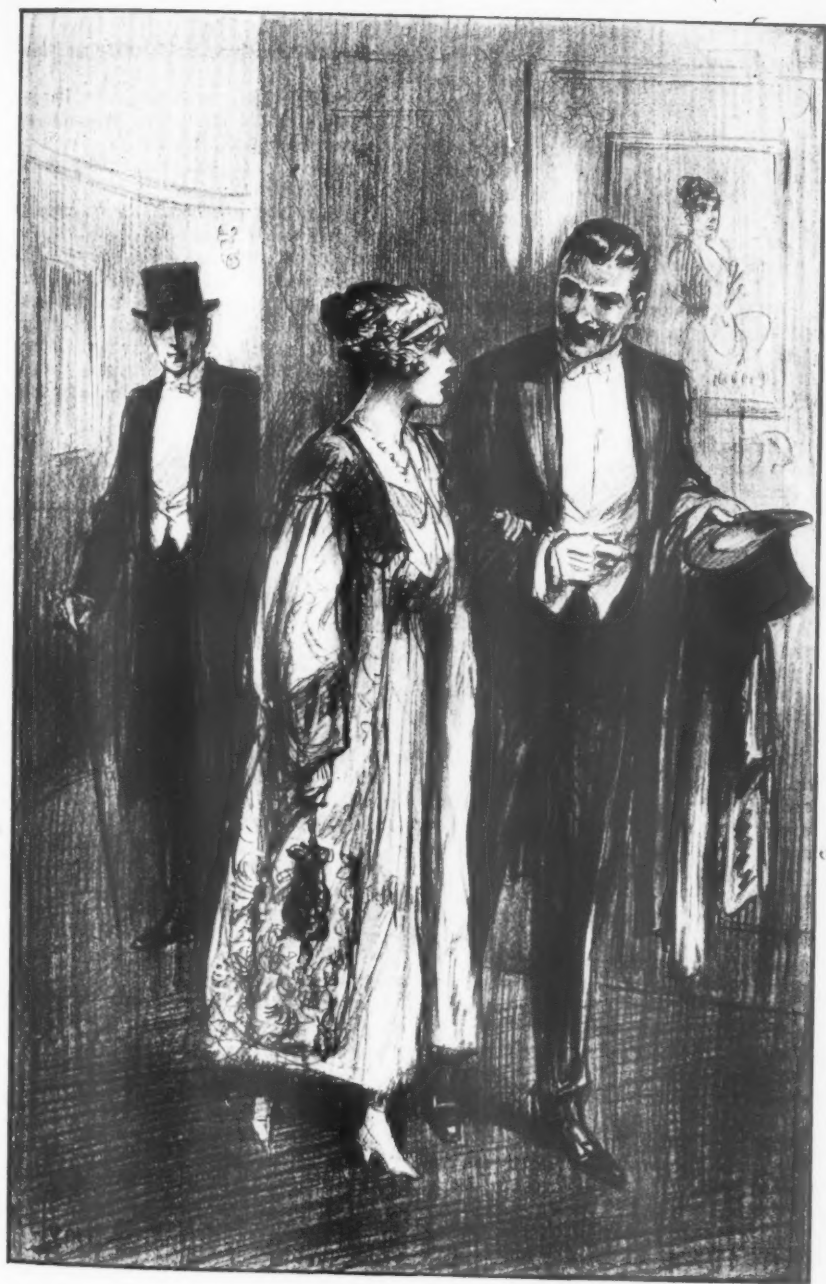
She sighed, and said that only now, at last, could she be happy.

"And you, dear Michael?" she said, "You—you have never married?"

"Never," he said gravely. Then, with a short laugh which somehow brushed the subject on one side: "You spoil me for that, Elinor!"

Absorbed in their thoughts to the extent of forgetting that they were guests in another's house, they both started almost guiltily when the electric bell rang sharply again. A moment later Bianca came into the room.

She looked a little pale and tired, but as



"He saw the young Russian waiting for her, and noticed his look of glad admiration as she joined him"—p. 846

Drawn by
Wilm. Lunt

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usual delightfully dressed and very lovely. No one appeared to notice her slight involuntarily shrinking when she saw Armstrong and the other woman together, but the latter's eyes, which had been soft and appealing a moment before, became hard and watchful as the girl came in.

"Ah, Miss Langton! You have come, then! I am so glad! Forgive me, and you, too, Guardiano, for being late. I was detained." She gave a hand to each in turn. "You know each other already, then? I shall not have to introduce?"

Elinor Langton answered for both.

"Indeed, yes, Signora! You have unknowingly done a kind deed in bringing two old friends together again after years of separation. Hasn't she, Michael?"

Armstrong assented gravely.

"After eleven years!" he added, and for a moment his eyes met Bianca's with understanding.

"I am glad, Guardiano!" she said softly, and only Elinor Langton, who had caught the glance that passed between the two without knowing its meaning, noticed that it was of Armstrong alone that Bianca thought.

A few minutes later Bianca rang for tea, and for the next half-hour it was she who kept the conversation going lightly and happily, without any awkward pauses anywhere. Not for nothing had both women trained for the stage, and if Bianca writhed inwardly at the "Michael" that fell so often and so familiarly from Elinor Langton's lips, or if the latter took due note of the tenderness hidden in Bianca's softly spoken "Guardiano," neither showed that they did so.

Armstrong, grave, pleasant, courteous, in his own handsome way showed nothing of what he felt either. But sitting opposite the woman who had come back after so long into his life, he became conscious after a while of the wish that she would leave him now to straighten things (though what things he hardly knew) and get the balance of "something" with Bianca.

Also he wondered why the latter was so unusually pale. And that brought back freshly to his mind what he had wanted to say to her in reference to Prince Lipinsky.

But Elinor Langton did not leave him. She sat on, talking charmingly enough, until at last, unable to stay longer, he rose to go, when she rose too. And Bianca, as though to make certain of his having no

word with her alone, said softly and kindly then:

"See Miss Langton a little on her way, will you, Guardiano? She does not know this part very well, I think."

Elinor said she did not, and would be glad of his escort.

Together they wished Bianca good-bye; together, familiarly as old friends, they went down the staircase, and she watched them until they disappeared from view below.

Elinor's eyes were soft and appealing enough again now, and as the gracious charm of the long ago reasserted itself Armstrong found it pleasant to be with her, sharing mutual reawakened memories of the past.

But after he had left her a baffled feeling of annoyance and disappointment at not having been able to say what he had meant to say to Bianca came back and remained with him afterwards.

CHAPTER VII

Elinor Speaks

BIANCA'S own dresser having returned to her place some days previously, the former had now no further need of Elinor Langton's services in this capacity.

She did not come to Bianca's room in any other on the day following her visit to the flat, although presumably in the theatre as usual. Bianca rather wondered that after the semi-intimate meeting of the previous day she had not found an opportunity of doing so for a few moments, but in her heart she was glad of a respite before hearing again that familiar "Michael" on the other woman's lips.

Prince Lipinsky was there again that evening craving her company afterwards, and more evidently a worshipper than ever. Grateful to him, out of the soreness of her heart, for adoration she would have given anything for from another, she joined his party again after the Opera and let him worship as he would.

But she was tired, beneath her gaiety, and stole away early after all, letting him come no farther with her than the restaurant door.

It had become a relief to her to think that the following week would see the end of the Opera season, for, wonderful as it had all been, an immense weariness had fallen

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upon her and she craved for rest. Yet much as she craved she did not take even the little that was possible to her, crowding her days with engagements, throwing herself into her work with a passionate fervour which exhausted her afterwards, living in a fever of restlessness utterly unlike herself.

There was no one to check her, Mrs. Mortimer having been called away from town to a sick sister, who she was still unable to leave. Armstrong, Bianca had not seen again. He had called once, she heard, but she had been out, as usual, and the maid, running through her engagement list, had been unable to give him any hope of finding her free.



There were only two nights left to the last of the Opera when she saw Elinor Langton again, the latter coming to her room at the theatre (where she was resting after a short afternoon rehearsal), knocking, and asking gaily if she might come in.

She looked very young and good-looking, and Bianca noticed a change in her manner.

"I've been meaning to look you up for some days," she said lightly, in explanation of her visit, "but didn't like to bother you in the evenings. I've never thanked you for having me to tea that afternoon, have I? It was so kind of you. Do forgive me!"

Bianca murmured something suitable and asked her visitor to sit down.

"Oh, but you don't realise how grateful I am!" the latter resumed expansively. "I can assure you you acted the angel unaware that day in bringing Michael and me together again! And I don't think it is only I who am grateful!"

"You—you had been great friends, then?"

Elinor sighed, a trifle melodramatically.

"It was all long ago! He—adored me!"

"I—I am afraid I did not treat him quite as I ought to have then, but I have long since seen how wrong and how foolish I was, and he—he has forgiven me. He told me so, dear fellow, but I saw it in his eyes the moment we met!"

"You must be very happy, then," Bianca said gravely.

"I am! I thought you would be glad to hear how much the meeting meant to us. Michael and I were speaking about you yesterday. He was saying what a—a daughter you had been to him (and at a time when his life must have been very empty, I'm afraid!), and we agreed that it

was really charming that you of all people should have been the one to bring us together again!"

"Thank you for telling me. I—I am glad!" Bianca wondered why the lie did not choke her—also whether it was only despicable jealousy that made her suddenly hate the woman Armstrong loved. Then with an effort at playing her part she said: "You saw my guardian yesterday, then? Is he quite well?"

"Quite! He was looking splendid, and so happy, dear old boy! I'm sure no one would think now that Michael is nearly five and forty! We dined together. Such a dear evening we had. Just like old times!"

She sighed again ecstatically. There was a moment's pause, then Bianca asked her gently if she was taking any more musical engagements after the close of the Opera season.

Yes, she had a few concert engagements for the present, it appeared. Beyond that she was "not troubling," she added significantly.

Bianca failing to make any response to this, the conversation passed to other subjects. Before long Elinor Langton rose to go.

As she made her way to the exit she was smiling to herself, but it was hardly a pleasant smile, handsome as was the face it adorned.

"She may be the prima donna and I a mere super," she was thinking to herself, "but she's nothing but a lovesick girl for all that, and as easy to see through as glass! However, Michael is probably as blind as ever! I wish he had seemed a little less 'brotherly' last night! Still, I think I shall work it in the end. It's as well to let her see I've 'staked out my claim,' anyhow." She laughed, with hard eyes.



At that moment Armstrong, hurrying North, whither he had been summoned at a moment's notice by the sudden death of a relative in Scotland, was thinking with relief of the letter scrawled just before his departure—at risk of losing his train—to Bianca.

In the hope of seeing and having a few words with her personally he had from day to day postponed the approaching by letter of what was a somewhat difficult matter to approach other than verbally, until now,

THE QUIVER

called away for at any rate some days, a sudden fear of being too late made him determine to leave no longer the saying of the few "fatherly" words of warning and advice he had in his mind.

His hurriedly written letter had been a kind one, though he hardly realised that something—perhaps anxiety for her—gave his words a deeper intimacy and affection than usual. Whatever he had said she would understand and take as meant, he knew, and the relief of having spoken was greater than he could have believed; for every moment that passed, taking him farther and farther from her, made it clearer and clearer to his mind that if any sorrow fell upon Bianca (little Bianca of the green, lonely isle, now the woman at thought of whom his heart leapt strangely) he would never forgive himself or know happiness again.

CHAPTER VIII

Missing

THE business connected with the deceased relative's affairs, the funeral, one thing and another, kept him in Scotland for over a week. But at last he was free, and with a strange feeling of urgency took the first possible opportunity of returning to London.

As the southward-bound express rattled and roared its way down through the counties he grew more and more restless, and, for the first time since the dispatch of the letter to Bianca, fear lest it might have been too late began to take possession of him. She had not answered, for one thing, and to leave so personal an appeal unanswered was unlike her.

In the early hours of the morning he was in London, hurried to his rooms, went through his letters, finding nothing from or in reference to Bianca, sat down to a scarcely tasted breakfast, and by ten o'clock, the earliest hour at which he could possibly call, was outside the door of her flat ringing the bell.

The bell rang into a suspicious emptiness and silence. Three times he applied himself to the button, and each time the result was the same. Clearly there was no one there!

Cold with what seemed like a confirmation of his fears he went to question the lift man. No doubt, however, he would

hear that Bianca and Mrs. Mortimer had gone away somewhere into the country together.

But the lift man could only say that the elder lady had been away for some time. Signora Cavani had gone more recently, on Monday in fact (it was now Thursday), leaving with him, at any rate, no address. No maid had accompanied her, he thought. The two at the flat had been dismissed with a month's wages, he understood.

Haggard with an anxiety which he kept assuring himself was quite unnecessary, Armstrong hurried back to his rooms and applied himself to the telephone.

Oscar Ericstein, the impresario, called first, was abroad, he was informed—might be returning in a month or so. Signora Cavani had not given any new address to the theatre. Her agent, impatiently rung up next, was unaware of her having gone away. Her first booking was for three months ahead, and she had expressed a wish to rest and be left alone in the meantime.

To whom else could he apply? Practically all Bianca's new musical and society friends would now be gone out of town, the season being at an end, besides which, the utmost care in the making of his inquiries was necessary if he was to avoid creating scandal for the girl.

Elinor? But somehow he shrank from going to her for information, and in any case he had lost the one letter he had had from her since their first meeting and had forgotten her address. And in the meantime where in the world could Mrs. Mortimer be? He must look up some address that would find her, for everything seemed to have gone out of his head.

Impatiently hanging up the telephone receiver, he went to his writing table and opened the blotting pad, wherein he remembered scribbling down one or two addresses.

Between two of the leaves lay an envelope, fastened, stamped, addressed in his own handwriting to—"Signora Bianca Cavani." His letter of a week ago, written and never posted!

Fear, sure and certain of its victim, gripped him now with a vengeance.

For a moment he stood, white lipped, cursing his own folly, with the letter in his hand. Then he strode back to the telephone and asked for the Hotel Splendid.

"Prince Lipinsky? The Prince has left

BIANCA OF THE ISLAND

the hotel," came back in answer to his query. "On what day? Let me see—yes, on Monday. No, he left no address. We gathered from his servant that he was probably going abroad."

Silently Armstrong returned the receiver to its place for the second time.

On Monday!



How he got through the rest of the day he never knew. The afternoon post brought him a letter addressed in Mrs. Mortimer's hand. Hope reviving at the sight of it, he eagerly tore it open, only to throw it down a moment or two later more hopeless than ever.

It was written from the house of the writer's sister in the country, and merely contained an anxious inquiry as to Bianca's whereabouts, whether with him or not, the girl having written three days previously from London to say that she had shut up the flat and was going away for a while. "Morty" was not to worry, she would be quite safe, and later perhaps she would write again. That was all. No address or any indication of why or where she was going.

Several days passed. Armstrong had been down into the country and interviewed Mrs. Mortimer, who he found as distressed and anxious as himself but unable to help him, having been away too long from her post to know anything. She had thought Bianca a little strange in her manner for some time past, sad and nervous, less even-tempered than usual, as though she had something on her mind.

The poor lady wept. And in her tears Armstrong saw confirmation of his own fears.

Back in London, still fearing to make open inquiries, he exhausted all safe channels of information without becoming any wiser than he was in the beginning.



One evening, about a week after his return from the North, when he had just partaken of a solitary dinner in his rooms, after a day of more or less aimless roaming about town, his manservant came in to say that Miss Langton had called to see him.

After a moment's hesitation he said that he would see her. But during the past fortnight she had faded so entirely from his

mind that it was almost an effort to him to think what he should say to her.

She came in, smiling sweetly, and handsome as ever. As they shook hands and he helped her out of her wrap, drawing forward an arm-chair and putting her into it, she patted his arm lightly and affectionately, her hand just brushing his as she withdrew it.

"Dear old Michael!" she purred. "Always so kind and thoughtful! But where have you been all this time? In Scotland! And never telling me anything about it, or writing to me! I think I shall have to scold you!"

He explained a trifle stiffly that the business which called him North had been sudden. Since his return he had been very much occupied, also with business.

She noticed that he had not thought it necessary to excuse himself for not having written to her, and the expression of her eyes became a shade harder.

"Oh dear!" she sighed, stooping for an instant to adjust her dress. "Always business! What a conscientious old boy you are, Michael! You look so tired too. I do wish I could get you to spare yourself a little more."

He was too far away—standing stiffly by the mantelpiece—for her to lay her hand on his arm, as she would have liked to do just here, but she looked up at him with the dark appealing eyes he remembered so well, and her tone was the old tone of tender possession. Strange that it had ceased to touch in him any responsive chord!

"Pooh!" he said almost brusquely. "I'm not yet too old to stand a little work!" Then more kindly: "But how have you been getting on since I saw you last? It was kind of you to look me up."

They talked for a while of various things, and then there came a little pause. Then she asked carelessly:

"By the way, how is your ward, Signora Cavanì (or may I call her Bianca?), now the Opera is over? I have seen nothing of her."

For an instant the wild idea came into Armstrong's head of confiding in Elinor and asking her help. But an instinct for which he was profoundly grateful a few minutes later warned him against it.

"She is fairly well. I gather," he said steadily. "She was rather tired after such a strenuous season, and by my advice has

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gone into the country to recuperate for a while."

Elinor Langton's dark eyes were searching his face.

"I thought she must have gone away," she said. "Perhaps you would let me have her address. There was something I wanted to ask her."

"Well, really, Elinor," Armstrong fenced, "the child has gone away to escape all that for a bit. We want her to have a complete rest, no letters, no anything. If the address is given to one it must be to another, and she'll be in the thick of it again. The fact is she has too many friends!"

Elinor's colour rose at the rebuff.

"I must say that she didn't look to me as tired as all that," she said with a touch of asperity. "On the contrary, I thought her looking very fit on the last night of the Opera. Apparently Prince Lipinsky thought so, too, by the way I saw him watching her and looking at her as they left the theatre together afterwards."

There was a moment's silence. Armstrong was lighting a cigarette for himself. If his hand shook ever so slightly it was the only sign that betrayed him.

"That was hardly kind of you, Elinor, was it?" he said easily.

Elinor's eyes flashed.

"Kind or not, Michael," she said, "I intend to speak. I think you are very wise to send your ward (if you still consider her as such) away into the country. It is to be hoped that you are having her looked after well, and that Prince Lipinsky is *also* not given her address. Oh, I know that, man-like, you think me unkind, but I can tell you it has made me angry to see that girl going on as she has done after all your goodness to her. Why, gratitude alone should have kept her behaving properly. But girls of that kind, risen from nothing, have no gratitude, they—"

"Stop!" Michael thundered the word at her, and his face was white. "I will not listen to another word. I defy you to prove that she has done anything but take the innocent enjoyment that every woman in her position takes as a matter of course. Do you think I should not have heard of it from other lips than yours if it was otherwise? Good heavens! Why must women delight in blackening each other!"

Miss Langton shrugged her shoulders, but her eyes were still angry.

"Oh, well, of course if you're determined to believe nothing!" she retorted. "I've no actual proof, if it comes to that, but, of course, one sees things and draws one's conclusions." She shrugged her shoulders. "However, I'm sorry if I've annoyed you, Michael, but I thought it only my duty to speak."

Too late she saw her mistake and struggled to regain her ground. Tears were in her eyes and her lips trembled. Just so had they trembled years ago, only twenty-four hours before she broke trust with him. And unfortunately for her the memory of that day rose before him now, shattering to fragments the last shadow of his former love.

"I'm sorry, too, Elinor, if I have spoken harshly," he said gently. "You and I are old friends now, and I think plain speaking is due to us both. I know you only said what you thought right, but before we go any farther I should like you clearly to understand that we are discussing the woman I love."

There was an instant's blank silence.

Then Elinor laughed harshly.

"Really, my dear Michael, you always were a surprising person! Why not have explained things in the first place and saved yourself the unpleasantness of my quite inadvertent remarks? You intend marrying your—er—ward, then?"

"I intend marrying her," Armstrong said steadily, "if, when I have asked her, she will take a man years older than herself, as I am. If not, the fact that I love her remains unaltered."

Elinor Langton rose slowly and began leisurely drawing her wraps about her. Her face was a trifle pale and the smile which still resolutely wreathed her lips not a pleasant one; for, incapable of real love as she was, she had had high hopes of retrieving the mistake of her earlier years by finally making the good marriage she desired with the man she had thrown over then, and her disappointment at seeing them destroyed was very bitter.

However, she was not one to acknowledge defeat.

Holding out her hand in farewell, she said lightly:

"Quite a romantic story, dear Michael! And I suppose under the circumstances I can only wish you—er—good luck! Possibly, if it comes off, marriage with someone like yourself will—er—steady Bianca!"

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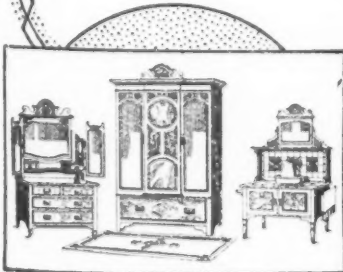
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BIANCA OF THE ISLAND

Still smiling-over her parting shot, she wished him good night, and gracefully took herself out of the room and—out of his life.

Left alone, Armstrong dropped into a chair by the table and buried his face in his hands. The early love of his life lay shattered behind him, and looking into the future he saw nothing but uncertainty and ever growing fear to take its place.

CHAPTER IX

Venice Again

BUT on the following day he got his first clue.

Coming away from Bianca's flat, which daily he haunted on the forlorn hope of her having come back, he met a little crippled Italian flower-seller, from whom he knew she had been in the habit of buying flowers. Recognising him, the man touched his hat and asked if "the Signora" had returned. Hearing that she had not, he said:

"Ah! Then she has truly gone to Venice?"

"Venice? What makes you think that?" Armstrong asked quickly.

"Signor, she said so herself the last time I saw her. 'Matteo,' she said, 'I am happy, for soon I go to Venice!' I, too, am Venetian, Signor, and that was why she told me. She has truly gone?"

"I believe she has," Armstrong said. And as he slipped a coin into the man's hand and turned away, he felt convinced that what the latter said had been right. Whether alone or with Prince Lipinsky, it was to Venice, her real home, that Bianca had gone.

He went back to his rooms, told his man to pack for him, and a few hours later was hurrying South.



But in Venice, where, as in London, he exhausted all possible means of making inquiry without creating scandal and rousing curiosity, he could find no trace either of Prince Lipinsky or Bianca. So well-known a personage as the former could hardly be there unknown except under an assumed name, but even this did not seem to be the case, for no one answering his description was apparently staying in the city at all. Bianca, too, with her beauty

and her fame, would be unlikely to escape notice, yet nothing could he hear of her.

Well, he would wait. For, somehow, the conviction was upon him that sooner or later Bianca would be here. Meanwhile he continued to make cautious inquiry for any one of her name staying at the smaller and more obscure pensions and hotels.

He had one or two disappointments, for as old Maria had said years before, the name was not an unfamiliar one in Venice.

But at last, inquiring at the door of a small, almost humble pension in a by-way on the outskirts of the city, the serving maid who answered the door said yes, a Signora Cavani was lodging here. She had been ill, but perhaps she might see the Signor Inglese, for she came from England herself. She was a young lady, very pretty and fair.

With his heart beating almost to suffocation, Armstrong waited in the little salon while the girl departed on her errand of inquiring whether he could be received.

After what seemed an eternity she came back and said, yes, the Signorita would see him. She was delicate still, but grew stronger daily.

She led him upstairs and threw open the door of a large room on the first floor, through whose open but shaded windows he caught a cool glimpse of the distant lagoon. On a couch near them, looking fragile but very lovely, lay—Bianca.

As he came in she half started up, with a little cry of welcome, holding out her hands to him.

"Guardiano! Tessa said a 'Signor Inglese,' and just for a moment I thought — But I never dared hope, really, it was you!" She laughed a little shakily, nestling her hands into his grip, which held them as though it would never let them go.

"Who else should it be, child?" he said hoarsely. "Why, I—I have been nearly mad with anxiety all this time! Thank heaven I have found you at last."

"You—you cared as much as that, Guardiano?" Her eyes were childlike and wide with wonder.

"Why, child—" Then suddenly another thought swept like a shadow across his gladness.

"Bianca," he said. "I *must* ask you! Where is the Prince?"

"What Prince, Guardiano? I don't understand—"

THE QUIVER

"Don't play with me, Bianca, for heaven's sake! Prince Lipinsky. Where is he?"

"But is he not in London, then? He was there when last I saw him!" She looked obviously bewildered.

"Is that the truth, Bianca?" he said sternly. "You swear it?"

"But of course it is the truth. Why not? Why—" She broke off, and the colour flooded into her face. "You—you thought I had gone away with him?" she faltered.

"Bianca, forgive me, dear, if I have wronged you, but I didn't know what to think. I tell you I have been half mad with one fear and another, and in the absence of all news of you, finding him gone from London suddenly on the same day too, I did, yes, I *did*, fear even that. Thank heaven it's not true!" He gave a sigh of most utter relief.

"Poor boy!" Bianca said half sadly. "You wrong *him* too, Guardiano! He never asked me *that*. To marry him, yes—and he was angry and very hurt when I refused. He said that I had played with him. Perhaps I did, I don't know. My heart seemed like stone those days. I think he will get over it. They say he has many love affairs. Perhaps he has gone away now to—to forget!" she smiled faintly.

"Bad luck to him!" Armstrong growled ungratefully. "But, child, why did *you* rush away like that? You might have guessed how anxious *I* should be! Did you think I should let you go and never try to follow?" He held the little hands in a closer grip than ever, drawing his chair close up to the couch upon which she lay.

She coloured again under his scrutiny, and suddenly her clear eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, I don't know, Guardiano. I was

tired, and—and not very happy. It all wearied me. I wanted to get right away by myself—and—and see clear. I did write to Morty and tell her not to worry. When I got here I looked about and found this quiet place to be alone in. I was only just in time though, for I was very ill and don't remember any more for a long time after that. They have been so good to me here!"

"Poor child! But, Bianca"—giving the little hands a shake—"why did you not write to *me*?"

Her eyelids dropped and she would not meet his gaze till he took her chin in his hand and lifted her face to his own.

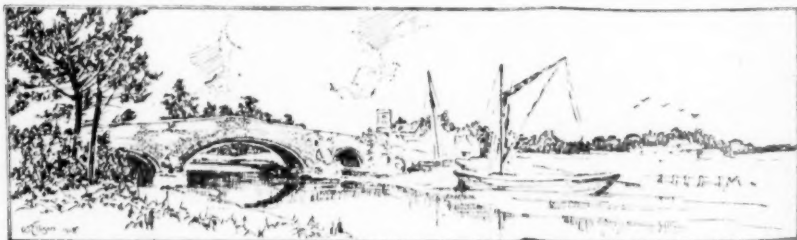
"Why should I trouble you any more?" she faltered. "You have done enough for me, and—and after I sent *her* back to you, and you had found your happiness at last, I thought you—you would not even notice I had gone!"

"So *you* sent her back, and then you thought *that*, did you?" he said softly, still holding her face up to his. "Would it surprise you to hear that since the first moment I saw Elinor again (and realised what a fool I had been to waste my life on a shadow!) she has meant nothing at all to me, while someone else has come to mean very, very much?"

He released her face, and, raising the little hands, gently kissed each in turn.

"I am tired of being a guardian, Bianca, tired of having a ward! I have come all this way to ask the woman I love to be—my wife."

One moment for realisation while he watched the light of a half incredulous happiness dawn in the sea-blue eyes; then with a soft little cry of joy Bianca was in his arms and he bent his lips to hers.



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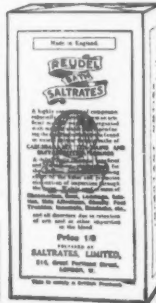
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An Essay, a Photographic Competition, and a Holiday Crochet Competition

I HAVE endeavoured to choose a fairly light subject for the literary competition this month, as what with holiday-making, peace rejoicings, and the warm weather there is little prospect of much energy being left for really hard thinking.

For the simple reason that August will signify the real end of the Great War, we shall all rightfully regard it as the happiest month of the year. With this thought of happiness in mind, I couldn't help thinking of the variety of ways in which people interpret it, and I thought it would be interesting to know how my readers regard the term "happiness." I'll enlarge upon the subject somewhat by asking you to write an account, in not more than about six hundred words, entitled, "My Idea of a Happy Life." A prize of Five Shillings will be awarded for the best result.

A Photographic Competition

It would be a pity to allow the summer to pass without bringing the camera into play in these pages, so I have decided to give you a photographic competition this month instead of the usual art competition. You can have a perfectly free hand as regards choice of subject, though this, of course, will be taken into account in judging the results. I am reserving a prize of Ten Shillings for the most successful entry. The photograph must be certified as having been taken by the sender; if, in addition, the sender has developed and printed it,

this fact should be stated on the back of the photograph.

Rules for Competitors

1. All work must be original, and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Competitor's name, age, and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate sheet of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.
3. Pseudonyms are not allowed, and not more than one entry may be submitted by one competitor for each competition.
4. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped and directed envelope *large enough to contain it*. Brown paper and string, wrappers, and stamps unaccompanied by envelopes, are insufficient.
5. All entries must be received at this office by August 20th, 1919. They should be addressed "Competition Editor," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

A Holiday Crochet Competition

I should like specially to draw my readers' attention to the Crochet Competition announced on page 827 of this issue. Two prizes of a Guinea and Half-a-guinea are to be awarded, and entries must reach the office not later than September 1st next. Full particulars will be found on the page mentioned.

The results of the above competitions will appear in the November number.

Results of the May Competitions—

"An Historical Tale"

There were quite a good number of entries for this competition, though I fear some of

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you found the subject not exactly an easy one. Quite the majority of the stories were taken from the days of the French Revolution: possibly, because, as a reader, you appreciate some of the fine stories that have been written about this period of history more than any other. But why didn't some of you strike a more original note by say, building your story upon incidents taken from the European War that has just ended? I'm inclined to think you missed an opportunity, for, to most of us, never have true facts been so closely revealed, and one can easily imagine many a charming tale being evolved from them.

I have decided to award the prize of Ten Shillings to Frances Hives for the story printed below. It calls for little comment: the story is not strong, but there is a sense of feeling introduced which in many a tale was notoriously lacking.

Quite a pretty little story was sent in by Edith Arundel, entitled "The Soul of a Leader." The story was taken from the time of Napoleon, and not unsuccessfully does the writer portray the inner character of a man whose martial qualities threaten to dispel the finer spirit that lies hidden beneath them. Apart from this, however, the plot was fairly weak.

Gwendolen Leijonhufvud branched out in a different direction by writing a Swedish historical tale of the days of Kristian II. The story was carefully constructed, the language good, but the plot itself lacked originality.

Rather a charming little tale was sent in by Marion Geoghegan dealing with a Yorkist rising. The characterisation was good, and more emotion was displayed than in the general run of stories received. Unfortunately, here again the plot was not strong.

The following readers deserve to be commended for their stories sent in:

Lesley M. Penny, F. C. Hickling, Violet Esch, L. Catin, R. A. Finn, Marjorie Smith, Foord H. Evans, Helga Burgess, Hubert S. Tristram Drane, Lucy Dorothy Thurston, Margaret J. Bower, Gwenyth Podd, Margery E. Morton, Beth Smith, Cholmondeley S. Webb, W. E. Rice, Kathleen S. N. Kirby, Hilda Holland, Elsie Mowbray, Mary Lloyd, Clare Brockway, Doris M. Allured, G. M. Trowt, Dorothy Kuhruber, K. M. Eastwood, Lily Howell, Winifred Kenyon, Caldwell, E. Wilkins, Frances Mare, Wilnot Turnock, Frances Birch, Mary Griffin, Violet Adlard, Annie Lilian Watson, B. Salmond.

Here is the prize-winning entry:

The Price

A little belated forget-me-not had forced its way up by the doorstep side by side with a stunted wild poppy. Eleanor Willoughby paused to look at them; she was conscious of a sense of impending evil, which she ascribed to her fear for her brother's safety. Hot-headed and weakly obstinate, handsome Darel Willoughby had ridden away to join the Duke of Monmouth, regardless of advice or argument, and Eleanor waited in hourly anticipation of ill news. But as she looked at the little blue flowers she found herself thinking of Harry Lafael. Forget-me-nots always brought him vaguely into the back of her mind; they were so exactly the colour of his eyes. One of the scarlet poppies' petals fell softly on to the forget-me-not.

"Poppies for forgetting," she heard herself say, and, despite the warm sunshine, shivered. She pushed the little door in front of her open, stepped into the big, dark hall, and stood for a moment frowning into the gloom as someone fumbled at the front door from the outside. Then it crashed open, and a man staggered in, slamming it behind him.

"Darel!" she said sharply, wild fear catching at her heart.

"Nell! Thank God it's you." Darel without a doubt, but his voice was so hoarse she barely recognised it. "I must have a rest before I go on. Hide me, Nell—hide—"

She was beside him, her hand across his mouth. "The dining-room panel—quickly! I will bring you food. Oh, make haste!" she breathed, almost dragging him along. She let him go with a last push and sped to the pantry. With shaking hands she loaded a tray and carried it to the dining-room. One of the carved panels stood ajar, and Darel, with white face and sagging mouth, stood beyond. She passed the tray into him and followed herself as he set it on the dust-coated table; then he flung himself into the chair and seized the food ravenously.

"What has happened?" she asked at length.

He told her, between mouthfuls, of the battle—or, rather, massacre—of Sedgemoor and his subsequent flight; also of his immediate need of money—"to help me to Uncle Edward—he'll shelter me till all this has blown over."

She left him then and collected all the money she could find, taking it to him together with another suit of clothes.

"I will come to you within an hour," she said. "But stay till I can be sure there is no one about."

She spent the hour in the library with the door ajar, listening and watching. Then she returned to the dining-room. Darel, cheerful once more, and therefore a little less openly selfish, greeted her.

As he reached the long window he turned abruptly, and, thrusting his hand into a deep pocket, dragged a small bundle of papers out of it. A piece of flowered lilac ribbon lying across a chair caught his eye, and he snatched it up to bind them together.

"Nell," he said hesitatingly, holding them out to her. "I might be taken—and—there's many that these would incriminate—burn them as soon as you can. Swear never to let anyone know even of their existence."

"They will be safe," she said slowly, as she took the little bundle.

There was a sudden clatter in the hall. The man's face blanched, and Eleanor pushed him wildly towards the garden.

"Swear, Nell; in the name of Heaven, swear!" "I swear!" she said. "Oh, go—go!"

As he leaped down the steps she sped to the open panel and shut it. She had barely crossed the room

again before the door-handle turned. She slipped the precious packet into the bosom of her gown, and tried to face the slowly opening door.

"Stand back!" a well-known voice commanded, and the door swung wide. The fair-haired, blue-eyed man in the doorway was certainly Harry Lafael, but subtly different from the Harry she knew.

She had a glimpse of a body of soldiers behind him before he kicked the door shut with his heel. "How glad—"

"I am sorry, Nell," he interrupted, "but I've orders to search the house"—he hesitated and flushed uncomfortably—"but I'll try to put you to as little inconvenience as possible," he added with a rush.

She was aware of laughing gaily, and of saying something lightly irrelevant. They talked for a few minutes. Then Harry spoke of Darel, a strange look on his face which belied the casualness of his question.

"Oh!" smiled Eleanor, her hands laid steadily on the chair-back before her. "He's staying with Uncle Edward. I thought we had told you. He'll be there most of the summer, I think; it's some time since we heard from him, but he was well last time." Her eyes never wavered, and Harry, certain that his fears were unfounded, turned to start his men on the search.

For an hour, that seemed more like six to Eleanor, they scoured the house. A man was left on guard in the dining room. The girl waited, her eyes on the clock. She remembered having shown Harry the secret room there over a year ago. If they found that tray they would know that a man must have been there that very day. In that case every moment was of value to Darel. She wondered whether she should tell Harry everything or not; but Harry, she knew, had very strong opinions on duty. Her thoughts drifted in aimless circles till she heard footsteps in the hall. Suddenly it came to her that her gown was thin, and the letters might be noticeable. She slipped hatless through the open window.

Harry came into the room alone, and sent the man out. Without hesitation he crossed the floor, and, running his hand along a carved spray of leaves, found the spring and pressed it. Silently the panel gave under his hand. He pushed it open to its fullest extent and glanced round the half-lit chamber. He stepped in and brought a small cake out to the light; it was of a kind that Eleanor made and had been baked that morning. He returned it to its place deliberately, and frowned at the marks in the dust on the chair and table for a moment, then he turned on his heel, and, shutting the panel carefully after him, went in search of Eleanor.

Eleanor, once out of sight of the windows, stopped to think where would be the best place to hide the letters. At the end of the path on which she stood was an old grey stone seat, and as her glance fell on it she remembered that one of the slabs which composed the seat was loose and concealed a cavity. She ran up the flagged path. It was bordered with forget-me-nots, and wild poppies had sprung up here and there. Poppies and forget-

me-nots. Forget-me-nots and poppies. His eyes were blue and his coat was red.

She reached the seat and pulled the little bundle of papers out. Then, the slab needing two hands to move it, she put them down and tugged at it. At last she managed to move it out. She turned for the letters, and as she did so a man's hand came over her shoulder and picked them up.

"Harry!" she cried, wheeling to face him. "Harry! how—how dare you? They are mine—written to me!"

He looked at the ribbon and then back at her.

"Yours?" he said, and she saw his hand shake. He understood, or thought that he did. The fugitive and the secret room. Eleanor's unconcern when he spoke of Darel. Hope, for which he felt no grounds, made a last struggle.



"The House I would Choose"

Prize-winning entry by JOAN GEDGE

"Mine," she had answered, "and mine only—give them to me."

"Do you—mean—love letters?" he blurted.

"Yes," she answered, unwavering, though her heart cried out to her, "Not that—not that!"

He looked down at the package in his hand; he could see a little of the writing, and it was not his; moreover, all the letters he had ever written could not make so large a bundle.

"Do you swear that?" he said.

For the second time that day Eleanor said, "I swear." Had her voice faltered, or her eyes wavered, Harry might have suspected the lie, but her strength betrayed her.

He had gone. There were poppies and forget-me-nots all around. Red as the soldier's coat that was the barrier, and blue as the eyes that had looked so hurt. She slipped to her knees beside the seat, and buried her face in her arms. The little packet that had cost so much fell unheeded to the ground.

FRANCES HIVES.

THE QUIVER

Art Competition—

"The House I would Choose"

The entries for the art competition were not very large, for the reason, I suppose, that some of you found it difficult to express your "ideal" in the mere form of a painting or drawing on paper. Nevertheless, some very pleasing work was sent in.

The prize of Ten Shillings has been awarded to Joan Gedge, whose work I am reproducing in these pages.

A very good piece of work was sent in by Margaret Bryan. Carried out in colour, it provided quite a charming little picture, and the house itself had a decided rustic flavour about it; but regarding it from a practical standpoint, I failed to see how Margaret could expect but the merest amount of light to flow into the rooms. I think the lattice windows might have been placed less high.

Muriel Barratt also carried the work out in colour. Her idea was quite good, and sunshine would certainly have ample opportunity of penetrating all parts of the house, but the colouring, unfortunately, was rather crude.

The following readers' entries are also worthy of special mention:

Edith M. Chisholm-Clark, L. Irene Perry, Kathie McLean, Erasmus E. Elcombe, Donald John Hasler,

Commended.—Lucy Dorothy Thurston, John Gall Smith, Shelagh Morris, Phyllis V. Babb, A. M.

Trowt, D. M. Simpson, Frances Hives, Dolly Scouloudi, Winifred Smith, Edith Leggatt, Fred Wheeler, William C. Jackman.

Postcard Competition—

"My Favourite Hobby"

I was glad to receive so many postcards in response to this competition, and already feel that I am getting to know some of you quite well. The variety of hobbies given afforded quite interesting reading, and after careful consideration I decided to award the prize of Five Shillings to Mr. Alfred Leader, whose hobby, as you will see, is photography. For conciseness and choice of language this reader's entry certainly heads the list.

"MY FAVOURITE HOBBY—AND WHY."

Of all modern hobbies—the writer has tried most of them—there is perhaps none equal to photography, both as a physical and mental recreation. The art, with all its improvements and developments, provides moderate exercise in the open air during the summer months and pleasant occupation for the winter evenings. Photography is educational. It brings its votary into touch with Nature in all her varied moods; charms him with the marvellous play and effects of light on sea and land, and gives him the joy of securing some of the delightful pictures which the Great Designer of the Universe is unceasingly producing. The photographic societies, too, with their sociable summer excursions and winter evening lectures, the circulating portfolios and their interesting competitions and criticisms, to say nothing of the pleasure of seeing one's work reproduced in the magazines, all combine to make photography an easy first in the hobbies current to-day.

ALFRED LEADER.



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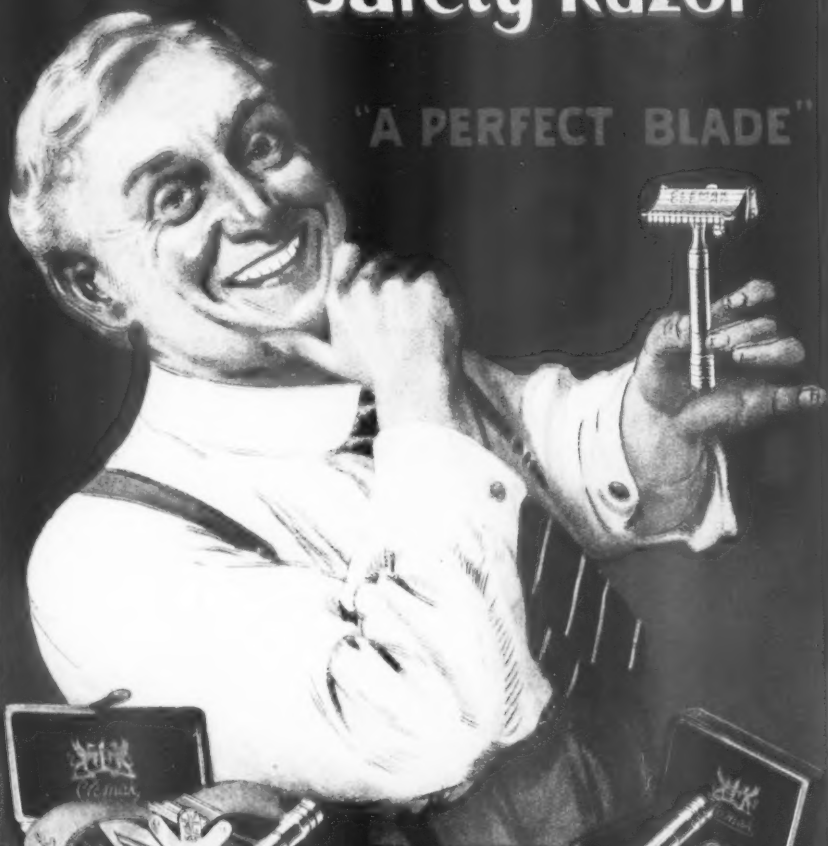
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